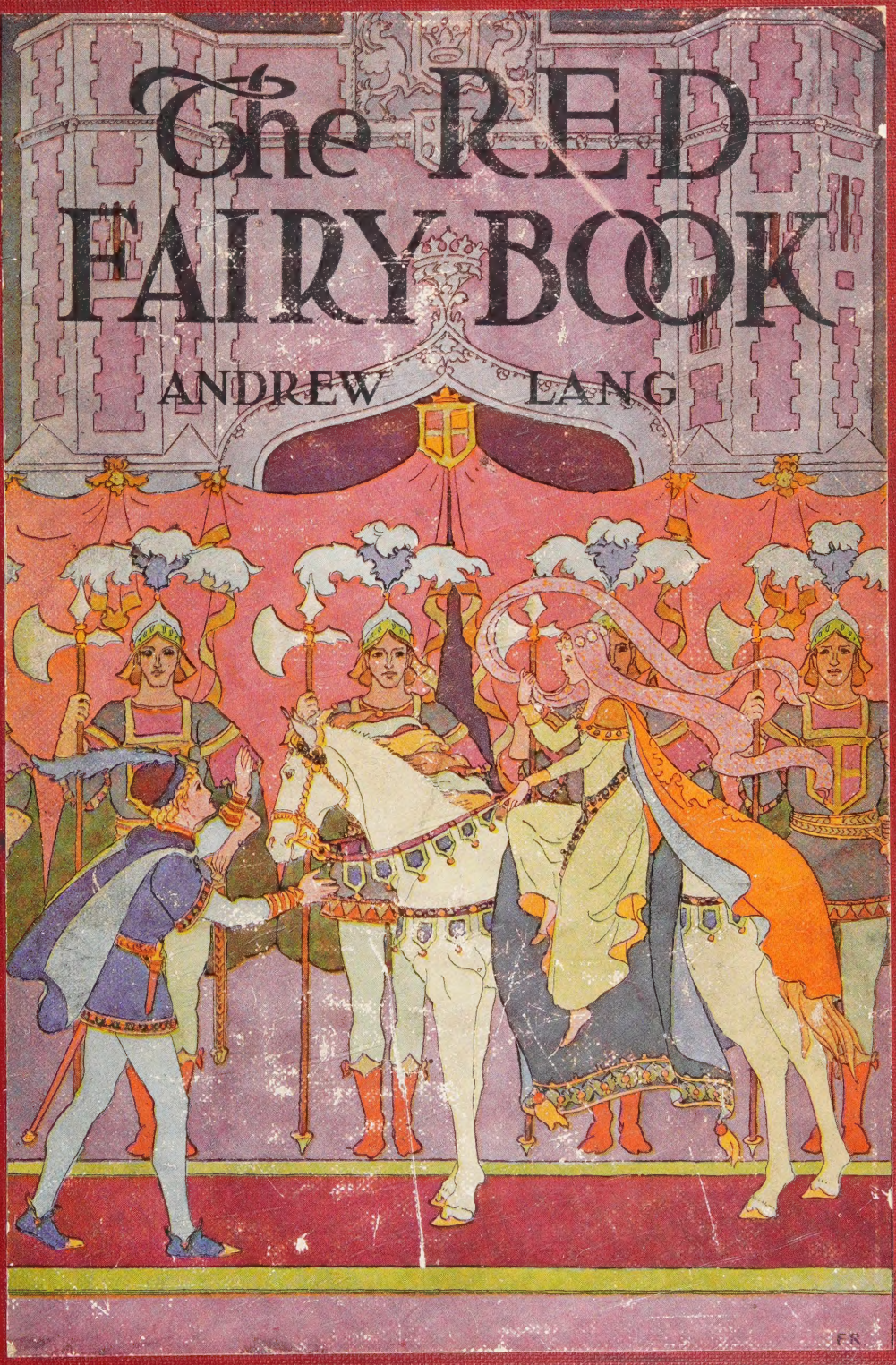
The RED FAIRY BOOK

ANDREW LANG



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THE RED FAIRY BOOK

Admiral Cocked-hat recognized the princess and he kissed her hand quite joyfully

THE RED FAIRY BOOK

BY

ANDREW LANG

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THE JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY

CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA TORONTO

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PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

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NOTE TO CONTENTS.—The sources given in the Table of Contents are not, of course, the original versions of the stories. The French, German, and Scandinavian authors named were among the students of folklore who, in the eighteenth century, advanced the revival of interest in fairy tales and wrote new versions of very old tales. The translations of their work that appear in this book have been made by various persons whose assistance Mr. Lang acknowledged in his Preface to his original edition, and the adaptations from longer versions in English were made either by Mr. Lang himself or by editors working with him. Where no source is given, the origin of the story is very early or, for some other reason, uncertain.

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INTRODUCTION

THE tales in this volume are intended for children, who will like, it is hoped, the old stories that have pleased so many generations."

So wrote Andrew Lang in his preface to *The Blue Fairy Book*, the first of the famous collections of fairy tales that have made his name familiar to children everywhere. His words apply equally well to *The Red Fairy Book*, the second volume in the series.

The children who love fairy lore may not, perhaps, realize that Mr. Lang's interest in these tales grew out of his study of very learned matters. He was a journalist and a literary critic, a poet and a college professor. Born in Scotland in 1844, he found his greatest interest throughout a long life in the study of the philosophy, the religion, and the folklore of people in very early times. The fairy tales in this book and his other books were gathered out of many lands and many ages in the course of these studies.

Perhaps some young reader of this volume may not know just what "folklore" means. It is the word used to describe the mass of stories and legends which the simple people of very early times believed in and told to one another from generation to genera-

tion. Each country has its own inheritance of folk tales, many of which began long before the language of that country was written, so that the stories were handed down from mouth to mouth. Among these folk tales are the fairy stories.

Now, what are fairies? Andrew Lang himself described them as "a supposed race of supernatural beings who magically intermeddle in human affairs." Among them can be found elves, goblins, trolls, gnomes, witches, and the like. In Oriental folklore appears the genie. The fairy very seldom appears in the form of the tiny sprite that we associate with the word. Rather, fairies were like human beings in appearance, though they were able to take any form they pleased. The kind fairy godmother is a familiar figure among them; so is the cruel stepmother who is really a witch and the enchanted prince who is the victim of a magic spell cast by a wicked fairy. Closely connected with the real fairies are the giants and ogres and the talking birds and beasts.

One of the wonderful things about these tales is their great age. Many of them began so far away and so long ago that the place and time of their beginning is shrouded in mystery. But there are such similar events in many of them—a story from the German, one from the Irish, and one from the French, for instance, telling the same tale in varied forms—that it seems likely that the real beginning lies much

further back, among some people from whom our modern peoples are descended.

So, in reading of Cinderella or Red-Riding Hood, of Snow White, of Tom Thumb, or of Goldilocks, young people today can feel that they are joining hands with the children of ages and ages ago, to whom their grandparents told these tales, under the stars beside a tent in plain or forest or over the winter fire in a peasant's hut.

—M. D. Holmes

THE TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES

ONCE upon a time there lived in a village a little cowboy without either father or mother. His name was Michael, but he was always called the Star Gazer, because when he drove his cows over the common to seek for pasture, he went along with his head in the air, gazing at nothing. He had a white skin, blue eyes, and hair that curled all over his head. The village girls used to cry after him, "Well, Star Gazer, what are you doing?" but Michael would answer, "Oh, nothing," and go on his way, for he thought them very ugly, with their sunburnt necks, great red hands, coarse petticoats, and wooden shoes. He had heard that somewhere in the world there were girls with white necks and small hands, who dressed in silks and laces and were called princesses. When he sat by the fire, he dreamed that he would marry a princess.

One morning in August, just at midday when the sun was hottest, Michael ate his piece of dry bread and went to sleep under an oak. He dreamed of a beautiful lady, dressed in cloth of gold, who said to him, "Go to the castle of Belœil, and there you shall marry a princess."

That evening the little cowboy told his dream to

the farm people. But they only laughed at the Star Gazer who drove his cows over the common.

The next day at the same hour he went to sleep again under the same tree. The lady appeared to him a second time and said, "Go to the castle of Belœil, and you shall marry a princess."

In the evening Michael told his friends that he had dreamed the same dream again, but they only laughed at him more than before. "Never mind," he thought; "if the lady appears to me a third time, I will do as she tells me."

The following day the village was astonished to hear a voice singing and to see the little cowboy driving his herd back to the stable.

The farmer began to scold, but he answered quietly, "I am going away." He made his clothes into a bundle, said good-by to all his friends, and boldly set out to seek his fortune.

There was great excitement through all the village and on the top of the hill the people stood laughing, as they watched the Star Gazer trudging bravely along the valley with his bundle at the end of his stick.

It was enough to make anyone laugh, certainly.

In the castle of Belœil lived twelve princesses of wonderful beauty and as proud as they were beautiful. They led exactly the lives that princesses ought to lead, sleeping far into the morning and never getting up till midday. They had twelve beds all

in the same room, but what was very extraordinary was the fact that though they were locked in by triple bolts and though no noise was ever heard in the room, every morning their satin shoes were found worn into holes.

At last the Duke of Belœil made a proclamation that whoever could discover how his daughters wore out their shoes should choose one of them for his wife.

On hearing the proclamation, a number of princes arrived at the castle to try their luck. They watched all night behind the door of the princesses, but when the morning came, they had all disappeared, and no one could tell what had become of them.

When he reached the castle, Michael went to the gardener and offered his services. Now the garden boy had just been sent away, and though the Star Gazer did not look very sturdy, the gardener agreed to take him, as he thought that his pretty face would please the princesses.

The first thing he was told was that when the princesses got up he was to present each one with a bouquet; so he placed himself behind the door of the princesses' room, with the twelve bouquets in a basket. He gave one to each of the sisters and they took them without even deigning to look at the lad, except Lina, the youngest, who fixed her large black eyes, as soft as velvet, on him, and exclaimed, "Oh, how pretty he is—our new flower boy!" The rest

all laughed and the eldest pointed out that a princess ought never to lower herself by looking at a garden boy.

Though Michael knew what had happened to all the princes, the beautiful eyes of the Princess Lina inspired him with longing to try his fate. But he did not dare to come forward, being afraid that he should only be jeered at.

That night the Star Gazer had another dream. The lady in the golden dress appeared to him once more, holding in one hand two young laurel trees, a cherry laurel and a rose laurel, in the other hand a little golden rake, a little golden bucket, and a silken towel. She thus addressed him:

"Plant these two laurels in large pots, rake them over with the rake, water them with the bucket, and wipe them with the towel. When they have grown as tall as a girl of fifteen, say to each of them, 'My beautiful laurel, with the golden rake I have raked you, with the golden bucket I have watered you, with the silken towel I have wiped you.' Then, after that, ask anything you choose and the laurels will give it to you."

Michael thanked the lady in the golden dress, and when he woke, he found the two laurel bushes beside him. So he carefully obeyed the orders he had been given by the lady.

The trees grew very fast and when they were as tall as a girl of fifteen, he said to the cherry laurel the words that he had been told, and added, "Teach me how to become invisible." Then there appeared on the laurel a pretty flower, which Michael gathered and stuck into his buttonhole.

That evening when the princesses went upstairs to bed, he followed them barefoot, so that he might make no noise, and hid himself under one of the twelve beds.

The princesses began at once to open their wardrobes and boxes. They took out of them the most magnificent dresses, which they put on before their mirrors.

Michael could see nothing from his hiding place, but he could hear everything. At last the eldest said, "Be quick, my sisters, our partners will be impatient." He peeped out and saw the twelve sisters in splendid garments, with their satin shoes on their feet and in their hands the bouquets he had brought them.

"Are you ready?" asked the eldest.

"Yes," replied the other eleven in chorus.

Then the eldest princess clapped her hands three times and a trap door opened. All the princesses

disappeared down a secret staircase and Michael hastily followed them.

As he was following on the steps of the Princess Lina, he carelessly trod on her dress.

"There is somebody behind me," cried the princess; "he is holding my dress."

"You foolish thing," said her eldest sister. "You are always afraid. It is only a nail which caught you."

They went down, down, down, till at last they came to a passage with a door at one end, fastened with a latch. The eldest princess opened it and they found themselves in a lovely little wood, where the leaves were spangled with drops of silver which shone in the brilliant light of the moon.

They next crossed another wood where the leaves were sprinkled with gold, and after that another still, where the leaves glittered with diamonds.

At last the Star Gazer perceived a large lake and on the shore of the lake twelve little boats with awnings, in which were seated twelve princes.

Each princess entered one of the boats and Michael slipped into that which held the youngest. The boats glided along rapidly, but Lina's, from being heavier, was always behind the rest. "We never went so slowly before," said the princess; "what can be the reason?"

"I don't know," answered the prince. "I assure you that I am rowing as hard as I can."

On the other side of the lake the boy saw a beautiful castle splendidly illuminated, whence came lively music.

In a moment they touched land and the company

jumped out of the boats; and the princes gave their arms to the princesses and conducted them to the castle.

Michael followed and entered the ballroom in their train. Everywhere were mirrors, lights, and flowers. The Star Gazer was quite bewildered at the magnificence of the sight.

He placed himself out of the way in a corner, admiring the grace and beauty of the princesses. Some were fair and some were dark; some had chestnut hair or curls darker still and some had golden locks. But the one whom the cowboy thought the most beautiful and the most fascinating was the little princess with the velvet eyes.

The poor boy envied those handsome young men with whom she danced so gracefully, but he had little reason to be jealous, for they were really the princes who had tried to steal the princesses' secret. The princesses had made them drink something which froze the heart and left nothing but their love of dancing.

They danced on till the shoes of the princesses were worn into holes. When the cock crowed the third time, the fiddles stopped and a delicious supper was served by negro boys, consisting of sugared orange flowers, crystallized rose leaves, powdered violets, wafers, and other dishes.

After supper the dancers all went back to their boats. They crossed again the wood with the dia-

mond-spangled leaves, the wood with gold-sprinkled leaves, and the wood whose leaves glittered with drops of silver, and as a proof of what he had seen, the boy broke a small branch from a tree in the last wood.

Michael managed to slip in front and reached the princesses' room first. He flung open the window and sliding down the vine which climbed up the wall, found himself in the garden just as the sun was beginning to rise.

That day Michael hid the branch with the silver drops in the nosegay intended for the youngest princess. Lina was much surprised. She said nothing to her sisters, but as she met the boy while she was walking under the shade of the elms, she suddenly stopped as if to speak to him; then, altering her mind, went on her way.

The same evening the twelve sisters went again to the ball and the Star Gazer again followed them and crossed the lake in Lina's boat. During the ball Lina looked everywhere for the gardener's boy, but she never saw him.

As they came back, Michael gathered a branch from the wood with the gold-spangled leaves, and when Lina got up, she found the branch in her bouquet. When the sisters went down, she stayed a little behind and said to the cowboy, "Where does this branch come from?"

"Your royal highness knows," answered Michael.

"So you have followed us?" asked Princess Lina.

"Yes, princess."

"How did you manage it? We never saw you."

"I hid myself," replied the Star Gazer quietly.

The princess was silent a moment, and then said:

"You know our secret!—keep it. Here is the reward of your discretion." And she flung the boy a purse of gold.

"I do not sell my silence," answered Michael, and he went away without picking up the purse.

For three nights Lina neither saw nor heard anything extraordinary; on the fourth she heard a rustling among the diamond-spangled leaves of the

wood. That day there was a branch of the tree in her bouquet.

She took the Star Gazer aside and said to him, "You know what price my father has promised for our secret?"

"I know, princess," answered Michael.

"Don't you mean to tell him?"

"That is not my intention."

"Are you afraid?"

"No, princess."

"What makes you so discreet, then?"

But Michael was silent.

Lina's sisters had seen her talking to the little garden boy and jeered at her for it.

"What prevents your marrying him?" asked the eldest; "you would become a gardener, too; it is a charming profession. You could live in a cottage at the end of the park, and when we get up, you could bring us our bouquets."

The Princess Lina was very angry and when the Star Gazer presented her bouquet, she received it disdainfully. Michael never raised his eyes to her, but all day she felt him at her side without ever seeing him.

One day she told everything to her eldest sister.

"What!" said she, "this rogue knows our secret and you never told me! He shall be taken to the tower with the dungeons."

But the youngest sister did not seem at all to

relish this method of stopping the mouth of the gardener's boy.

It was agreed that the question should be submitted to the other ten sisters. All were on the side of the eldest. Then the youngest sister declared if they laid a finger on the little garden boy, she would herself go and tell their father the secret of the holes in their shoes.

At last it was decided that they would take Michael to the ball and at the end of supper would give him drink which was to enchant him like the rest.

They sent for the Star Gazer and the eldest sister gave him the order that they had agreed upon.

He only answered, "I will obey."

He had really been present, invisible, at the council of the princesses and had heard all; but he had made up his mind to sacrifice himself to the happiness of her whom he loved.

He went at once to the laurels, and said: "My lovely rose laurel, with the golden rake I have raked thee, with the golden bucket I have watered thee, with the silken towel I have dried thee. Dress me like a prince."

A beautiful pink flower appeared. Michael gathered it and found himself in a moment clothed in black velvet, with a cap to match, and a diamond aigrette. Thus dressed, he presented himself that evening before the Duke and obtained leave to try to discover his daughters' secret.

That night Michael went to the ball with the princesses. He gave his arm to the eldest sister, danced with each in turn, and was so graceful that everyone was delighted with him. At last the time came for him to dance with the little princess. She found him the best partner in the world, but he did not dare to speak a single word to her.

When he was taking her back to her place, she said to him in a mocking voice:

"Here you are at the summit of your wishes: you are being treated like a prince."

"Don't be afraid," replied the Star Gazer gently. "You shall never be a gardener's wife." He left her without waiting for an answer.

When the satin slippers were worn through, the fiddles stopped and the negro boys set the table. Michael was placed next to the eldest sister and opposite to the youngest.

They gave him the most exquisite dishes to eat and the most delicate wines to drink; compliments and flattery were heaped on him from every side. But he took care not to be intoxicated, either by the wine or the compliments.

At last the eldest sister made a sign and one of the black pages brought to the table a large golden cup.

"The enchanted castle has no more secrets for you," she said to the Star Gazer. "Let us drink to your triumph."

He cast a lingering glance at the little princess and without hesitation lifted the cup.

"Don't drink!" suddenly cried out the little princess; "I would rather marry a gardener." And she burst into tears.

Michael flung the contents of the cup behind him, sprang over the table, and fell at Lina's feet. The rest of the princes fell likewise at the knees of the princesses, each of whom chose a husband. The charm was broken.

The twelve couples embarked in the boats and went straight to the room of the Duke, who had just awoke. Michael held in his hand the golden cup and he revealed the secret of the holes in the shoes.

"Choose, then," said the duke, "whichever you prefer."

"My choice is already made," replied the garden boy and he offered his hand to the youngest princess, who blushed and lowered her eyes.

THE PRINCESS MAYBLOSSOM*

ONCE upon a time there lived a king and queen whose children had all died, first one and then another, until at last only one little daughter remained. In order to find a good nurse who would take care of her and bring her up, all the best nurses were commanded to appear before the queen. On the appointed day the whole palace was crowded with nurses, who were brought out to the queen, one by one, as she sat in a shady wood near the palace.

Most of them were fair and fat and charming, but there was one who was dark-skinned and ugly and spoke a strange language which nobody could understand. She was told to go away, as she certainly would not do. She muttered something and passed on, but hid herself in a hollow tree, from which she could see all that happened. The queen chose a pretty, rosy-faced nurse, but no sooner was her choice made than a snake, which was hidden in the grass, bit that nurse on her foot, so that she fell down as if dead. The queen soon selected another, who was just stepping forward when an eagle flew by and dropped a large tortoise on her head, which was cracked in pieces like an eggshell. The queen chose

* *La Princesse Printanière.* Par Madame d'Aulnoy.

a third time, but the nurse, moving quickly, ran into the branch of a tree and blinded herself with a thorn. Then the queen in dismay cried that there must be some evil influence at work and that she should choose no more that day. She had just risen to return to the palace when she heard peals of laughter behind her, and turning round, saw the ugly stranger whom she had dismissed. The queen was about to order that she should be arrested, when the witch—for she was a witch—with two blows from a wand summoned a chariot of fire drawn by winged dragons and was whirled off through the air uttering threats and cries. When the king saw this, he cried:

"Alas! now we are ruined, indeed, for that was no other than the Fairy Carabosse, who has had a grudge against me ever since I was a boy."

Then the queen began to cry. "If I had only known who it was," she said, "I would have done my best to make friends with her; now I suppose all is lost."

The king proposed that they should hold a council as to what to do to avert the misfortunes which Carabosse meant to bring upon the little princess. All the counselors were summoned to the palace. They talked the affair over and decided that every fairy for a thousand leagues round should be invited to the christening of the princess.

The queen and her ladies set to work to prepare presents for the fairies who were invited: for each one a blue velvet cloak, a petticoat of apricot satin,

a pair of high-heeled shoes, some sharp needles, and a pair of golden scissors. Only five fairies were able to come on the day appointed, but they began immediately to bestow gifts upon the princess. One promised that she should be perfectly beautiful, the second that she should understand anything the first time it was explained to her, the third that she should sing like a nightingale, the fourth that she should succeed in everything she undertook, and the fifth was opening her mouth to speak when a tremendous rumbling was heard in the chimney and Carabosse came rolling down, crying:

"I say that she shall be the unluckiest of the unlucky until she is twenty years old."

The last fairy, who had not yet given her gift, tried to mend matters by promising the princess a long and happy life after the fatal time was over. At this Carabosse laughed maliciously and climbed away up the chimney.

When the fairies were going away, the oldest one said that it would be best to shut the princess up some place with her waiting women, until she was twenty years old. So the king had a tower built on purpose. It had no windows, so it was lighted with wax candles, and the only way into it was by an underground passage, which had iron doors only twenty feet apart, and guards were posted everywhere.

The princess had been named Mayblossom, because she was as fresh and blooming as spring, and

she grew up tall and beautiful and everything she did and said was charming. The king and queen were delighted with her, but though she was weary of the tower and often begged them to take her away from it, they always refused. The princess' nurse, who had never left her, sometimes told her about the world outside the tower and the princess always understood exactly, thanks to the second fairy's gift. Often the king said to the queen:

"We were cleverer than Carabosse, after all. Our Mayblossom will be happy in spite of her predictions."

They had caused the princess' portrait to be painted and sent to all the neighboring courts, for in four days she would have completed her twentieth year and it was time to decide whom she should marry. All the town was rejoicing at the thought of the princess' approaching freedom, and when the report came that King Merlin was sending his ambassador to ask her in marriage for his son, they were still more delighted. The nurse gave such a description of the splendor in which the ambassador Fanfaronade would enter the town, that the princess was wild to see the procession for herself.

"What an unhappy creature I am," she cried, "to be shut up in this dismal tower as if I had committed some crime! I have never seen the sun or the stars or a horse or a monkey or a lion, except in pictures."

And then she began to cry, and her nurse and the nurse's daughter and the nursery maid, who all loved her dearly, cried, too, for company. When the princess saw that they all pitied her, she made up her mind to have her own way. So she declared that she would starve herself to death if they did not let her see Fanfaronade's grand entry.

"If you really love me," she said, "you will manage it, somehow or other, and the king and queen need never know."

The nurse and all the others tried hard to turn the princess from her idea. But the more they said the more determined she was, and at last they consented to make a tiny hole in the tower on the side toward the city gates and out of this the princess looked at the daylight for the first time. She was so delighted that there she stayed, never taking her eyes away from the peephole until the ambassador's procession appeared.

At the head of it rode Fanfaronade upon a white horse, which pranced to the sound of the trumpets. The ambassador's coat was nearly hidden under an embroidery of pearls and diamonds, his boots were solid gold, and from his helmet floated scarlet plumes. At the sight of him the princess lost her wits entirely and determined that Fanfaronade and nobody else would she marry.

"It is quite impossible," she said, "that his master should be half as handsome and delightful."

As soon as the ambassador arrived at the palace, the queen started to fetch her daughter.

All the streets were spread with carpets and the windows were full of ladies who carried baskets of flowers and sweetmeats to shower upon the princess as she passed.

They had hardly begun to get the princess ready when a dwarf arrived, mounted upon an elephant. He came from the five fairies and brought for the princess a crown, a scepter, and a robe of golden brocade, with a petticoat marvelously embroidered with butterflies' wings. They also sent a casket of jewels. But the princess scarcely gave a glance to any of these treasures, for she thought of nothing but Fanfaronade. The dwarf was rewarded with a gold piece and decorated with many ribbons. The princess sent to each of the fairies a new spinning wheel with a distaff of cedar wood.

When the princess was arrayed in all the gorgeous things that the dwarf had brought, she was more beautiful than ever. But as the procession moved along at a stately pace, the sky began to grow dark, the thunder growled, and rain and hail fell in torrents. A terrific croaking, as of an immense army of crows, rooks, ravens, screech owls, and all birds of ill-omen, was heard, and at the same instant a huge owl skimmed up to the princess and threw over her a scarf woven of spiders' webs and embroidered with bats' wings. Peals of mocking laughter rang through

the air and they guessed that this was another of the Fairy Carabosse's unpleasant jokes.

The queen was terrified at such an evil omen and tried to pull the black scarf from the princess' shoulders, but it clung closely.

While the queen lamented, the princess still thought of nothing but the ambassador; and just at this moment he appeared before her with the king and there was a great blowing of trumpets.

When Fanfaronade saw the princess, she was so much more beautiful and majestic than he had expected that he could only stammer out a few words. He made several low bows to the princess, who dropped half a dozen courtesies and then said, to relieve his evident embarrassment:

"Sir Ambassador, I am sure that everything you intend to say is charming, but let us make haste into the palace, as it is pouring cats and dogs and the wicked Fairy Carabosse will be amused to see us all stand dripping here. When we are once under shelter, we can laugh at her."

The ambassador offered his hand to conduct the princess and she said softly:

"As you could not possibly guess how much I like you, Sir Fanfaronade, I am obliged to tell you plainly that since I saw you enter the town on your beautiful prancing horse, I have been sorry that you came to speak for another instead of for yourself.

So, if you think about it as I do, I will marry you instead of your master."

The ambassador thought that he must be dreaming and could hardly believe what the lovely princess said. He dared not answer but only squeezed her hand. When they reached the palace, the king kissed his daughter, and said, "My little lambkin, are you willing to marry the great King Merlin's son?"

"If you please, sire," said the princess.

"I consent, also," said the queen; "so let the banquet be prepared."

This was done with all speed and everybody feasted except Mayblossom and Fanfaronade, who looked at one another and forgot everything else.

After the banquet came a ball, and at last they were all so tired that everyone fell asleep. Only the lovers were wide awake and the princess, seeing that there was nothing to fear, said to Fanfaronade:

"Let us be quick and run away, for we shall never have a better chance than this."

Then she took the king's dagger, which was in a diamond sheath, and the queen's neck-handkerchief, and gave her hand to Fanfaronade, who carried a lantern, and they ran out together into the muddy street and down to the seashore. Here they got into a little boat in which the poor old boatman was sleeping, and when he woke up and saw the lovely princess, with all her diamonds and her spiders'-web scarf, he did not know what to think, and obeyed

her instantly when she commanded him to set out. They could see neither moon nor stars, but in the queen's neck-handkerchief there was a ruby that glowed like fifty torches. Fanfaronade asked the

princess where she would like to go, but she only answered that she did not care as long as he was with her.

"But, princess," said he, "I dare not take you

back to King Merlin's court. He would think hanging too good for me."

"Oh, in that case," she answered, "we had better go to Squirrel Island; it is lonely enough and too far off for anyone to follow us there."

So she ordered the old boatman to steer for Squirrel Island.

Meanwhile the day was breaking, and the king and queen and all the courtiers began to wake up and rub their eyes. And the queen asked for her neck-handkerchief. There was a scurry hither and thither and a hunting everywhere, but the handkerchief was nowhere to be found.

By this time the king had missed his dagger and the search began again. They opened boxes and chests and found numbers of curious things, but not the dagger. The king tore his beard and the queen her hair, for the handkerchief and the dagger were the most valuable things in the kingdom.

When the king saw that the search was hopeless, he said:

"Never mind, let us make haste and get the wedding over before anything else is lost." And then he asked where the princess was. Upon this her nurse said:

"Sire, I have been seeking her these two hours, but she is nowhere to be found." This was more than the queen could bear. She gave a shriek of alarm and fainted away. When she came to her-

self, everybody was looking for the princess in the greatest terror and confusion, but as she did not appear, the king said to his page:

"Go and find the Ambassador Fanfaronade, who is doubtless asleep in some corner, and tell him the sad news."

The page hunted hither and thither, but Fanfaronade was no more to be found than the princess, the dagger, or the neck-handkerchief!

Then the king summoned his counselors and his guards and went into his great hall where he spoke as follows:

"Listen, great and small! My dear daughter Mayblossom is lost: whether she has been stolen away or has simply disappeared, I cannot tell. The queen's neck-handkerchief and my sword, which are worth their weight in gold, are also missing, and, what is worst of all, Ambassador Fanfaronade is nowhere to be found. I greatly fear that the king, his master, when he receives no tidings from him, will come to seek him among us. Advise me, then, my dear subjects, what I had better do to recover my daughter, Fanfaronade, and the other things."

The prime minister made answer:

"Sire, we are all very sorry to see you so sorry. This seems to be another of the tricks of the Fairy Carabosse. The princess' twenty unlucky years were not quite over and really, if the truth must be told, I noticed that Fanfaronade and the princess ad-

mired one another greatly. Perhaps this may give some clue to the mystery of their disappearance."

Here the queen interrupted him, saying, "Take care what you say, sir. The Princess Mayblossom was far too well brought up to fall in love with an ambassador."

At this the nurse came forward and falling on her knees, confessed how they had made the little hole in the tower and how the princess had declared when she saw the ambassador that she would marry him and nobody else. Then the queen was very angry and began to scold; but the Admiral Cocked-hat interrupted her, saying:

"Let us be off after this good-for-nothing Fanfaronade, for without a doubt he has run away with our princess."

While some embarked upon the sea, the others ran from kingdom to kingdom beating drums and blowing trumpets, and wherever a crowd collected, they cried:

"Whoever wants a beautiful doll, sweetmeats of all kinds, a golden robe, and a satin cap has only to say where Fanfaronade has hidden the Princess Mayblossom."

But the answer everywhere was, "You must go farther; we have not seen them."

Those who went by sea, after sailing about for some time, noticed a light before them which burned at night like a great fire. It remained over Squirrel Island, for the light was the glowing of the ruby.

The princess and Fanfaronade upon landing upon the island, had given the boatman a hundred gold pieces and made him promise solemnly to tell no one where he had taken them; but as he rowed away, he got into the midst of the fleet, and before he could escape, the admiral had seen him and sent a boat after him.

When he was searched, they found the gold pieces in his pocket and the admiral felt certain that the boatman must have been paid by the princess to aid her in her flight. But he would not answer any questions and pretended to be deaf and dumb.

Then the admiral said: "Oh! deaf and dumb is he? Lash him to the mast and give him a taste of the cat-o'-nine-tails."

And when the old boatman saw that he was in earnest, he told all that he knew about the cavalier and the lady whom he had landed upon Squirrel Island, and the admiral gave the order for the fleet to surround the island.

Meanwhile the Princess Mayblossom had found a grassy bank in the shade, and throwing herself down, had fallen asleep. Fanfaronade, who happened to be hungry and not sleepy, came and woke her up, saying very crossly:

"Pray, madam, how long do you mean to stay here? I see nothing to eat, and though you may be very charming, the sight of you does not prevent me from famishing."

"What! Fanfaronade," said the princess, "when I am here with you can you want anything else? You ought to be thinking all the time how happy you are."

"Happy!" cried he; "say rather, unhappy. I wish with all my heart that you were back in your dark tower again."

"Darling, don't be cross," said the princess. "I will go and see if I can find some wild fruit for you."

The princess ran hither and thither all about the wood, tearing her dress and hurting her pretty white hands with the thorns and brambles, but she could find nothing good to eat and at last she had to go back sorrowfully to Fanfaronade. When he saw that she came empty-handed, he got up and left her angrily, grumbling to himself.

The next day they searched again but with no better success.

"Alas!" said the princess, "if only I could find something for you to eat, I should not mind being hungry myself."

"I should not mind that either," answered Fanfaronade.

"Would you not care if I died of hunger?" said she. "O Fanfaronade, you said you loved me!"

"That was when we were in quite another place and I was not hungry," said he. "It makes a great difference when one is dying of hunger and thirst on a desert island."

At this the princess sat down under a white rose-bush and began to cry bitterly.

"Happy roses," she thought, "they have only to blossom in the sunshine and there is nobody to be unkind to them." The tears ran down her cheeks and splashed on the rose-tree roots. Presently she was surprised to see the whole bush shaking and a soft voice from the prettiest rosebud said:

"Poor princess! look in the trunk of that tree and you will find a honeycomb, but don't be foolish enough to share it with Fanfaronade."

Mayblossom ran to the tree and sure enough, there was the honey. Without losing a moment, she ran with it to Fanfaronade, crying gayly:

"See, here is a honeycomb that I have found. I might have eaten it up all by myself, but I will share it with you."

But without thanking her, he snatched the honeycomb out of her hands and ate it all up without offering her a morsel. When she humbly asked for some, he said mockingly that it was too sweet for her and would spoil her teeth.

Mayblossom went sadly away and sat down under an oak tree, and her tears and sighs were so piteous that the oak fanned her with his rustling leaves and said:

"Take courage, pretty princess. Take this pitcher of milk and drink it up and don't leave a drop for Fanfaronade."

The princess, quite astonished, looked round and saw a big pitcher full of milk. Before she could raise it to her lips, the thought of how thirsty Fanfaronade must be after eating so much honey, made her run back to him and say:

"Here is a pitcher of milk; drink some, for you must be thirsty, I am sure; but pray save a little for me, as I am dying of hunger and thirst."

But he seized the pitcher and drank all that it contained at a single draught, saying, "As you have not eaten anything, you cannot be thirsty."

"Ah!" cried the princess, "I am well punished for running away with this ambassador, of whom I knew nothing."

And so saying she wandered away into the thickest part of the wood and sat down under a thorn tree, where a nightingale was singing. Presently she heard him say: "Search under the bush, princess; you will find some sugar almonds and some tarts there. But don't be silly enough to offer Fanfaronade any." And this time the princess, who was fainting with hunger, took the nightingale's advice and ate what she found, all by herself. But Fanfaronade, seeing that she had found something good and was not going to share it with him, ran after her in such a fury that she hastily drew out the queen's ruby, which could render people invisible, and when she was safely hidden from him, she reproached him gently for his unkindness.

By this time the fleet was preparing to land. The noise was so great that it reached the ears of the princess, who at once flew to protect her lover. As he was not very brave, he accepted her aid gladly.

"You stand behind me," said she, "and I will hold the ruby, which will make us invisible, and with the king's dagger I can protect you from the enemy." So when the soldiers landed, they could see nothing, but the princess touched them one after another with the dagger and they fell upon the sand. At last the admiral, seeing that there was some enchantment, hastily got his men back into their boats.

Fanfaronade, being once more left with the princess, began to think that if he could get rid of her and possess himself of the ruby and the dagger, he would be able to make his escape. As they walked over the cliffs, he gave the princess a great push, hoping that she would fall into the sea; but she stepped aside so quickly that he only succeeded

in overbalancing himself. Over he went and sank to the bottom of the sea like a lump of lead and was never heard of any more.

While the princess was still looking after him in horror, her attention was attracted by a rushing noise over her head. Looking up she saw two chariots approaching rapidly from opposite directions. One was bright and glittering and drawn by swans and peacocks, while the fairy who sat in it was beautiful as a sunbeam; the other, drawn by bats and ravens, contained a frightful little dwarf, dressed in a snake's skin, with a great toad upon her head for a hood. The chariots met with a frightful crash in mid-air and a furious battle took place between the lovely fairy with her golden lance and the hideous little dwarf with her rusty pike. But very soon the beauty had the best of it and the dwarf turned her bats' heads and flickered away in great confusion. The fairy came down to where the princess stood and said, smiling: "You see, princess, I have driven away old Carabosse. She wanted to claim you forever, because you came out of the tower four days before the twenty years were ended. However, I think I have settled her and I hope that you will be very happy."

The princess thanked her heartily and then the fairy dispatched one of her peacocks to her palace to bring a gorgeous robe for Mayblossom, who certainly needed it, for her own was torn to shreds by

the thorns and briars. Another peacock was sent to the admiral to tell him that he could now land in perfect safety, which he at once did.

Admiral Cocked-hat was immensely surprised when he came upon the golden chariot, and still more so to see two lovely ladies walking under the

trees a little farther away. When he reached them, of course he recognized the princess and he went down on his knees and kissed her hand quite joyfully. Then she presented him to the fairy and told him how Carabosse had been finally routed.

Soon the peacock came back with a robe for the princess, in which the fairy arrayed her. It was of

green and gold brocade, embroidered with pearls and rubies, and her long golden hair was tied back with strings of diamonds and emeralds and crowned with flowers. The fairy made her mount beside her in the golden chariot and took her on board the admiral's ship, where she bade farewell. Then the fleet weighed anchor and very soon they reached the port. Here the king and queen were waiting, and they received the princess with joy and kindness. Just at this lucky moment who should arrive but King Merlin's son, who had become uneasy at not receiving any news from his ambassador and so had started himself to see what could have happened. As he was a hundred times handsomer and braver than the ambassador, the princess found she could like him very much. So the wedding was held at once, with so much splendor that all the previous misfortunes were quite forgotten.

SORIA MORIA CASTLE*

ONCE upon a time a couple of old folks had a son called Halvor who was never willing to do any work. One day, however, a sea captain came and asked Halvor to come with him and go to sea and behold foreign lands. Halvor had a fancy for that and was not long in getting ready.

After a long time there was a terrible storm and they were driven away to a strange coast of which none of them had any knowledge.

They lay there becalmed and Halvor asked the skipper to give him leave to go on shore to look about him.

Leave was granted him, but he was to come back at once if the wind began to rise.

He went on shore and it was a delightful country of wide fields and meadows, but as for people, there were none to be seen. The wind began to rise, but Halvor thought that he had not seen enough yet and that he would walk about a little longer. After a while he came to a great highway. Halvor followed this and when evening drew near, he saw in the distance the lights of a castle. He was frightfully hungry, but the nearer he came to the castle the more afraid he was.

* From P. C. Asbjornsen.

A fire was burning in the castle and Halvor went into the kitchen. There were vessels of gold and silver, but not one human being was to be seen. Halvor went in and opened a door and inside a princess was sitting at her wheel spinning.

"Nay!" she cried, "how do you dare to come hither? The best thing that you can do is to go away again, for if not, the troll* will devour you. A troll with three heads lives here."

"I won't go away," said the youth; "for I have done no harm. But you must give me something to eat, for I am frightfully hungry."

When Halvor had eaten his fill, the princess told him to try if he could wield the sword which was hanging on the wall, but he could not wield it nor could he even lift it up.

"Well, then, you must take a drink out of that bottle which is hanging by its side, for that's what the troll does when he wants to use the sword," said the princess.

Halvor took a draught and in a moment he was able to swing the sword about with perfect ease. At that very moment the troll came, panting for breath.

Halvor got behind the door.

* A troll, in the fairy tales of Northern Europe, was a goblin man, sometimes a giant, sometimes a dwarf or imp, living in a cave or in a palace below the earth. He had great strength and great skill in handicrafts, but inferior mental power.

"Hutetu!" said the troll. "It smells just as if there was a Christian man's blood here!"

"Yes, you shall learn that there is!" said Halvor and cut off all his heads.

The princess was so rejoiced to be free that she danced and sang. Then she said:

"If my sisters were but free, too!"

"Where are they?" asked Halvor.

She told him where they were. Both had been taken away by trolls to their castles, so next morning he set off in the gray light of dawn. When he came in sight of the castle, which was much more splendid than the other, Halvor went straight in.

"Nay! do you dare to come here?" cried the second princess. "It will be better for you to depart at once, for a troll lives here who has six heads."

"No, I shall not go," said Halvor; "even if he had six more, I would not."

"He will swallow you up alive," said the princess.

But Halvor would not go; he was not afraid of the troll but he was hungry after his journey. The princess gave him food and then she said, "As you will not go, try if you can wield that sword which the troll uses in battle."

He could not wield the sword; so the princess said that he was to take a draught from the flask which hung by its side and when he had done that, he could wield the sword.

Soon afterward the troll came and he was so large and stout that he was forced to go sideways to get through the door. When the troll got his first head in, he cried:

"Hutetu! It smells of a Christian man's blood here!"

With that Halvor cut off the first head, and so on, with all the rest. The princess was now exceedingly delighted, but then she remembered her sisters and wished that they, too, were free. Halvor thought that might be managed, and in the morning he set forth on his way to the third castle. Late in the evening he caught sight of it and it was much more magnificent than either of the others. He went into the kitchen and then straight on inside the castle. There a princess was sitting who was so beautiful that there was never anyone to equal her. She, too, entreated him to go away again, or else the troll would swallow him up alive. The troll had nine heads, she told him. But Halvor said, "Let him come when he will."

So she gave him the troll's sword and bade him take a drink from the flask to enable him to wield it.

At the same moment the troll came, ever so much bigger and stouter than either of the others. He, too, was forced to go sideways to get in through the door.

"Hutetu! what a smell of Christian blood there is here!" said he.

Then Halvor cut off the first head and after that the others.

And now all the princesses came to the castle and were together again, and they were happier than they had ever been in their lives; and they were

delighted with Halvor and he with them, and he was to choose the one he liked best; but of the three sisters the youngest loved him best.

But Halvor was so mournful and quiet that the princesses asked what it was that he longed for. He

said that he longed to go home, for his father and mother were alive and he had a great desire to see them again.

"You shall go and return in perfect safety if you will follow our advice," said the princesses.

Then they dressed him so splendidly that he was like a king's son; and they put a ring on his finger and it was one which would enable him to go there and back again by wishing, but they told him that he must not throw it away or mention them; for if he did, he would never see them more.

"If I were but at home again or if home were but here!" said Halvor, and no sooner had he wished this, than he was standing outside his father's cottage. The darkness of night was coming on and when the father and mother saw such a stately stranger walk in, they both began to bow and courtesy.

Halvor then inquired if he could stay there and have lodging for the night. No, that he certainly could not. "We have none of the things that are needful when a great lord like you is to be entertained. It will be better for you to go up to the farm. It is not far off and there they have plenty of everything."

"No," said Halvor, "I will not go up there till early tomorrow morning; let me stay here tonight."

They chattered much about many things and told Halvor of this and of that, and at last he asked them if they had never had any child.

"Yes," they said; they had had a boy who was called Halvor, but they did not know where he had gone and they could not even say whether he were dead or alive.

"Could I be he?" said Halvor.

"I should know him well enough," said the old woman, rising. "Our Halvor was idle and ragged. Such a fellow as he was could never turn into such a man as you are, sir."

In a short time the old woman had to go to the fireplace to stir the fire and when the blaze lit up Halvor, she knew him again.

"Good heavens! is that you, Halvor?" said she, and great gladness fell over the old parents. He had to relate everything that had befallen him and finally he began to tell about the princesses, forgetting their warning.

"You should just see the eldest princess whom I set free," he said. "The second princess is also pretty; but the youngest, who is my sweetheart, is more beautiful than either sun or moon. I wish to Heaven they were here and then you could see them."

Scarcely had he said this before they were standing by his side, but then he was very sorrowful, for the words which they had said to him, came to his mind.

They did not want to stay in the cottage, but said, "We will go out and look about us."

He followed them out and they came to a large pond. Very near the water there was a pretty green

bank and there the princesses said they would sit down and while away an hour, for they thought it would be pleasant to sit and look out over the water.

When they had sat for a short time, the youngest princess said, "I may as well comb your hair a little, Halvor."

Halvor laid his head down on her lap and she combed it and it was not long before he fell asleep. Then she took her ring from him and put another in its place and then she said to her sisters: "Hold me as I am holding you. I would that we were at Soria Moria Castle."

When Halvor awoke, he knew that he had lost the princesses and began to weep and lament. In spite of all his father's and mother's entreaties, he would not stay, but bade them farewell and went on his way. When he had walked some distance, he met a man with a horse. Halvor bargained with the man and bought the horse. Then he laid his bag of provisions on the horse and sometimes he walked and sometimes he rode. In the evening he came to a green field where stood a great tree. He let the horse loose and lay down to sleep. At daybreak he set off again and walked and rode the whole day, through a great wood where there were many green places which gleamed very prettily among the trees. On the evening of the second day he saw a light shining through the trees.

"If only there were some people up there, I might warm myself and get something to eat," thought Halvor.

When he got to the place where the light had come from, he saw a wretched little cottage, and through a small pane of glass he saw a couple of old folks inside.

"Good evening! good evening!" said the old hag; "but what errand have you that can bring you here?"

Halvor told her that he wanted to get to Soria Moria Castle and inquired if she knew the way thither.

"No," said the old woman, "that I do not, but the moon will be here presently and I will ask her and she will know. She can easily see it for she shines on all things."

When the moon stood clear and bright above the tree tops, the old woman went out. "Moon! moon!" she screamed, "canst thou tell me the way to Soria Moria Castle?"

"No," said the moon, "that I can't, for when I shone there, there was a cloud before me."

"Wait a little longer," said the old woman to Halvor, "for the west wind will presently be here, and he will know it, for he breathes gently or blows into every corner.

"What! have you a horse, too?" she said when she came in again. "Won't you exchange him with me? We have a pair of old boots here with which

you can go fifteen quarters of a mile at each step. You shall have them for the horse and then you will be able to get sooner to Soria Moria Castle."

Halvor consented to this at once. He wanted to set off immediately; but the old woman said that there was no need to hasten. "Lie down on the bench and sleep a little, for we have no bed to offer

you," said she, "and I will watch for the coming of the west wind."

Erelong came the west wind, roaring so loud that the walls creaked.

The old woman went out and cried:

"West wind! west wind! Canst thou tell me the way to Soria Moria Castle? Here is one who would go thither."

"Yes, I know it well," said the west wind. "I am just on my way there to dry the clothes for the wedding which is to take place. If he is fleet of foot, he can go with me."

Out ran Halvor.

"You will have to make haste if you mean to go with me," said the west wind; and away it went over hill and dale and moor and morass, and Halvor had enough to do to keep up with it.

"Well, now I have no time to stay with you any longer," said the west wind, "but just go along the side of the hill and you will come to some girls who are standing there washing clothes, and then you will not have to walk far before you are at Soria Moria Castle."

Shortly afterward Halvor came to the girls who were standing washing, and they asked him if he had seen anything of the west wind, who was to come there to dry the clothes for the wedding.

"Yes," said Halvor, "It won't be long before he is here." Then he asked them the way to Soria Moria Castle. They put him in the right way and when he came in front of the castle, it was full of horses and people. But Halvor was so ragged and torn with following the west wind through bushes and bogs that he kept on one side and would not go among the crowd until the last day, when the feast was at noon.

When, as was the usage and custom, all were

to drink to the bride and the young girls who were present, the cupbearer filled the cup for each in turn, both bride and bridegroom and knights and serv-

ants and at last, after a very long time, he came to Halvor. He drank their health and then slipped the ring which the princess had put on his finger when they were sitting by the water side into the glass,

and ordered the cupbearer to carry the glass to the bride from him and greet her.

Then the princess at once rose up from the table and said, "Who is most worthy to have one of us—he who has delivered us from the trolls or he who is sitting here as bridegroom?"

There could be but one opinion as to that, everyone thought, and when Halvor heard what they said, he was not long in flinging off his beggar's rags and arraying himself as a bridegroom.

"Yes, he is the right one," cried the youngest princess when she caught sight of him; so she flung the other out of the window and held her wedding with Halvor.

THE BLACK THIEF AND THE KNIGHT OF THE GLEN*

IN times of yore there was a king and queen in the south of Ireland who had three sons, all beautiful children; but the queen their mother sickened unto death when they were yet very young. Seeing that death was drawing near her, she called the king to her and spoke as follows:

"I am now going to leave you and as you are young, of course after my death you will marry again. Now I ask of you that you will build a tower in an island in the sea wherein you will keep your three sons until they are come of age and fit to do for themselves; so that they may not be under the power of any other woman. Give them an education suitable to their birth. This is all I have to say, so farewell."

The king had scarce time, with tears in his eyes, to assure her she should be obeyed in everything, when she, turning herself in her bed, with a smile gave up the ghost. The king was inconsolable for the loss of her. However, he caused the tower to be built and his sons placed in it, under proper guardians.

In process of time the king chose a rich and beautiful princess to be his wife—a neighboring king's

* The Hibernian Tales.

daughter, of whom he was very fond. Not long afterwards the queen had a fine son, which caused great rejoicing at the court. The king and queen lived happily together for several years. At length an old hen wife* told the queen that she knew something dangerous and hurtful to herself and her child.

"What is that?" says the queen.

"Why," says she, "the king, your husband, has three fine sons he had by the late queen, whom he keeps shut up in a tower until they come of age, intending to divide the kingdom among them and let your son push his fortune; now, if you don't find some means of destroying them, your child and, perhaps, yourself, will be left desolate in the end."

"And what would you advise me to do?" said she. "I am wholly at a loss in what manner to act in this affair."

"You must make known to the king," says the hen wife, "that you heard of his sons and wonder greatly that he concealed them all this time from you; tell him that you wish to see them and that it is full time for him to bring them to the court. The king will then do so and there will be a great feast. Ask the king's sons to play a game at cards with you, which they will not refuse. Now," says the hen wife, "you must make a bargain, that if you win, they must do whatever you command them and if they win, you must do whatever they command you

* A hen wife was a kind of fortune teller.

to do. And here is a pack of cards," says she, "that I am thinking you will not lose by."

The queen took the cards and went to the palace, where she spoke to the king in regard to his children. He readily consented to her desire and his sons were sent for to the tower, who gladly came to court, rejoicing that they were freed. They were all very handsome and very expert in all arts and exercises, so that they gained the love and esteem of all that had seen them.

The queen, more jealous over them than ever, very cunningly challenged the three princes to play at cards with her, making bargain with them as she had been instructed.

They accepted the challenge and the eldest son and she played the first game, which she won; then the second son played and she won that game likewise; the third son and she then played the last game and he won it. It sorely grieved her that she had not him in her power as well as the rest, being by far the handsomest and most beloved of the three.

Everyone was anxious to hear the queen's commands in regard to the two princes. She gave out that they must go and bring her the Knight of the Glen's wild steed of bells or they should lose their heads.

The whole court was amazed at her demand, knowing very well that it was impossible ever to get the steed, as all who ever sought him perished in

the attempt. Now the youngest prince was desired to tell what demand he had on the queen, as he had won his game.

"My brothers," says he, "are now going to travel and, as I understand, a perilous journey wherein they know not what road to take or what may happen them. I am resolved, therefore, not to stay here, but to go with them, let what will betide; and I request and command, according to my bargain, that the queen shall stand on the highest tower of the palace until we come back (or find out that we are certainly dead), with nothing but sheaf corn for her food and cold water for her drink, if it should be for seven years and longer."

All things being now fixed, the three princes departed the court in search of the Knight of the Glen's palace. Traveling along the road, they came up with a lame man in a black cap. The youngest of the princes asked the stranger his name.

"I am called," said he, "the Thief of Sloan and sometimes the Black Thief, from my cap." Then he asked the prince where they were bound for.

The prince told him their affairs from the beginning to the end. "And now," said he, "we are traveling and do not know whether we are on the right road or not."

"Ah! my brave fellows," says the Black Thief, "you little know the danger you run. I am after that steed myself these seven years, and can never

steal him on account of a silk covering he has on him in the stable, with sixty bells fixed to it, and whenever you approach the place, he quickly observes it and shakes himself; which, by the sound of the bells not only alarms the prince and his guards, but the whole country round, so that it is impossible ever to get him, and those who are so unfortunate as to be taken by the Knight of the Glen are boiled in a red-hot, fiery furnace."

"Bless me," says the young prince, "what will we do? If we return without the steed, we will lose our heads."

"Well," says the Thief of Sloan, "if it were my case, I would rather die by the knight than by the wicked queen; besides, I will go with you myself and show you the road."

In a short time he brought them within view of the knight's castle.

"Now," says he, "we must stay here till night comes; for I know all the ways of the place and if there be any chance for it, it is when they are all at rest."

Accordingly, in the dead hour of the night, the king's three sons and the Thief of Sloan attempted the steed of bells in order to carry him away, but before they could reach the stables, the steed neighed most terribly and shook himself so and the bells rang with such noise that the knight and all his men were up in a moment.

The Black Thief and the king's sons thought to make their escape, but they were suddenly surrounded by the knight's guards and taken prisoners. Then they were brought into that dismal part of the palace where the knight kept a furnace, in which he threw all offenders that came in his way.

"Audacious villains!" says the Knight of the Glen, "how dare you attempt so bold an action as to steal my steed?"

So saying, he ordered his servants to stir up the fire. "The youngest of these young men shall die first," said he, "and so on to the last, which will be this old champion with the black cap. He seems to be the captain and looks as if he had come through many toils."

"I was as near death once as the prince is," says the Black Thief, "and escaped; and so will he too."

"No, you never were," said the knight, "for he is within two or three minutes of his latter end."

"But," says the Black Thief, "I was within one moment of my death and I am here yet."

"How was that?" says the knight; "I would be glad to hear it, for it seems impossible."

"If you think, sir knight," says the Black Thief, "that the danger I was in surpasses that of this young man, will you pardon him his crime?"

"I will," says the knight, "so go on with your story."

"I was, sir," says he, "a very wild boy in my youth. Once, as I was on my rambling, I was benighted and could find no lodging. At length I lay down to sleep in a deserted hut. I had not been there long when I saw three witches coming in with three bags of gold. Each put her bag of gold under her head and fell fast asleep. Then I stole softly down and seeing some turf convenient, I placed one under each of their heads and off I went with their gold as fast as I could.

"I had not gone far," continued the Thief of Sloan, "until I saw a greyhound, a hare, and a hawk in pursuit of me and I knew that it must be the witches. I climbed with difficulty up a tree, bringing my sword in my hand and all the gold along with me. However, when they came to the tree, they found what I had done, and making further use of their hellish art, one of them was changed into a smith's anvil and another into a piece of iron, of which the third soon made a hatchet. Having the hatchet made she fell to cutting down the tree and in the course of an hour it began to bend, and I found that one or two blows would put it down. I then began to think that my death was sure; but just as she had the stroke drawn that would terminate my fate, the cock crew, the witches disappeared, and I got safe off with my bags of gold.

"Now, sir," says he to the Knight of the Glen, "if that be not as great an adventure as you ever

heard, to be within one blow of a hatchet of my end, and that blow even drawn and after all to escape, I leave it to yourself."

"Well, I cannot say but it is very extraordinary," says the Knight of the Glen, "and on that account pardon this young man of his crime; so stir up the fire for this second adventure you are going to relate."

"Indeed," says the Black Thief, "I would fain think he would not die this time either."

"How so?" said the knight; "it is impossible for him to escape."

"I escaped death more wonderfully myself," says the Thief of Sloan, "than if you had him ready to throw into the furnace and I hope it will be the case with him likewise."

"Why, have you been in another great danger?"

says the knight. "I would be glad to hear the story, too, and if it be as wonderful as the last, I will pardon this young man as I did the other."

"My way of living, sir," says the Black Thief, "was not good, as I told you before; and being at a certain time fairly run out of cash, I was reduced to great straits. At length a rich bishop died in the neighborhood I was then in and I heard that he was buried with a great deal of jewels and rich robes upon him. He was placed at the further end of a long, dark vault, which I slowly entered. I had not gone in far until I heard a foot coming toward me with a quick pace and I lost courage and ran toward the entrance of the vault. Then I observed between me and the light the figure of a tall black man standing in the entrance. Being in great fear and not knowing how to pass, I fired a pistol at him and he immediately fell across the entrance.

"Recovering from the fear I was in, I ventured to the upper end of the vault, where I found a large bundle, and upon further examination found that the corpse was already robbed. I took up the bundle that contained everything belonging to the corpse that was valuable; but just as I came to the mouth of the entrance, I saw the guards of the place coming toward me. I did not then know in what manner to act, for if I was seen I would be shot like a dog. I had no time to lose. I took and raised up the man which I had killed, as if he was standing on his feet, and I, crouch-

ing behind him, bore him up as well as I could, so that the guards readily saw him as they came up to the vault. One of the men fired at the man, at which I let him fall and crept into a little dark corner myself, that was at the entrance of the place. When they saw the man fall, they all ran into the vault. But while they were busy inspecting the corpse and the vault to see what they could miss, I slipped out, and, once away, and still away; but they never had the Black Thief in their power since."

"Well, my brave fellow," says the Knight of the Glen, "I see that you have come through many dangers: you have freed these two princes by your stories; but I am sorry myself that this young prince has to suffer for all. Now, if you could tell me something as wonderful as you have told already, I would pardon him likewise."

"That happens well," says the Thief of Sloan, "for I like him best myself and have reserved the most curious passage for the last on his account."

"Well, then," says the knight, "let us hear it."

"I was one day on my travels," says the Black Thief, "and I came into a large forest, where I wandered a long time. At last I came to a large castle, where I found a young woman and a child sitting on her knee, and she crying. I asked her what made her cry and where the lord of the castle was.

"'It is well for you,' says the young woman, 'that the lord of this castle is not at home at present;

for he is a monstrous giant with but one eye in his forehead, who lives on human flesh. He brought me this child and ordered me to make it into a pie, and I cannot help crying at the command.'

"I told her that if she knew of any place where I could leave the child safely I would do it.

"She told me of a house where I would get a woman who would take care of it. 'But what will I do about the pie?'

"'Cut a finger off it,' said I, 'and I will bring you in a young wild pig out of the forest, which you may dress as if it were the child and put the finger in a certain place, so that the giant will be fully satisfied that the pie is made of the child.'

"She agreed to the scheme and cut off the child's finger. I soon had it at the house she told me of and brought her the little pig in the place of it. She then made ready the pie and I was just taking my leave when we observed the giant coming through the castle gates, and I hid under a pile of straw. The first thing I heard was the giant calling for his pie. When she set it down before him, he swore it smelled like swine's flesh, but knowing where to find the finger she immediately turned it up, which fairly convinced him to the contrary. When he had eaten, he began to drink hot liquors in great abundance so that in a short time he could not hold up his head, but threw himself down and fell fast asleep. When I heard him snoring, I went up and,

taking the giant's spit,* reddened it in the fire and ran it into his head.

"Then I took to my heels; but I soon found that he was in pursuit of me and I ran close to the shore of a pond. When he made a violent leap to seize me, he went into the pond and was drowned. Now, sir knight," says the Thief of Sloan, "you see what dangers I came through and always escaped."

"My lord and master," says an old woman that was listening all the time, "that story is but too true, as I well know, for I am the very woman that was in the giant's castle and you, my lord, the child that I was to make into a pie; and this is the very man that saved your life, which you may know by the want of the finger that was taken off."

The Knight of the Glen, greatly surprised at what he had heard the old woman tell and knowing he wanted his finger from his childhood, began to understand that the story was true enough.

"And this is my deliverer?" says he. "O brave fellow, I not only pardon you all, but will keep you with myself while you live, where you shall feast like princes and have every attendance that I have myself."

They all returned thanks on their knees and the Black Thief told him the reason they attempted to steal the steed of bells, and the necessity they were under in going home.

* Spit. A long, pointed rod on which meat is roasted before an open fire.

"Well," says the Knight of the Glen, "if that is the case, I give you my steed, so you may go when you please. Only remember to call and see me betimes, that we may know each other well."

They promised they would visit him and with great joy they set off for the king their father's palace.

The wicked queen was standing all this time on the tower, and hearing the bells ringing at a great distance off, knew very well it was the princes coming home and the steed with them. Through spite and vexation she flung herself from the tower.

So the three princes lived happily and well during their father's reign.

BROTHER AND SISTER*

BROTHER took sister by the hand and said: "Look here; we haven't had one single happy hour since our mother died. That stepmother of ours beats us and if we dare go near her, she kicks us away. We never get anything but hard, dry crusts to eat. Come along and let us go forth into the wide world together."

Off they started through fields and meadows, over hedges and ditches, and walked through the whole day long. Toward evening they came to a large forest and were so tired out with hunger and their long walk that they crept into a hollow tree and soon fell fast asleep.

Next morning, when they woke up, the sun was shining down bright and warm. Then said brother, "I'm so thirsty, sister; if I did but know where to find a little stream, I'd go and have a drink. I do believe I hear one." So they set off to hunt for the brook.

Now their cruel stepmother was in reality a witch and she had crept secretly after the children and had cast her spells over all the streams in the forest.

Presently the children found a little brook dancing and glittering over the stones and brother was

* Grimm.

eager to drink of it, but as it rushed past, sister heard it murmuring:

"Who drinks of me will be a tiger! who drinks of me will be a tiger!"

So she cried out, "O dear brother, pray don't drink or you'll be turned into a wild beast and tear me to pieces."

Brother was dreadfully thirsty but did not drink. "Very well," said he, "I'll wait till we come to the next spring."

When they came to the second brook, sister heard it repeating too, "Who drinks of me will be a wolf! who drinks of me will be a wolf!"

And she cried, "O brother, pray don't drink here, either, or you'll be turned into a wolf and eat me up."

Again brother did not drink, but he said, "Well, I'll wait till we reach the next stream, but then I really must drink, for I can bear this thirst no longer."

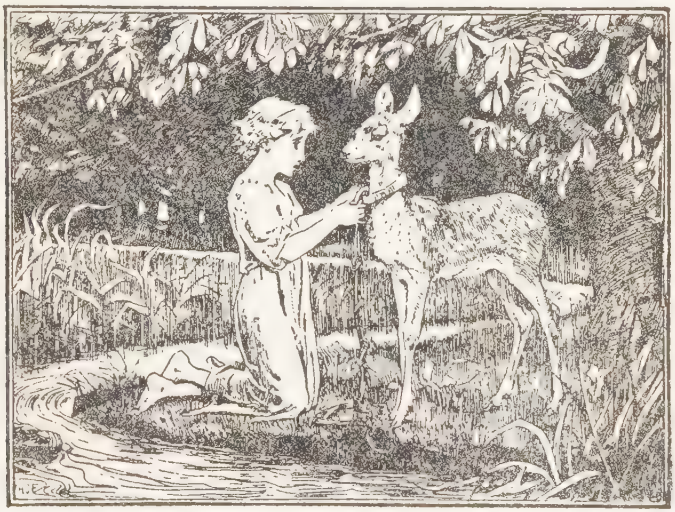
And when they got to the third brook, sister heard it say as it rushed past, "Who drinks of me will be a roe! who drinks of me will be a roe!"*

And she begged, "Ah! brother, don't drink yet, or you'll become a roe and run away from me."

But her brother was already kneeling by the brook to drink, and, sure enough, no sooner had his lips touched the water, than he was transformed into a little roebuck.

* A roe is a kind of deer.

Sister cried bitterly over her poor bewitched brother and the little roe wept too. At last the girl said: "Never mind, dear little fawn, I will never forsake you," and she took off her golden garter and tied it round the roe's neck. Then she plucked rushes and plaited a soft cord of them, which she fastened to the collar. When she had done this, she led the



roe farther and farther, right into the depths of the forest.

After they had gone a long, long way, they came to a little empty house and the girl thought, "Perhaps we might stay and live here." So she hunted up leaves and moss to make a soft bed for the little roe, and every morning and evening she went out and gathered roots, nuts, and berries for herself and tender young grass for the fawn. He fed from

her hand and played round her and seemed happy. In the evening, when sister was tired, she said her prayers, laid her head on the fawn's back, and fell sound asleep with it as a pillow.

They had been living for some time in the forest in this way, when the king of that country had a great hunt through the woods. The whole forest rang with such a blowing of horns, baying of dogs, and joyful cries of huntsmen, that the little roe heard it and longed to join in too.

"Ah!" said he to sister, "do let me go off to the hunt!"

And he begged and prayed until at last she consented.

"But," said she, "mind that you come back in the evening. I shall lock my door fast for fear of those wild huntsmen; so, to make sure of my knowing you, knock at the door and say, 'My sister, dear, open; I'm here.' If you don't speak, I shan't open the door."

Off sprang the little roe, and he felt quite well and happy in the free open air.

The king and his huntsmen soon saw the beautiful creature and started in pursuit, but they could not come up with it and whenever they thought they were sure to catch it, it bounded off to one side into the bushes and disappeared. When night came on, it ran home and knocking at the door of the little house, cried:

"My sister, dear, open; I'm here." The door opened and he ran in and rested all night on his soft mossy bed.

Next morning the hunt began again and the little roe sprang gayly off to join it. As soon as the king and his huntsmen saw the roe with the golden collar, they all rode after it, but it was far too quick and nimble for them. But as evening came on, one of the huntsmen wounded it slightly in the foot, so that it limped and ran off slowly. The huntsman stole after it as far as the little house and heard it call out, "My sister, dear, open; I'm here," and he saw the door open and close.

The huntsman went straight to the king and told him all that he had seen and heard.

Poor sister was terribly frightened when she saw how her little fawn had been wounded. She washed off the blood, bound up the injured foot, and said: "Now, dear, go and lie down and rest, so that your wound may heal."

The wound was really so slight that it was quite well next day and the little roe did not feel it at all. No sooner did it hear the sounds of hunting in the forest, than it cried:

"I can't stand this, I must be there too; I'll take care they shan't catch me."

Sister began to cry and said, "They are certain to kill you and then I shall be left all alone in the forest." She opened the door with a heavy heart

and the roe darted forth, full of glee and health, into the forest.

As soon as the king saw the roe, he said to his huntsman, "Now then, give chase to it all day until evening, but mind and be careful not to hurt it."

When the sun had set, the king said to his huntsman, "Now come and show me the little house that you saw."

When he got to the house, he knocked at the door and said, "My sister, dear, open; I'm here." The door opened and the king walked in, and there stood the loveliest maiden that he had ever seen.

The girl was much startled when she saw a man with a gold crown on his head. But the king looked kindly at her, held out his hand, and said, "Will you come with me to my castle and be my dear wife?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the maiden, "but you must let my roe come, too. I could not possibly forsake it."

"It shall stay with you as long as you live and shall want for nothing," the king promised.

In the meantime the roe came bounding in and sister tied the rush cord once more to its collar, took the end in her hand, and so they left the little house in the forest.

The king lifted the lovely maiden on to his horse and led her to his castle, where the wedding was celebrated with the greatest splendor. The roe was petted and caressed and ran about at will in the palace gardens.

When the wicked stepmother heard how happy and prosperous the children were, her heart was filled with envy and hatred. Her own daughter, who was as hideous as night, reproached her by saying, "It is I who ought to have had this good luck and been made queen."

"Be quiet, will you," said the old woman, "when the time comes, I shall be at hand."

Now after some time it happened one day when the king was out hunting that the queen gave birth to a beautiful little boy. The old witch thought that here was a good chance for her; so she took the form of the lady in waiting and hurrying into the room where the queen lay in her bed, called out, "The bath is quite ready; it will help to make you strong again. Come, let us be quick, for fear the water should get cold." She and her daughter carried the queen, who was still very weak, into the bath-room and laid her in the bath; then they locked the door and ran away, leaving the lovely young queen to drown.

As soon as they were sure that the queen was dead, the old witch tied a cap on her daughter's head and laid her in the queen's bed. She managed, too, to make her figure and general appearance look like the queen's.

In the evening when the king came home and heard the news of his son's birth, he was full of delight and insisted on going at once to his dear wife's

bedside to see how she was getting on. But the old witch cried out, "Take care and keep the curtains drawn; don't let the light get into the queen's eyes; she must be kept perfectly quiet." The king went away and never knew that it was a false queen that lay in the bed.

When midnight came and everyone in the palace was sound asleep, the nurse who alone watched by the baby's cradle in the nursery saw the door open gently and who should come in but the real queen. She lifted the child from its cradle, laid it on her arm, and nursed it for some time. Then she carefully shook up the pillows of the little bed, laid the baby down, and tucked the coverlet in all round him. She did not forget the little roe, either, but went to the corner where it lay and gently stroked its back. Then she silently left the room. For many nights the queen came in the same way, but she never spoke a word and the nurse was too frightened to say anything about her visits.

After some little time had elapsed, the queen spoke one night, and said:

"Is my child well? Is my Roe well?
I'll come back twice, and then farewell."

As soon as the queen had disappeared, the nurse went to the king and told him all. The king exclaimed, "I will watch myself tonight by the child's bed." So when evening came, he went to the nursery, and at midnight the queen appeared and said:

"Is my child well? Is my Roe well?
I'll come back once, and then farewell."

She nursed and petted the child as usual before she disappeared. The king dared not trust himself to speak to her, but the following night he kept watch again.

That night when the queen came, she said:

"Is my child well? Is my Roe well?
I've come this once, and now farewell."

The king could restrain himself no longer, but sprang to her side, crying, "You can be no one but my dear wife!"

"Yes," said she, "I am your dear wife!" and in the same moment she was restored to life and was as fresh and well and rosy as ever. Then she told the king all the cruel things that the wicked witch and her daughter had done. The king had them both

arrested at once and brought to trial, and they were condemned to death. As soon as the old witch was dead, the spell was taken off the little roe and he was restored to his natural shape once more, and so brother and sister lived happily ever after.

PRINCESS ROSETTE*

ONCE upon a time there lived a king and queen who had two beautiful sons and one pretty little daughter, Rosette. When it was time for the christening of the princess, the queen sent for all the fairies to be present. But when she asked them to tell her what was going to happen to Rosette, the fairies said they had left their book of magic at home and they would come another day and tell her.

"Ah!" said the queen, "I know very well what that means—you have nothing good to say; but at least I beg that you will not hide anything from me."

After a great deal of persuasion, they said:

"Madam, we fear that Rosette may be the cause of great misfortunes to her brothers; they may even meet with their death through her. We are very sorry to have nothing better to tell you."

Then they went away, leaving the queen so sad that the king noticed it and asked her what was the matter. She told him what the fairies had predicted about Rosette and begged him to think how the misfortunes might be prevented.

They thought and thought but they could not tell what to do, until the queen heard that in the

* Madame d'Aulnoy.

forest there was an old hermit, who lived in a hollow tree and that people came from far and near to consult him; so she said:

"I had better go and ask his advice; perhaps he will know what to do."

She set out very early the next morning, mounted upon a pretty little white mule, which was shod

with solid gold, and two of her ladies rode behind her on beautiful horses. When they reached the forest, they dismounted, for the trees grew so thickly that the horses could not pass and they made their way on foot to the hollow tree where the hermit lived. When he recognized the queen, he said: "You are welcome, queen. What do you come to ask of me?"

Then the queen told him all that the fairies had foreseen for Rosette and asked what she should do, and the hermit answered that she must shut the princess up in a tower and never let her come out of it again. The queen thanked and rewarded him and hastened back to the castle to tell the king. When he heard the news, he had a great tower built as quickly as possible and there the princess was shut up, and the king and queen and her two brothers went to see her every day that she might not be dull. The brothers loved their sister dearly, for she was the sweetest, prettiest princess who was ever seen.

When Rosette was fifteen years old, the king and the queen were taken ill and died on the same day. Everybody was sorry, Rosette especially, and all the bells in the kingdom were tolled.

Then all the dukes and counselors put the older prince upon a golden throne and crowned him with a diamond crown and they all cried, "Long live the king!" And after that there was nothing but feasting and rejoicing.

The new king and his brother said to one another:

"Now that we are masters, let us take our sister out of that dull tower which she is so tired of."

They had only to go across the garden to reach the tower. Rosette was busy at her embroidery, but the king told her to put it away, as they had come to take her out of the tower and bring her to their beautiful castle.

When Rosette saw the beautiful garden, full of fruit and flowers, with green grass and sparkling fountains, she was so astonished that not a word could she say, for she had never in her life seen anything like it before. She looked about her and ran hither and thither gathering fruit and flowers and her little dog Frisk, who was bright green all over, and had but one ear, danced before her. Suddenly the princess saw a peacock, who was spreading his tail in the sunshine. Rosette thought that she had never seen anything so pretty. She could not take her eyes off him and there she stood entranced until the king and prince came up. She showed them the peacock and asked what it was, and they answered that it was a bird which people sometimes ate.

"What!" said the princess, "do they dare to kill that beautiful creature and eat it? I declare that I will never marry anyone but the king of the peacocks, and when I am queen, I will take very good care that nobody eats any of my subjects."

At this the king was very much astonished. "But, little sister," said he, "where shall we find the king of the peacocks?"

"Oh! wherever you like, sire," she answered, "but I will never marry anyone else."

After this they took Rosette to the beautiful castle and the peacock was brought with her, and told to walk about on the terrace outside her windows, so that she might always see him, and then

the ladies of the court came to see the princess and they brought her beautiful presents—dresses and ribbons and sweetmeats, diamonds and pearls and dolls and embroidered slippers.

Meanwhile the king and the prince were considering how they should find the king of the peacocks, if there was such a person in the world. And first of all they had a portrait made of the princess. Then they said to her: "Since you will not marry anyone but the king of the peacocks, we are going out together into the wide world to search for him. Meantime, mind you take good care of our kingdom."

So they set out and asked everyone they met:

"Do you know the king of the peacocks?"

But the answer was always, "No, no."

Then they went on and on, so far that no one has ever been farther, and at last they came to the kingdom of the peacocks. It was easy to guess that they had come to the right place, for they saw peacocks in every tree and their cries could be heard a long way off.

When they reached the city, they found it full of men and women who were dressed entirely in peacocks' feathers.

They soon met the king, who was driving about in a beautiful little golden carriage which glittered with diamonds and was drawn at full speed by twelve peacocks. The king and prince were delighted

to see that the king of the peacocks was as handsome as possible. He had curly golden hair and he wore a crown of peacocks' feathers.

When he saw Rosette's brothers, he knew at once that they were strangers. Stopping his carriage, he sent for them to speak to them. When the king and the prince had greeted him, they bowed low and said:

"Sire, we have come from very far away to show you a beautiful portrait."

So saying, they drew from their traveling bag the picture of Rosette. The king looked at it in silence a long time, but at last he said, "I could not have believed that there was such a beautiful princess in the world!"

"She is really a hundred times as pretty as that," said her brothers.

"I think you must be making fun of me," said the king of the peacocks.

"Sire," said the prince, "my brother is a king, like yourself, and that is the portrait of our sister, the Princess Rosette. We have come to ask you if you would like to marry her. She is as good as she is beautiful and we will give her a bushel of gold pieces for her dowry."

"Oh! with all my heart," replied the king, "and I will make her very happy. She shall have whatever she likes and I shall love her dearly; only if she is not as pretty as you have told me, I will have your heads cut off."

"Oh! certainly, we quite agree to that," said the brothers in one breath.

"Very well. Off with you into prison and stay there until the princess arrives," said the king of the peacocks.

And the princes were so sure that Rosette was far prettier than her portrait that they went without a murmur. They were very kindly treated, and that they might not feel dull, the king came often to see them. As for Rosette's portrait, that was taken up to the palace and the king did nothing but gaze at it all day and all night.

The king and prince sent a letter to the princess telling her to pack up her treasures and come to

them, as the king of the peacocks was waiting to marry her. They did not say that they were in prison, for fear of making her uneasy.

When Rosette received the letter, she was delighted. For three days there was a celebration. Everyone had as many cakes and sweetmeats as he wanted. Everybody who came to see the princess was presented with a slice of bread and jam. After having thus entertained her friends, she left her brother's kingdom to the care of the wisest old men of the city. Then she set out, only taking with her her nurse and the nurse's daughter and the little green dog, Frisk.

They took a boat and put out to sea, carrying with them the bushel of gold pieces and enough dresses to last the princess ten years if she wore two every day, and they did nothing but laugh and sing. The nurse asked the boatman:

"Can you take us to the kingdom of the peacocks?"

But he answered, "Oh, no! oh, no!"

Then she said, "You must take us, you must take us."

And he answered, "Very soon, very soon."

Then the nurse said, "Will you take us? will you take us?"

And the boatman answered, "Yes, yes."

Then she whispered in his ear, "Do you want to make your fortune?"

He said, "Certainly, I want to make a fortune."

"I can tell you how to get a bag of gold," said she.

"I ask nothing better," said the boatman.

"Well," said the nurse, "tonight, when the princess is asleep, you must help me to throw her into the sea and when she is drowned, I will put her beautiful clothes upon my daughter and we will take her to the king of the peacocks, who will be only too glad to marry her. As your reward you shall have your boat full of diamonds."

The boatman was surprised at this proposal, and said, "But what a pity to drown such a pretty princess!"

However, at last, the nurse persuaded him to help her, and when the night came and the princess was fast asleep as usual, with Frisk curled up on his own cushion at the foot of her bed, the wicked nurse fetched the boatman and her daughter and between them they picked up the princess, feather bed, mattress, pillows, blankets, and all, and threw her into the sea, without even waking her. Now, luckily, the princess' bed was entirely stuffed with phœnix feathers, which are very rare, and have the property of always floating upon water, so that Rosette went on swimming about as if she had been in a boat. After a while she began to feel very cold and turned round so often that she waked Frisk, who started up, and having a very good nose, smelled the soles and herrings

so close to him that he began to bark. He barked so long and so loud that he woke all the other fish, who came swimming up around the princess' bed and poking at it with their heads. As for her, she said to herself:

"How our boat does rock upon the water!"

The wicked nurse and the boatman were by this time arriving at the city of the king of the peacocks.

The king had sent a hundred carriages to meet them, drawn by lions, bears, wolves, stags, horses, buffaloes, eagles, and peacocks. The carriage intended for the Princess Rosette had six blue monkeys, in a harness all of crimson velvet with golden buckles and behind the carriage walked sixty beautiful ladies.

The nurse had taken all the pains imaginable to deck out her daughter. She put on her Rosette's prettiest frock and covered her with diamonds from

head to foot. But she was so ugly that nothing could make her look nice and, what was worse, she was sulky and ill-tempered.

When she stepped from the boat and the escort sent by the king of the peacocks caught sight of her, they were so surprised that they could not say a single word.

"Now then, look alive," cried the false princess. "If you don't bring me something to eat, I will have all your heads cut off!"

Then they whispered one to another:

"Here's a pretty state of things! she is as wicked as she is ugly. What a bride for our poor king! She certainly was not worth bringing from the other end of the world!"

As the procession was so long, it advanced but slowly, and the nurse's daughter sat up in her carriage trying to look like a queen. But the peacocks, who were seated upon every tree, waiting to salute her, and who had made up their minds to cry, "Long live our beautiful queen!" when they caught sight of the false bride, could not help crying instead:

"Oh! how ugly she is!"

Now they told the king that the princess was approaching.

"Well," said he, "did her brothers tell me truly? Is she prettier than her portrait?"

"Sire," they answered, "if she were as pretty, that would do very well."

"That's true," said the king, "I for one will be quite satisfied if she is. Let us go to meet her."

The Princess Rosette's portrait was carried at the head of the procession and after it walked the king surrounded by his courtiers. He was all impatience to see the lovely princess, but when he caught sight of the nurse's daughter, he was furiously angry, and would not advance another step. She was really ugly enough to have frightened anybody.

"What!" he cried, "have the two rascals who are my prisoners dared to play me such a trick as this? Do they propose that I shall marry this hideous creature? Let her be shut up in my great tower with her nurse; and as for those wretches, I will have their heads cut off."

Meanwhile, the king and the prince, who knew that their sister must have arrived, had made themselves smart and sat expecting every minute to be summoned to greet her. So when the jailer came with soldiers and carried them down into a black dungeon, they were surprised and dismayed.

"This is a dismal kind of wedding," they said; "what can have happened that we should be treated like this?"

Three days passed before they heard any news, and then the king of the peacocks came and berated them.

"You have called yourselves king and prince," he cried, "to try to make me marry your sister,

but you are nothing but beggars, not worth the water you drink. I mean to make short work with you."

"King of the peacocks," answered the king angrily, "you had better take care what you are about. I am as good a king as yourself and have a splendid kingdom and robes and crowns and plenty of gold to do what I like with."

At first the king of the peacocks was taken aback by this bold speech and had half a mind to send them all away; but his prime minister declared that it would never do to let such a trick as that pass unpunished. So the accusation was drawn up against them that they were impostors, and that they had promised the king a beautiful princess in marriage, who, when she arrived, proved to be an ugly peasant girl.

This accusation was read to the prisoners, who cried out that they had spoken the truth, that their sister was indeed a princess more beautiful than the day and that there was some mystery about all this which they could not fathom. Therefore they demanded seven days in which to prove their innocence. The king of the peacocks was at last persuaded to grant them this favor.

Meantime the real princess and Frisk were astonished at finding themselves alone upon the sea, with no boat and no one to help them. The princess cried until even the fishes were sorry for her.

"Alas!" she said, "the king of the peacocks must have ordered me to be thrown into the sea because he had changed his mind and did not want to marry me."

For two days they floated up and down the sea, wet and shivering with the cold. When night came, the princess was so frightened that she said to Frisk:

"Oh! Do please keep on barking for fear the soles should come and eat us up!"

Now it happened that they had floated close in to the shore, where a poor old man lived all alone in a little cottage. When he heard Frisk's barking, he thought to himself:

"There must have been a shipwreck!" and he went out to see if he could be of any use. He soon saw the princess and Frisk floating up and down, and Rosette, stretching out her hands to him, cried:

"Oh! Good old man, do save me, or I shall die of cold and hunger!"

He ran back into his house to fetch a long boat-hook, waded into the water up to his chin, and after being nearly drowned once or twice he at last succeeded in getting hold of the princess' bed and dragging it on shore.

Rosette and Frisk were joyful to find themselves once more on dry land. Wrapping herself up in her blankets, the princess daintily picked her way up to the cottage on her little bare feet. There the old man lighted a fire of straw and then drew from an old box his wife's dress and shoes, which the princess put on.

The old man saw that Rosette must be some great lady, for her bed coverings were all of satin and gold. He begged that she would tell him all her history, as she might safely trust him. The princess told him everything.

"And now, my daughter, what is to be done?" said the old man. "You are a great princess, accustomed to fare daintily, and I have nothing to offer you but black bread and radishes, which will not suit you at all. Shall I go and tell the king of the peacocks that you are here? If he sees you, he will certainly wish to marry you."

"Oh, no!" cried Rosette, "he must be wicked, since he tried to drown me. Don't let us tell him, but if you have a little basket, give it to me."

The old man gave her a basket and tying it around Frisk's neck, she said to him, "Go and find out the best cooking pot in the town and bring the contents to me."

Away went Frisk and as there was no better dinner cooking than the king's, he took the cover off the pot and brought all it contained to the princess, who said, "Now go back to the pantry and bring the best of everything."

So Frisk went back and filled his basket with white bread and red wine and every kind of sweetmeat.

When the king of the peacocks wanted his dinner, there was nothing in the pot and nothing in the pantry.

"Oh, well!" said the king, "if there is no dinner, I cannot dine, but let plenty of things be roasted for supper."

When evening came, the princess said to Frisk:

"Go into the town and find out the best kitchen, and bring me all the nicest morsels that are being roasted."

Frisk did as he was told as before.

The king, as he had had no dinner, was very hungry and wanted his supper early, but when he asked for it, behold, it was all gone and he had to go to bed half-starved and in a terrible temper. The next day the same thing happened and the next, so that for three days the king got nothing at all to eat. At last the prime minister resolved to hide himself in some dark corner of the kitchen and never

take his eyes off the cooking pot. His surprise was great when he presently saw a little green dog with one ear, slip softly into the kitchen, uncover the pot, transfer all its contents to his basket, and run off. The prime minister followed hastily and tracked him all through the town to the cottage of the good old man; then he ran back to the king and told that he had found out where all his dinners and suppers went. The king said that he would like to go and see for himself. So he set out, accompanied by a guard, and arrived just in time to find the old man and the princess finishing his dinner.

The king ordered that they should be seized and bound with ropes and Frisk also.

When they all reached the palace, the king said:

"Today is the last day of the respite granted to those impostors; they shall have their heads cut off at the same time as these stealers of my dinner." Then the old man went down on his knees before the king and begged for time to tell him everything. While he spoke, the king looked for the first time attentively at the princess, and when he heard the old man saying that her name was Rosette, and that she had been treacherously thrown into the sea, he ran to embrace her and untied the ropes which bound her with his own hands, declaring that he loved her with all his heart.

Messengers were sent to bring the princes out of prison, and they came very sadly, believing that

they were to be executed at once; the nurse and her daughter and the boatman were brought also. As soon as they came in, Rosette ran to embrace her brothers, while the traitors threw themselves down before her and begged for mercy. The king and the princess were so happy that they freely forgave them, and as for the good old man, he was splendidly rewarded and spent the rest of his days in the palace. The king of the peacocks made ample amends to the king and prince for the way in which they had been treated and did everything in his power to show how sorry he was.

The nurse restored to Rosette all her dresses and jewels and the bushel of gold pieces; the wedding was held at once and they all lived happily ever after.

THE ENCHANTED PIG*

ONCE upon a time there lived a king who had three daughters. Now it happened that he had to go out to battle, so he called his daughters and said to them:

"My dear children, I am obliged to go to the wars. During my absence take care of yourselves and be good girls; behave well and look after the house. You may walk in the garden and you may go into all the rooms in the palace except the room at the back in the right-hand corner; into that you must not enter, for harm would befall you."

"You may keep your mind easy, father," they replied. "We have never been disobedient to you. Go in peace, and may heaven give you a glorious victory!"

Then the king gave them the keys of all the rooms.

Now when the girls found themselves alone, they decided to work for part of the day, to read for part of the day, and to enjoy themselves in the garden for part of the day. As long as they did this, all went well with them. But this happy state of things did not last long.

"Sisters," said the eldest princess, "all day long we sew, spin, and read. We have been several days

* Rumänische Märchen übersetzt von Nite Kremnitz.

alone and there is no corner of the garden we have not explored. We have been in all the rooms of our father's palace and have admired the beautiful furniture. Why should we not go into the room that our father forebade us to enter?"

"Sister," said the youngest, "I cannot think how you can tempt us to break our father's command. He must have had good reason for saying what he did."

"Surely the sky won't fall about our heads if we do go in," said the second princess. "And how will our father ever find out that we have gone in?"

While they were speaking thus, encouraging each other, they had reached the room; the eldest fitted the key into the lock and snap! the door stood open.

The room was quite empty and without any ornament, but in the middle stood a large table, with a gorgeous cloth, and on it lay a big open book.

Now the princesses were curious to know what was written in the book, especially the eldest, and this is what she read, "The eldest daughter of this king will marry a prince from the east."

Then the second girl stepped forward, and turning over the page she read, "The second daughter of this king will marry a prince from the west."

But the youngest princess did not want to go near the table or to open the book. Her elder sisters, however, left her no peace. They dragged her up to the table and in fear and trembling she turned

over the page and read, "The youngest daughter of this king will be married to a pig from the north."

Now if a thunderbolt had fallen upon her it would not have frightened her more. She almost died of misery. Her sisters tried to comfort her, saying: "How can you believe such nonsense? When did it ever happen that a king's daughter married a pig?"

"Has not our father enough soldiers to protect you, even if the disgusting creature did come to woo you?"

The youngest princess would have liked to believe what they said, but her heart was heavy. Her thoughts kept turning to the book, in which stood written that great happiness waited her sisters, but that a cruel fate was in store for her. Besides, the thought weighed on her heart that she had disobeyed her father. In a few days she was so changed that it was difficult to recognize her; formerly she had been rosy and merry, but now she was pale and nothing gave her any pleasure. She gave up playing with her sisters in the garden, ceased to gather flowers to put in her hair, and never sang when they sat together at their spinning and sewing.

In the meantime the king won a great victory, and having completely defeated and driven off the enemy, he hurried home to his daughters. Everyone went out to meet him and there was great rejoicing. The king's first act on reaching home was

to thank heaven for his victory. He then entered his palace and the three princesses came to meet him, the youngest doing her best not to appear sad.

However, it was not long before the king noticed that his third daughter was getting very thin and sad looking. And all of a sudden it flashed through his mind that she had disobeyed his word. He called his daughters to him, questioned them, ordered them to speak the truth, and they confessed everything.

The king was distressed when he heard it, but he took heart and tried to comfort his daughters. He saw that what had happened had happened.

Well, these events had almost been forgotten when one fine day a prince from the east appeared at the court and asked the king for the hand of his eldest daughter. The king gladly gave his consent. A great wedding banquet was prepared, and after three days of feasting the happy pair were accompanied to the frontier with much rejoicing.

After some time the same thing befell the second daughter, who was wooed and won by a prince from the west.

Now when the young princess saw that everything fell out exactly as had been written in the book, she grew very sad. She refused to eat and would not put on her fine clothes nor go out walking.

The time passed, till, lo, and behold! one fine day an enormous pig from the north walked into the palace and going straight up to the king said,

"Hail, oh, king! May your life be as prosperous and bright as sunrise."

"I am glad to see you well, friend," answered the king, "but what wind has brought you hither?"

"I come a-wooing," replied the pig.

Now the king was astonished to hear so fine a speech from a pig and at once it occurred to him that something strange was the matter. He did not wish

to give him the princess for a wife; but when he heard that the court and the whole street were full of all the pigs in the world, he saw that there was no escape. The pig insisted that the wedding should take place within a week.

The king then sent for his daughter and advised her to submit to fate, as there was nothing else to be done. And he added: "My child, the behavior

of this pig is quite unlike that of other pigs. I do not myself believe that he always was a pig. Depend upon it, some magic has been at work. Obey him and do everything that he wishes."

"If you wish me to do this, dear father, I will do it," replied the girl.

After the marriage, the pig and his bride set out for his home in one of the royal carriages. On the way they passed a great bog. The pig ordered the carriage to stop and got out and rolled about in the mire till he was covered with mud from head to foot; then he got back into the carriage and told his wife to kiss him. The poor girl thought of her father's words, and pulling out her handkerchief she gently wiped the pig's snout and kissed it.

By the time they reached the pig's dwelling, which stood in a thick wood, it was quite dark. They sat down quietly for a while as they were tired after their drive; then they had supper together and lay down to rest. As time went on, the princess noticed that in many ways the pig behaved like a man. Remembering her father's words, she took courage, determined to wait and see what would happen. Clearly her husband must be bewitched. In time she grew quite fond of him, he was so kind and gentle.

One fine day as she was sitting alone she saw an old witch go past. She called out to the old woman to come to talk to her. Among other things, the witch told her that she understood all magic arts,

and that she could foretell the future and knew the healing powers of herbs and plants.

"I shall be grateful to you all my life, old dame," said the princess, "if you will tell me what is the matter with my husband."

"If you watch carefully tonight, my dear, you will see that after he thinks you are asleep your husband will turn into a human being, for he is bewitched. If you like, I will give you an herb to break the spell."

"If you will only give it to me," said the princess, "I will give you anything that you choose to ask for."

"Here, then, my dear child," said the witch, "take this thread and at night, when he is asleep, you must get up very quietly and fasten the thread round his left foot as firmly as possible. You will see in the morning that he will not have changed back into a pig, but will still be a man. I do not want any reward. I shall be sufficiently repaid by knowing that you are happy."

When the old witch had gone away, the princess hid the thread very carefully and at night she got up quietly, and with a beating heart she bound the thread round her husband's foot. Just as she was pulling the knot tight, there was a crack and the thread broke, for it was rotten.

Her husband awoke with a start and said to her: "Unhappy woman, what have you done? Three

days more and this unholy spell would have fallen from me and now, who knows how long I may have to go about in this disgusting shape? I must leave you at once and we will not meet again until you have worn out three pairs of iron shoes and blunted a steel staff in your search for me." So saying, he disappeared.

When the princess was alone, she wept for awhile, but soon she got up, determined to go wherever fate should lead her.

On reaching a town the first thing she did was to order three pairs of iron sandals and a steel staff. Then she set out in search of her husband. On and on she wandered over nine seas and across nine continents. At last, wearied with her long journey and worn out and overcome with sorrow, but still with hope at her heart, she reached a house.

Now who do you think lived there? The moon.

The princess knocked at the door and begged to be let in that she might rest a little. The mother of the moon, when she saw her sad plight, felt a great pity for her and took her in and nursed and tended her.

One day the mother of the moon asked her:

"How was it possible for you, a mortal, to get hither to the house of the moon?"

Then the poor princess told her all that happened to her, and added: "I shall always be grateful to you that you took pity on me and did not leave me

to die. Now I beg one favor of you; can your daughter, the moon, tell me where my husband is?"

"She cannot tell you that, my child," replied the goddess, "but if you will travel toward the east, until you reach the dwelling of the sun, he may be able to tell you something."

Then she gave the princess a roast chicken to eat and warned her to be very careful not to lose any of the bones, because they might be of great use to her.

The princess threw away one pair of shoes that were worn out, put on a second pair, tied up the chicken bones in a bundle, and taking her staff in her hand, set out once more on her wanderings.

On and on she went, across bare sandy deserts, and high, rocky mountains, jumping from crag to crag and from peak to peak. Sometimes she had to crawl on hands and knees. At length, wearied to death, she reached the palace in which the sun lived. The mother of the sun opened the door and was astonished at beholding a mortal, and wept with pity when she heard of all she had suffered. She promised

to ask her son about the princess' husband. But next morning she told the princess that she had asked about her husband, but that her son had replied that he knew nothing and that her only hope was to go and inquire of the wind.

Before the princess left, the mother of the sun gave her a roast chicken to eat and advised her to take great care of the bones. She then threw away her second pair of shoes, which were quite worn out, and with her staff in her hand she set forth on her way to the wind.

In these wanderings she met with even greater difficulties than before, for she came upon one mountain of flints after another, out of which tongues of fire would flame up; she passed through woods which had never been trodden by human foot and had to cross fields of ice and avalanches of snow. At length she reached an enormous cave in the side of the mountain. This was where the wind lived. The mother of the wind had pity on her and took her in, that she might rest a little.

The next morning the mother of the wind told her that her husband was living in a thick wood, so thick that no ax had been able to cut a way through it; here he had built himself a sort of house of logs, and here he lived alone, shunning human kind.

The mother of the wind gave the princess a chicken to eat and warned her to take care of the bones. Then the princess set out on her journey

and rested neither night nor day, so great was her longing to see her husband again. On and on she walked until her last pair of shoes fell in pieces. She threw them away and went on with bare feet, not heeding the bogs nor the thorns that wounded her nor the stones that bruised her. At last she reached a beautiful green meadow on the edge of a wood. Her heart was cheered by the sight of the flowers and the soft cool grass, and she sat down and rested for a little. Then, taking her bundle of chicken bones on her shoulder, she entered the wood.

For three days and three nights she struggled through it, but could find nothing. She was quite worn out with weariness and hunger and even her staff was no further help to her, for it had become quite blunted. At last she came upon the sort of house that the mother of the wind had described. It had no windows and the door was up in the roof. Round the house she went in search of steps, but could find none. What was she to do? How was she to get in? Suddenly she bethought her of the chicken bones that she had dragged all that weary way, and she said to herself, "They would not all have told me to take such good care of these bones if they had not some reason for doing so."

She took the bones out of her bundle and having thought for a moment, she placed two ends together. To her surprise they stuck tight; then she added the other bones till she had two long poles

the height of the house; these she placed against the wall a yard from one another. Across them she placed the other bones, piece by piece, like the steps of a ladder. As soon as one step was finished, she stood upon it and made the next one, and then the next, till she reached the door and entered. She found everything in perfect order. Having taken some food, she sat down to rest.

When her husband, the pig, came back to his house, he was startled by seeing the ladder of bones. He felt that some fresh magic must be at work and in his terror he almost turned away from the house; but then a better idea came to him and he changed himself into a dove, so that no witchcraft could have power over him and flew into the room without touching the ladder. At the sight of the princess, looking so changed by all that she had suffered for his sake, his heart was moved by such love and pity that he suddenly became a man.

The princess stood up when she saw him and her heart beat with fear, for she did not know him. But when he had told her who he was, in her great joy she forgot all her sufferings and they seemed as

nothing to her. He was a very handsome man, as straight as a fir tree. They sat down together and she told him all her adventures, and he wept at the tale. And then he told her his own history.

"I am a king's son. Once when my father was fighting against some dragons who were the scourge of our country, I slew the youngest dragon. His mother, who was a witch, cast a spell over me and changed me into a pig. It was she who in the disguise of an old woman gave you the thread to bind round my foot. So that instead of the three days that had to run before the spell was broken, I was forced to remain a pig for three more years. Now that we have suffered for each other and have found each other again, let us forget the past."

Next morning they set out early to return to his father's kingdom. Great was the rejoicing of all the people when they saw him and his wife; his father and his mother embraced them both, and there was feasting in the palace for three days and three nights.

Then they set out to see her father. The old king nearly went out of his mind with joy at seeing his daughter again. When she had told him all her adventures, he said to her:

"Did I not tell you that I was sure that that creature who wooed and won you as his wife had not been born a pig? You see how wise you were in doing what I told you."

And as the king was old and had no heirs, he put them on the throne in his place. And they ruled as only kings rule who have suffered many things. And if they are not dead, they are still living and ruling happily.

THE NORKA

ONCE upon a time there lived a king and queen who had three sons. Now the king had a deer park in which were quantities of wild animals of different kinds. Into that park there used to come a huge beast—norka was its name—and do fearful mischief, devouring some of the animals every night. The king was unable to destroy it. So at last he called his sons together and said, "Whoever will destroy the norka, to him will I give the half of my kingdom."

Well, the eldest son undertook the task. As soon as it was night, he took his weapons and set out. But before he reached the park, he went into a tavern and there he spent the whole night in revelry. When he came to his senses, it was too late, for the day had already dawned. The next day the second son went and did just the same. Their father scolded them both soundly and there was an end of it.

Well, on the third day the youngest son undertook the task. He took his arms, went straight into the park, and sat down on the grass. Presently the midnight hour sounded. The earth began to shake and the norka came rushing up.

The prince leaped to his feet and went straight at the beast. It fled back and the prince ran after

it. Presently he came up with the beast and they began a fight. They fought and fought; the prince gave the beast three wounds. At last they were both utterly exhausted, so they lay down to take a short rest. But the moment the prince closed his eyes, up jumped the beast and took to flight. The prince set off again in pursuit and the same thing happened a second and a third time. But all of a sudden, just as the prince began chasing it for the fourth time, the beast fled to a great white stone, tilted it up, and escaped into the other world, crying out to the prince, "Then only will you overcome me when you enter here."

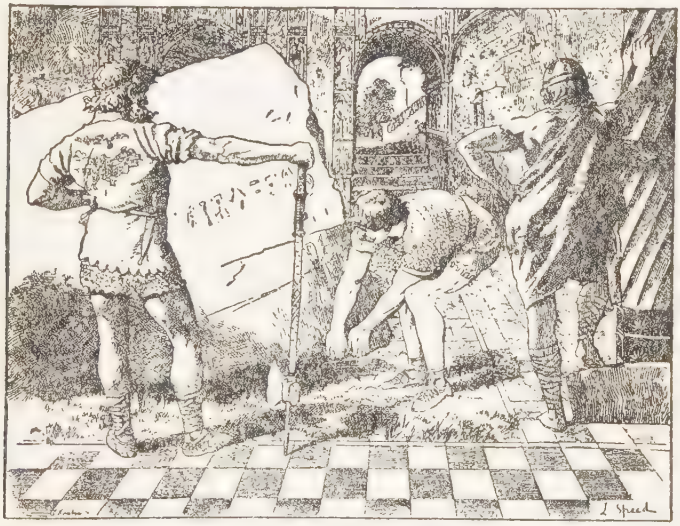
The prince went home, told his father all that had happened, and asked him to have a leather rope plaited long enough to reach to the other world. His father ordered this to be done. When the rope was made, the prince called for his brothers and he and they, having taken servants with them and everything that was needed for a whole year, set out for the place where the beast had disappeared under the stone. When they got there, they built a palace on the spot, and lived in it for some time. But when everything was ready, the youngest brother said to the others, "Now, brothers, who is going to lift this stone?"

Neither of them could as much as stir it, but as soon as he touched it, away it flew to a distance, though it was ever so big—big as a hill. And when

he had flung the stone aside, he spoke a second time to his brothers, saying:

"Who is going into the other world to overcome the norka?"

Neither of the two brothers offered to do so. Then he laughed at them for being such cowards and said:



"Well, brothers, farewell! Lower me into the other world and don't go away from here, but as soon as the cord is jerked, pull it up."

When he had reached the other world underneath the earth, he went on his way. He walked and walked. Presently he espied a horse with rich trappings and it said to him:

"Hail, Prince Ivan! Long have I awaited thee!"

He mounted the horse and rode on until he saw a palace made of copper. He entered the court-

yard, tied up his horse, and went indoors. In one of the rooms a dinner was laid out. He sat down and dined and then went into a bedroom. There he found a bed, on which he lay down to rest. Presently there came a beautiful lady, who said: "O Prince Ivan, my husband dear shalt thou be! Wherefore hast thou come hither?"

Then he told her all that had happened and she said:

"That beast which thou wishest to overcome is my brother. He is staying just now with my second sister, who lives not far from here in a silver palace."

After this they drank and enjoyed themselves, and then the prince took leave of her and went on to the second sister, in the silver palace, and with her also he stayed awhile. She told him that her brother norka was then at her youngest sister's. He went on to the youngest sister, who lived in a golden palace. She told him that her brother was at that time asleep on the blue sea and she gave him a sword of steel and a draught of the water of strength, and she told him to cut off her brother's head at a single stroke.

And when the prince had come to the blue sea, there slept the norka on a stone. The prince went up to it and smote off the head with his sword. Then the prince went back again, picking up all the three sisters by the way, to take them out into the upper world: for they all loved him and would not be sepa-

rated from him. Each of them turned her palace into an egg—for they were all enchantresses—and they taught him how to change the eggs into palaces and back again, and they handed over the eggs to him. And when they came to where the rope was, the prince took hold of it and made the maidens fast to it. Then he jerked at the rope and his brothers began to haul it up. And when they set eyes on the wondrous maidens, they went aside and said: "Let's lower the rope, pull our brother part of the way up, and then cut the rope. Then we can have these beauties as wives."

They lowered the rope, but their brother was no fool; he guessed what they were at, so he fastened the rope to a stone and then gave it a pull. His brothers hoisted the stone to a great height, and then cut the rope. Down fell the stone and broke in pieces; the prince poured forth tears and went away. Presently a storm arose; the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the rain fell in torrents. He went up to a tree in order to take shelter under it, and on that tree he saw some young birds which were being thoroughly drenched. He took off his coat and covered them over with it and he himself sat down under the tree. Presently there came a huge bird, the mother of those small birds which the prince had covered up. She perceived that her little ones were covered over, and she said, "Who has wrapped up my nestlings?" Presently, seeing

the prince, she added: "Didst thou do that? Thanks! In return, ask of me anything thou desirest."

"Then carry me into the other world," he replied.

"Make me a large vessel with a partition in the middle," she said. "Catch all sorts of game and put them into one half of it and into the other half pour water; so that there may be meat and drink for me."

All this the prince did. Then the bird—having taken the vessel on her back, with the prince sitting in the middle of it—began to fly. And after flying some distance, she brought him to his journey's end, took leave of him, and flew away back. But he went to the house of a certain tailor and engaged himself as his servant. So much had he altered in appearance that nobody would have thought him a prince.

Having entered into the service of this master, the prince began to ask what was going on in that country. And his master replied: "Our two princes —for the third one has disappeared—have brought away brides from the other world and want to marry them, but those brides refuse. They insist on having all their wedding clothes made for them first, exactly like those which they used to have in the other world and that without being measured for them. The king has called all the workmen together, but not one of them will undertake to do it."

The prince, having heard all this, said, "Go to the king, master, and tell him that you will provide everything."

"How can I undertake to make clothes of that sort? I work for quite common folks," says his master.

"I will answer for everything," says the prince.

So the tailor went. The king was delighted that at least one good workman had been found and gave him as much money as ever he wanted.

That night at midnight the prince arose, went out of the city into the fields, took out of his pocket the eggs which the maidens had given him, and, as they had taught him, turned them into three palaces. Into each of these he entered, took the maidens' robes, went out again, turned the palaces back into eggs, and went home. And when he got there, he hung up the robes on the wall and lay down to sleep.

Early in the morning his master awoke, and, behold! there hung such robes as he had never seen before, all shining with gold and silver and precious stones. He was delighted and he seized them and carried them off to the king. When the princesses saw that the clothes were those which had been theirs in the other world, they guessed that Prince Ivan was in this world, but they held their peace. In the meantime the prince had gone to a shoemaker's and him, too, he sent to work for the king; and in the same way he went the round of all the tradesmen.

By this time the princesses had received what they had asked for; all their clothes were just like what they had been in the other world. Then they wept bitterly because the prince had not come and it was necessary that they should be married. But when they were ready for the wedding, the youngest bride said to the king:

"Allow me, my father, to go and give alms to the beggars."

He gave her leave. And when she had come to one beggar and was going to give him some money, she caught sight of the ring which she had given to the prince in the other world and her sister's rings too. So she seized him by the hand and brought him into the hall and said to the king:

"Here is he who brought us out of the other world. His brothers forbade us to say that he was alive, threatening to slay us if we did."

Then the king was angry with those sons and punished them as he thought best. And afterward three weddings were celebrated.

THE WONDERFUL BIRCH*

ONCE upon a time there were a man and a woman who had an only daughter. Now it happened that one of their sheep went astray, and they set out to look for it and searched, each in a different part of the wood. Then the good wife met a witch, who changed her into a black sheep. Then she made herself look exactly like the woman and called out to the good man:

"Ho, old man, halloo! I have found the sheep already!"

The man thought that the witch was really his wife and he did not know that his wife was the sheep; so he went home with her, glad at heart because his sheep was found. But when the black sheep saw her daughter alone in the yard, she told the girl what had happened.

Some time after, the witch said to the man:

"Look here, old man, we must really kill that sheep lest it run away to the wood again."

The man, who was a peaceable, quiet sort of fellow, simply said, "Good, let us do so."

The daughter, however, overheard their talk and she ran to the flock and lamented aloud:

"O dear little mother, they are going to slaughter you!"

* From the Russo-Karelian.

"Well, then, if they do slaughter me," was the black sheep's answer, "eat you neither the meat nor the broth that is made of me, but gather all my bones and bury them by the edge of the field."

Shortly after this they took the black sheep from the flock and slaughtered it. The witch made pea soup of it and set it before the daughter. But the girl remembered her mother's warning. She did not touch the soup, but she carried the bones to the edge of the field and buried them there; and there sprang up on the spot a very lovely birch tree.

Some time had passed away when the witch, to whom a child had been born, began to take a dislike to the man's daughter and to torment her in all sorts of ways.

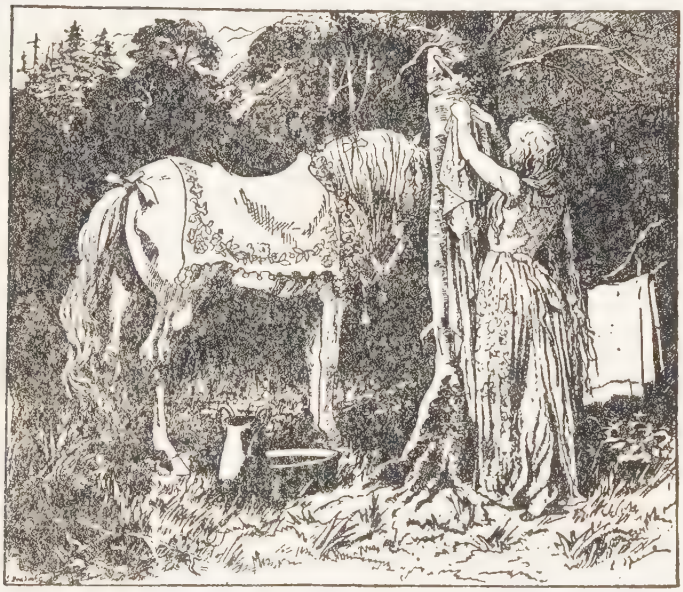
Now it happened that a great festival was to be held at the palace and the king had commanded that all the people should be invited.

In the good man's house preparations were made to go to the palace. The witch said to the man:

"Go you on in front, old man, with our youngest; I will give the elder girl work to keep her from being dull in our absence."

So the man took the child and set out. But the witch kindled a fire on the hearth, threw a potful of barleycorns among the cinders, and said to the girl, "If you have not picked the barley out of the ashes and put it all back in the pot before nightfall, I shall eat you up!"

Then she hastened after the others and the poor girl stayed at home and wept. She tried to pick up the grains of barley, but she soon saw how useless her labor was; and so she went in her sore trouble to the birch tree on her mother's grave and cried and cried. In the midst of her grief she suddenly heard her mother's voice speak from the grave and say:



"Why do you weep, little daughter?"

"The witch has scattered barleycorns on the hearth and bid me pick them out of the ashes," said the girl; "that is why I weep, dear little mother."

"Do not weep," said her mother consolingly. "Break off one of my branches and strike the hearth with it crossways and all will be put right."

The girl did so. She struck the hearth with the birchen branch and lo! the barleycorns flew into the pot and the hearth was clean. Then she went back to the birch tree and laid the branch upon the grave. Then her mother bade her bathe on one side of the stem, dry herself on another, and dress on the third. When the girl had done all that, she had grown so lovely that no one on earth could rival her. Splendid clothing was given to her and a horse, with hair partly of gold, partly of silver. The girl sprang into the saddle and rode as swift as an arrow to the palace. As she turned into the courtyard of the castle, the king's son came out to meet her, tied her steed to a pillar, and led her in. He never left her side as they passed through the castle rooms; and all the people gazed at her and wondered who the lovely maiden was and from what castle she came; but no one knew anything about her. At the banquet the prince invited her to sit next to him in the place of honor; but the witch's little child gnawed the bones under the table. The prince did not see her and thinking that it was a dog, he gave her such a push with his foot that her arm was broken.

Toward evening the good man's daughter thought that it was time to go home; but as she went, her ring caught on the latch of the door. She did not take time to pull it off, but, hastily unfastening her horse from the pillar, she rode away beyond the castle walls as swift as an arrow. Arrived at home she took off

her clothes by the birch tree, left her horse standing there, and hastened to her place behind the stove. In a short time the man and the woman came home again too, and the witch said to the girl:

"Ah! you poor thing, there you are, to be sure! You don't know what fine times we have had at the palace! The king's son carried my daughter about, but the poor thing fell and broke her arm."

The girl knew how matters really stood, but she pretended to know nothing and sat dumb behind the stove.

The next day they were invited again to the palace.

"Hey, old man," said the witch, "get on your clothes as quickly as you can; we are bidden to the feast. Take you the child; I will give the other one work, lest she weary."

She kindled the fire, threw a potful of hemp seed among the ashes, and said to the girl:

"If you do not get this sorted and all the seed back into the pot, I shall kill you!"

The girl wept bitterly; then she went to the birch tree, washed herself on one side of it and dried herself on the other; and this time still finer clothes were given to her and a very beautiful steed. She broke off a branch of the birch tree, struck the hearth with it, so that the seeds flew into the pot, and then hastened to the castle.

Again the king's son came out to meet her. At the feast the girl sat next him in the place of honor,

as she had done the day before. But the witch's child gnawed bones under the table and the prince gave her a push by mistake, which broke her leg.

The good man's daughter hastened home again betimes, but she had lost her golden circlet. She had not time to look for it, but sprang to the saddle and rode like an arrow to the birch tree. There she left her horse and her fine clothes and hastened home to her usual place behind the stove. Then the witch said to her:

"You poor thing! what is there to see here compared with what we have seen at the palace? The king's son carried my daughter from one room to another; he let her fall, 'tis true, and my child's leg was broken."

The night passed and next day everything happened the same again. This time it was a dish of milk the witch poured upon the ashes, saying:

"If you do not get all the milk into the dish again before I come home, you will suffer for it."

The girl ran to the birch tree and by its magic power her task was accomplished; and then she rode away to the palace as before. When she got to the courtyard, she found the prince waiting for her. He led her into the hall, where she was highly honored; but the witch's daughter sucked the bones under the table, and crouching at the people's feet she got an eye knocked out, poor thing! Now no one knew any more than before about the good man's daughter;

no one knew whence she came; but this time as she fled, she lost gold slippers.

Scarcely was she in her usual place behind the stove when her father came home with the witch. Immediately the witch began to mock her, saying:

"Ah! you poor thing, what great things we have seen at the palace! My little girl was carried about again, but had the ill-luck to fall and get her eye knocked out. You stupid thing, you, what do you know about anything?"

"Yes, indeed, what can I know?" replied the girl; "I had enough to do to get the hearth clean."

Now the prince had kept all the things that the girl had lost, and he soon set about finding the owner of them. For this purpose a great banquet was given on the fourth day and all the people were invited to the palace. When they were gathered together, the king's son stepped in among the crowd and cried:

"The maiden whose finger this ring slips over, whose head this golden hoop encircles, and whose foot this shoe fits, shall be my bride."

What a great trying on there was now among them all! The things would fit no one, however.

"The cinder wench is not here," said the prince at last; "go and fetch her and let her try on the things."

So the girl was fetched and the ornaments fitted her perfectly. And she was so beautiful and gentle that the prince was glad to take her as his bride.

Before he took her home to the palace, they wandered together to the birch tree which grew upon the mother's grave. There they received all sorts of treasures and riches, three sacks full of gold and as much silver and a splendid steed which bore them home to the palace. There they lived a long time together and the young wife bore a son to the prince. When word of this came to the witch, she said to herself, "I had better away with my gift for the infant then."

And so saying, she set out, taking her daughter with her. When she reached the palace, she went to the young queen's bed and began to try her magic arts upon her.

"Are you here again to bring trouble upon me?" said the young woman.

The witch changed her into a reindeer and smuggled her own daughter into her place as the prince's wife. But now the child grew restless and cried, missing its mother's care.

"What makes the child so restless?" asked the prince and he went to a wise widow woman to ask her advice.

"Aye, aye, your own wife is not at home," said the widow woman; "she is living like a reindeer in the wood; you have the witch's daughter for a wife now."

"Is there any way of getting my own wife back from the wood again?" asked the prince.

"Give me the child," answered the widow woman. "I'll take it with me tomorrow when I go to drive the cows to the wood."

"Yes, take the child away, take it to the wood with you to quiet it," said the prince.

So the widow woman took the child to the wood. She came to the edge of a marsh where there was a herd of reindeer.

One of the reindeer, seeing the child, drew near and tended the child the whole day long. At nightfall it had to follow the herd, and said to the widow woman:

"Bring me the child tomorrow and again the following day; after that I must wander far away with the herd."

The next day the same thing happened all over again. Meantime the king's son had been pondering over all these things, and he said to the widow woman, "Is there no way of changing the reindeer into a human being again?"

"I don't rightly know," was her answer. "Come to the wood with me, however; when the woman puts off her reindeer skin, I shall comb her head for her; while I am doing so, you must burn the skin."

Thereupon they both went to the wood with the child; scarcely were they there when the reindeer appeared and the widow woman said, "Since you are going far away tomorrow and I shall not see you again, let me comb your head for the last time, as a remembrance of you."

The young woman stripped off the reindeer skin and let the widow woman comb her head as she wished. In the meantime the king's son threw the reindeer skin into the fire, and as soon as it was burnt to ashes, his wife stood before him in human form.

"Alas! wherefore take me home with you again," cried the young woman, "since the witch is sure to eat me up?"

"She will not eat you up," answered her husband; and they started for home with the child.

But when the witch wife saw them, she ran away with her daughter. And the prince and his wife and the baby lived happy ever afterward.

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

ONCE upon a time there was a poor widow who lived in a little cottage with her only son Jack. He was a giddy, thoughtless boy, but very kind-hearted and affectionate. There had been a hard winter and after it the poor woman had suffered from fever and ague. Jack did no work as yet, and by degrees they grew dreadfully poor. The widow saw that there was no means of keeping Jack and herself from starvation but by selling her cow, so one morning she said to her son, "I am too weak to go myself, Jack, so you must take the cow to market for me and sell her."

As Jack was on his way, he met a butcher who had some beautiful beans in his hand. Jack stopped to look at them and the butcher told the boy that they were of great value and persuaded the silly lad to sell the cow for these beans.

When he brought them home to his mother instead of the money that she expected, she was very much vexed and shed many tears, scolding Jack for his folly. Mother and son went to bed very sadly that night; their last hope seemed gone.

At daybreak Jack rose and went into the garden.

"At least," he thought, "I will sow the wonderful beans."

He took a piece of stick and made some holes in the ground and put in the beans.

That day they had very little dinner and went sadly to bed, knowing that for the next day there would be none. Jack got up at day-dawn and went out into the garden. He was amazed to find that the beans had grown up in the night and climbed till they covered the high cliff that sheltered the cottage, and disappeared above it! The stalks had twined and twisted themselves until they formed quite a ladder.

"It would be easy to climb it," thought Jack.

Jack was a good climber, but after his late mistake about the cow, he thought that he had better consult his mother first. He called her and they both gazed in wonder at the beanstalk, which was not only of great height, but thick enough to bear Jack's weight.

"I wonder where it ends?" said Jack to his mother; "I think I will climb up to see."

He was so certain that there must be something wonderful in the beanstalk that at last his mother consented to let him climb.

Jack instantly started and went up and up on the ladder-like stalk till the cottage, the village, and even the tall church tower looked quite little. After climbing higher and higher, till he grew afraid to look down for fear he should get giddy, Jack at last reached the top of the beanstalk and found himself in a beautiful country, finely wooded, with beautiful

meadows covered with sheep. Not far away stood a fine, strong castle.

While Jack was standing looking at the castle, a very strange-looking woman came out of the wood and advanced toward him. She wore a pointed cap of quilted red satin turned up with ermine, her hair streamed loose over her shoulders, and she walked with a staff. Jack took off his cap and made her a bow.

"If you please, ma'am," said he, "is this your house?"

"No," said the old lady. "Listen, and I will tell you the story of that castle:

"Once upon a time there was a noble knight who lived in this castle, which is on the borders of fairy-land. He had a fair and beloved wife, several lovely children, and many rich treasures, which a monstrous giant, who lived near by, resolved to possess.

"The giant bribed a false servant to let him inside the castle when the knight was in bed and asleep, and he killed him as he lay. Then he went to the nursery and killed all the little ones he found there. But the lady was not to be found. She had gone with her infant son, who was only two or three months old, to visit her old nurse, who lived in the valley; and she had been detained all night there by a storm.

"The next morning, as soon as it was light, one of the servants at the castle, who had managed to

escape, came to tell the poor lady of the sad fate of her husband and her pretty babes.

"Stunned with grief, she decided to remain at her nurse's house as the best place of concealment; for the servant had told her that the giant had vowed, if he could find her, that he would kill both her and her baby. Years rolled on. The old nurse died, leaving her cottage and the few articles of furniture it contained to her poor lady who dwelt in it, working as a peasant for her daily bread. Her spinning wheel and the milk of a cow were enough for a scanty living for her and her little son. There was a nice little garden attached to the cottage, in which they cultivated peas, beans, and cabbages.

"Jack, that poor lady is your mother. This castle was once your father's and must again be yours."

Jack uttered a cry of surprise.

"My mother! O madam, what ought I to do? My poor father! My dear mother!"

"Your duty requires you to win it back for your mother. But the task is a very difficult one and full of peril, Jack. Have you the courage to undertake it?"

"I fear nothing when I am doing right," said Jack.

"Then," said the lady in the red cap, "you are one of those who slay giants. You must get into the castle and, if possible, possess yourself of a hen that

lays golden eggs and a harp that talks. Remember, that all the giant possesses is really yours." As she ceased speaking, the lady of the red hat suddenly disappeared and of course Jack knew that she was a fairy.

Jack advanced and blew the horn which hung at the castle portal. The door was opened in a minute or two by a frightful giantess, with one great eye in the middle of her forehead.

As soon as Jack saw her, he turned to run away, but she caught him and dragged him into the castle.

"Ho, ho!" she laughed terribly. "You didn't expect to see me here, that is clear! No, I shan't let you go again. I am so overworked that I don't see why I should not have a page as well as other ladies. And you shall be my boy. You shall clean the knives and black the boots and make the fires and help me generally when the giant is out.

When he is at home, I must hide you, for he has eaten up all my pages, hitherto, and you would be a dainty morsel, my little lad."

While she spoke, she dragged Jack right into the castle. The poor boy was very much frightened, but he struggled to be brave and make the best of things.

"I am quite ready to help you and do all I can to serve you, madam," he said, "only I beg that you will be good enough to hide me from your husband, for I should not like to be eaten at all."

"That's a good boy," said the giantess, nodding her head; "it is lucky for you that you did not scream out when you saw me, for if you had done so, my husband would have awakened and have eaten you for breakfast. Come here, child; go into my wardrobe: he never ventures to open that; you will be safe there."

And she opened a huge wardrobe which stood in the great hall and shut him into it. But the keyhole was so large that it admitted plenty of air and he could see everything that took place. By and by he heard a heavy tramp on the stairs and then a voice like thunder cried out:

"Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of an Englishman."

"Wife," cried the giant, "there is a man in the castle. Let me have him for breakfast."

"You are grown old and stupid," cried the lady in her loud tones. "It is only a nice fresh steak off

an elephant that I have cooked for you, which you smell. There, sit down and make a good breakfast."

And she placed a huge dish before him of savory steaming meat, which greatly pleased him. When he had breakfasted, he went out for a walk; and then the giantess opened the door and made Jack come out to help her. She fed him well and when evening came, put him back in the wardrobe. The giant came in to supper and after supper he bade his wife bring him his hen that laid the golden eggs.

The giantess went away and soon returned with a little brown hen, which she placed on the table before her husband. "And now, my dear," she said, "I am going for a walk, if you don't want me any longer."

"Go," said the giant; "I shall have a nap by and by."

Then he took up the brown hen and said to her:

"Lay!" And she instantly laid a golden egg.

"Lay!" said the giant again. And she laid another egg.

"Lay!" he repeated the third time. And again a golden egg lay on the table.

By and by the giant put the hen down on the floor and soon after went fast asleep.

Directly Jack perceived that the giant was fast asleep, he pushed open the door of the wardrobe and crept out; very softly he stole across the room and picked up the hen. He knew the way to the kitchen,

the door of which was ajar; he opened it, shut and locked it after him, and flew back to the beanstalk, which he descended as fast as his feet would move.

When his mother saw him enter the house, she wept for joy. Jack put the brown hen down before her and told her how he had been in the giant's castle. She was very glad to see the hen, which would make them rich once more.

Jack made another journey up the beanstalk to the giant's castle one day while his mother had gone to market; but first he dyed his hair and disguised himself. The old woman did not know him again and dragged him in as she had done before to help her to do the work; but she heard her husband coming and hid him in the wardrobe, not thinking that it was the same boy who had stolen the hen.

Then the giant came in, saying:

> "Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
> I smell the breath of an Englishman."

"Nonsense!" said the wife, "it is only a roasted bullock that I thought would be a titbit for your supper; sit down and I will bring it up at once." The giant sat down, and soon his wife brought up a roasted bullock on a large dish and they began their supper. As soon as they had finished their meal, the giantess rose and said:

"Now, my dear, with your leave I am going up to my room to finish the story that I am reading."

"First," answered the giant, "bring me my money bags, that I may count my golden pieces before I sleep." The giantess went and soon returned with two large bags over her shoulders, which she put down by her husband.

"There," she said; "that is all that is left of the knight's money. When you have spent it, you must go and take another baron's castle."

The giant, when his wife was gone, took out heaps and heaps of golden pieces and counted them and put them in piles, till he was tired of the amusement. Then he swept them all back into their bags and leaning back in his chair, fell fast asleep.

Jack stole softly out of the wardrobe and taking up the bags of money (which were his very own, because the giant had stolen them from his father), he ran off, and with great difficulty descending the beanstalk, laid the bags of gold on his mother's table.

"There, mother, I have brought you the gold that my father lost."

"O Jack! you are a very good boy, but I wish you would not risk your precious life in the giant's castle."

After a time, although his mother did not like him to run any risk for her, Jack made up his mind to go again to the giant's castle. He climbed the beanstalk once more and blew the horn at the giant's gate. The giantess soon opened the door; she was very stupid and did not know him again, so she

bade him come in and again hid him away in the wardrobe.

By and by the giant came home and as soon as he had crossed the threshold, he roared out:

"Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the breath of an Englishman."

"You stupid old giant," said his wife, "you only smell a nice sheep which I have grilled for your dinner."

And the giant sat down and his wife brought up a whole sheep for his dinner. When he had eaten it all up, he said:

"Now bring me my harp, and I will have a little music while you take your walk."

The giantess obeyed and returned with a beautiful harp. The framework was all sparkling with diamonds and rubies and the strings were all of gold.

"This is one of the nicest things I took from the knight," said the giant. "I am very fond of music."

So he drew the harp toward him and said, "Play!"

The harp played a very soft, sad air.

"Play something merrier!" said the giant, and the harp played a merry tune.

"Now play me a lullaby," roared the giant; and the harp played a sweet lullaby, to which its master fell asleep.

Then Jack stole softly out of the wardrobe and went into the huge kitchen to see if the giantess had

gone out; he found no one there, so he opened the door softly, for he thought that he could not do so with the harp in his hand. Then he entered the giant's room and seized the harp and ran away with it; but

as he jumped over the threshold, the harp called: "Master! Master!"

The giant woke up. With a tremendous roar he sprang from his seat, and in two strides had reached the door. Jack fled like lightning with the harp, talking to it as he went and telling it he was the son of its old master.

Still the giant came on so fast that he was quite close to poor Jack and had stretched out his hand to catch him. Luckily, just at that moment he stepped

upon a loose stone, stumbled, and fell flat on the ground, where he lay at his full length. This accident gave Jack time to get on the beanstalk and hasten

down it; but just as he reached their own garden, he beheld the giant descending after him.

"Mother! mother!" cried Jack, "make haste and give me the ax."

His mother ran to him with a hatchet in her hand, and Jack with one tremendous blow cut through all the beanstalks except one.

"Now, mother, stand out of the way!" said he.

Jack's mother shrank back and just as the giant took hold of the last branch of the beanstalk, Jack cut the stem quite through and darted from the spot.

Down came the giant with a terrible crash and as he fell on his head, he broke his neck, and lay dead at the feet of the woman he had so much injured.

Before Jack and his mother had recovered from their alarm and agitation, a beautiful lady stood before them.

"Jack," said she, "you have acted like a brave knight's son. Dig a grave and bury the giant and then go and kill the giantess."

"But," said Jack, "I could not kill anyone unless I were fighting with him; and I could not draw my sword upon a woman. Moreover, the giantess was very kind to me."

The fairy smiled on Jack. "I am very much pleased with your generous feeling," she said. "Nevertheless, return to the castle and act as you will find needful."

As the beanstalk was now down, the fairy said that she would drive him there in her chariot, which was drawn by two peacocks.

They drove a long distance round, till they reached a village which lay at the bottom of the hill. Here they found a number of miserable-looking men assembled. The fairy stopped her carriage and addressed them.

"My friends," said she, "the cruel giant who oppressed you and ate up all your flocks and herds is dead. This young gentleman has delivered you from him and is the son of your kind old master, the knight."

The men gave a loud cheer at these words and pressed forward to say that they would serve Jack as faithfully as they had served his father. The fairy bade them follow her to the castle and they marched thither in a body.

The old giantess saw them coming from the turret loophole. She was very much frightened, for she guessed that something had happened to her husband; and as she came downstairs very fast, she caught her foot in her dress and fell from the top to the bottom and broke her neck.

Thus Jack took possession of the castle. The fairy went and brought his mother to him, with the hen and the harp. He had the giantess buried and endeavored as much as lay in his power to do right to those whom the giant had robbed.

Before her departure for fairyland, the fairy explained to Jack that she had sent the butcher to meet him with the beans, in order to try what sort of lad he was.

"If you had looked at the gigantic beanstalk and only stupidly wondered about it," she said, "I should have left you where misfortune had placed you, only restoring the cow to your mother. But you showed an inquiring mind, a great courage, and enterprise, therefore you deserve to rise; and when you mounted the beanstalk—you climbed the ladder of fortune."

She then took her leave of Jack and his mother.

THE LITTLE GOOD MOUSE*

ONCE upon a time there lived a king and queen who loved each other so much that they were never happy unless they were together. Day after day they went out hunting or fishing; night after night they went to balls or to the opera; they sang and danced and ate sugar plums and were the gayest of the gay, and all their subjects followed their example, so that the kingdom was called the Joyous Land.

Now, in the next kingdom everything was as different as it could possibly be. The king was sulky and savage and never enjoyed himself at all. He looked so ugly and cross that all his subjects feared him and he hated the sight of a cheerful face; so if he ever caught anyone smiling he had his head cut off that very minute. This kingdom was very appropriately called the Land of Tears.

Now when this wicked king heard of the happiness of the jolly king, he was so jealous that he collected a great army and set out to fight him. The news of his approach was soon brought to the king and queen. The queen was frightened out of her wits and began to cry bitterly. "Sire," she said, "let us collect all our riches and run away as far as ever we can, to the other side of the world."

* *La bonne petite Souris.* Par Madame d'Aulnoy.

But the king answered: "Fie, madam! I am far too brave for that. It is better to die than to be a coward."

Then he assembled all his armed men and after bidding the queen a tender farewell, he mounted his splendid horse and rode away. When he was lost to sight, the queen could do nothing but weep and wring her hands and cry:

"Alas! If the king is killed, what will become of me and of my little daughter?"

The king sent her a letter every day, but at last, one morning, as she looked out of the palace window, she saw a messenger approaching in hot haste.

"What news, courier? What news?" cried the queen, and he answered, "The battle is lost, and the king is dead, and in another moment the enemy will be here."

The poor queen fell back insensible, with the little princess in her arms and all her ladies carried her to bed and stood round her weeping and wailing. Very soon the enemy arrived and they heard the king himself stamping about the palace seeking the queen. Then the ladies ran for their lives and the poor queen lay there hoping she would not be found. But very soon the wicked king clattered into the room, and in a fury because the queen would not answer, he tore back her silken coverings and tweaked off her lace cap, and when all her lovely hair came tumbling down over her shoulders, he wound

it three times round his hand and threw her over his shoulder.

The poor queen held her little daughter safe in her arms and shrieked for mercy, but the wicked king only mocked her. He mounted his great black horse and rode back to his own country. When he got there, he declared that he would have the queen and the little princess hanged; but his courtiers said that seemed a pity, for when the baby grew up, she would be a very nice wife for the king's only son.

The king was rather pleased with this idea and shut the queen up in the highest room of a tall tower, which was very tiny and miserably furnished with a table and a very hard bed upon the floor. Then he sent for a fairy who lived near his kingdom and took her up to see the queen. The fairy was so touched by the sight of her misery that when she kissed her hand, she whispered:

"Courage, madam! I think I see a way to help you."

The queen, a little comforted by these words, begged her to take pity upon the poor little princess. But the king got very cross when he saw them whispering together and cried harshly:

"Madam, I brought you here to tell me if the child will grow up pretty and fortunate."

Then the fairy answered that the princess would be as pretty and clever and well brought up as it was possible to be. Then the king stamped off, tak-

ing the fairy with him and leaving the poor queen in tears.

"How can I wish my daughter to grow up pretty if she is to be married to that horrid little dwarf, the king's son," she said to herself. "If I could only hide her away somewhere so that the cruel king could never find her."

As the days went on, the queen and the little princess grew thinner and thinner, for their hard-hearted jailer gave them every day only three boiled peas and a tiny morsel of black bread, so that they were always terribly hungry. At last, one evening as the queen sat at her spinning wheel, she saw a tiny, pretty little mouse creep out of a hole and she said to it:

"Alas, little creature! what are you coming to look for here? I have only three peas for my day's provision."

But the mouse ran hither and thither and danced and capered so prettily that at last the queen gave it her last pea, which she was keeping for her supper.

She had hardly done so when she saw upon the table a delicious little roast partridge and two dishes of preserved fruit. "Truly," said she, "a kind action never goes unrewarded." She and the little princess ate their supper with great satisfaction and then the queen gave what was left to the little mouse.

The next morning came the jailer with the queen's allowance of three peas, which he brought in upon a

large dish to make them look smaller. As soon as he set it down, the little mouse came and ate up all three. But in a moment the dish was covered with all sorts of nice things to eat and the queen made a very good dinner. Afterward, as she sat at her spinning wheel considering what would happen if the little princess did not grow up pretty enough to please the king, she saw the little mouse playing in a corner with some long straws. The queen took them and began to plait them, saying:

"If I only had straws enough, I would make a basket with them and let my baby down in it from the window to any kind passer-by who would take care of her."

By the time the straws were all plaited the little mouse had dragged in more and more, until the queen had plenty to make her basket and she worked at it day and night. At dinner and supper time the queen gave the mouse the three peas and the bit of black bread and always found something good in their place. At last one day when the basket was finished, the queen was looking out of the window to see how long a cord she must make to lower it to the bottom of the tower, when she noticed a little old woman who was leaning on her stick and looking up at her. Presently she said: "I know your trouble, madam. If you like, I will help you."

"O my dear friend," said the queen, "if you really wish to be of use to me, you will come at the

time that I will appoint and I will let down my poor little baby in a basket. If you will take her and bring her up for me, when I am rich, I will reward you splendidly."

"I don't care about the reward," said the old woman, "but there is one thing I should like. You must know that I am very particular about what I eat, and if there is one thing that I fancy above all others, it is a plump, tender little mouse. If there is such a thing in your garret, just throw it down to me, and in return I will promise that your daughter will be well taken care of."

The queen, when she heard this, began to cry. "There is only one mouse in this garret," she said, "and that is such a dear, pretty, little thing that I cannot bear to think of its being killed."

"What!" cried the old woman, in a rage. "Do you care more for a miserable mouse than for your own baby? Good-by, madam! I leave you to enjoy its company."

And she hobbled off, grumbling and growling. As to the queen, she was so disappointed that she could do nothing but cry. That night when the baby was fast asleep, she packed it into the basket and wrote on a slip of paper, "This unhappy little girl is called Delicia!" This she pinned to its robe and then very sadly she was shutting the basket, when in sprang the little mouse and sat on the baby's pillow.

"Ah! little one," said the queen, "it cost me dear to save your life. How shall I know now whether my Delicia is being taken care of or no?"

"Believe me, madam," the mouse answered, "you will never repent of your kindness."

The queen was immensely astonished when the mouse began to speak and still more so when she saw its little sharp nose turn to a beautiful face and its paws to hands and feet; then it suddenly grew tall, and the queen recognized the fairy who had come with the wicked king to visit her.

The fairy smiled at her astonished look and said:

"I wanted to see if you were faithful and capable of feeling a real friendship for me. Those who are only friendly with me for their own advantage I do not count at all. But when you cared for the poor little mouse, you could not have known there was anything to be gained by it, and to try you further, I took the form of the old woman whom you talked to from the window and then I was convinced that you really loved me." Then turning to the little princess, she kissed her rosy lips three times, saying:

"Dear little one, I promise that you shall be richer than your father and shall live a hundred years, always pretty and happy, without fear of old age and wrinkles."

The queen, quite delighted, thanked the fairy gratefully and begged her to take charge of the little Delicia and bring her up as her own daughter. Then

they shut the basket and lowered it carefully, baby and all, to the ground at the foot of the tower. The fairy changed herself back into the form of a mouse and ran nimbly down the straw rope, only to find when she got to the bottom, that the baby had disappeared.

In the greatest terror she ran up to the queen, crying:

"All is lost! my enemy Cancaline has stolen the princess away. She is a cruel fairy who hates me, and as she is older than I am and has nore power, I know of no way of rescuing Delicia from her clutches."

When the queen heard this terrible news, she was heartbroken. At this moment in came the jailer and when he missed the little princess he at once told the king, who came in a great fury asking what the queen had done with her. She answered that a fairy, whose name she did not know, had come and carried her off by force. Upon this the king stamped upon the ground and cried in a terrible voice:

"You shall be hanged! I always told you you should." He dragged the unlucky queen out into the nearest wood and climbed up into a tree to look for a branch to which he could hang her. But when he was quite high up, the fairy, who had made herself invisible and followed them, gave him a sudden push, which made him lose his footing and fall to the ground with a crash. The fairy carried the queen off in her flying chariot to a beautiful castle, where she was so kind to her that but for the loss of De-

licia the queen would have been perfectly happy. But though the fairy did her very utmost, they could not find out where Cancaline had hidden the little princess.

Thus fifteen years went by. Then the news reached the queen that the son of the wicked king wished to

marry the little maiden who kept the turkeys and that she had refused him. The queen felt quite curious about a little turkey maiden who did not

wish to be a queen, so the little mouse conveyed herself to the poultry yard to find out what she was like.

She found the beautiful turkey maiden sitting upon a big stone, barefooted and miserably dressed in an old coarse linen gown and cap. The king's ugly son stood opposite her, declaring angrily that if she would not marry him, she should be killed.

The turkey maiden answered proudly:

"I never will marry you! you are too ugly and too much like your cruel father. Leave me in peace with my turkeys."

As soon as the wicked prince was gone, the little mouse took the form of an old woman and said, "Good day, my pretty one! you have a fine flock of turkeys there."

The young turkey maiden turned her gentle eyes upon the old woman and answered:

"Yet they wish me to leave them to become a miserable queen! What is your advice upon the matter?"

"My child," said the fairy, "a crown is a very pretty thing, but you know neither the price nor the weight of it."

"I know so well that I have refused to wear one," said the little maiden, "though I don't know who was my father or who was my mother and I have not a friend in the world."

"You have goodness and beauty, which are of more value than ten kingdoms," said the wise fairy.

"But tell me, child, how came you here, and how is it you have neither father nor mother nor friend?"

"A fairy called Cancaline is the cause of my being here," answered she, "for while I lived with her, I got nothing but blows and harsh words, until at last I could bear it no longer. I ran away from her without knowing where I was going, and as I came through a wood, the wicked prince met me and offered me charge of the poultry yard. And now he wants to marry me, but that I will never consent to."

Upon hearing this the fairy became convinced that the little turkey maiden was the Princess Delicia.

"What is your name, my little one?" said she.

"I am called Delicia, if it please you," she answered.

Then the fairy threw her arms round the princess' neck and nearly smothered her with kisses, saying:

"Ah, Delicia! I am a very old friend of yours and I am truly glad to find you at last; but you might look nicer than you do in that old gown, which is only fit for a kitchen maid. Take this pretty dress and let us see the difference."

Delicia took off the ugly cap and shook out all her fair shining hair and bathed her hands and face in clear water from the nearest spring till her cheeks were like roses, and when she was adorned with the diamonds and the splendid robe which the fairy had given her, she looked the most beautiful princess in the world, and the fairy cried:

"Now you look as you ought to look, Delicia: what do you think about it yourself?"

And Delicia answered:

"I feel as if I were the daughter of some great king."

"And would you be glad if you were?" said the fairy.

"Indeed I should," answered she.

"Ah, well," said the fairy, "tomorrow I may have some pleasant news for you."

She hurried back to her castle, where the queen sat busy with her embroidery, and cried:

"Well, madam! will you wager your thimble and your golden needle that I am bringing you good news?"

"Alas!" sighed the queen, "since the death of the jolly king and the loss of my Delicia, all the news in the world is not worth a pin to me."

"There, there, don't be melancholy," said the fairy. "I assure you the princess is quite well and I have never seen her equal for beauty." Then she told all that had happened and the queen rejoiced over the thought of Delicia's beauty.

"I will not hear of her marrying the wicked king's son," she said. "Let us go at once and bring her here."

In the meantime the wicked prince had told the king how Delicia scorned him and the king called his guards and told them to go and fetch Delicia. "See if I don't make her change her mind pretty soon!" said the wicked king with a chuckle.

Then the guards began to search the poultry yard and could find nobody there but Delicia, who, with her splendid dress and her crown of diamonds, looked such a lovely princess that they hardly dared to speak to her. But she asked them very politely what they were looking for.

"Madam," they answered, "we are sent by the king for an insignificant little person called Delicia."

"Alas!" said she, "that is my name. What can you want with me?"

So the guards tied her hands and feet with thick ropes and brought her to the king, who ordered that she should be shut up in a dark dungeon. Just at this moment the queen and the fairy arrived in the flying chariot.

That very same night, as soon as the wicked king had gone to bed, the fairy changed herself into the little mouse, and creeping up on to his pillow nibbled his ear, so that he squealed out quite loudly and turned over on his other side; but that was no good, for the little mouse only set to work and gnawed away at the second ear.

Then the king cried, "Murder!" and "Thieves!" and all his guards ran out to see what was the matter, but they could find nothing and nobody, for the little mouse had run off to the prince's room and was serving him in exactly the same way. All night long she ran from one to the other, until at last the king rushed out of the palace crying:

"Help! help! I am pursued by rats."

The prince when he heard this, got up also and ran after the king, and they had not gone far when they both fell into the river and were never heard of again.

Then the good fairy ran to tell the queen and they went together to the black dungeon where Delicia was imprisoned. The fairy touched each door with her wand and it sprang open instantly. The princess was sitting on the floor looking very dejected. But the queen rushed in and kissed her twenty times in a minute and laughed and cried and told Delicia all her history; and the fairy showed her all the wonderful dresses and jewels she had brought for her.

Then they went out to speak to the people. The fairy walked first, looking very serious and dignified

and wearing a dress the train of which was at least ten yards long. Behind her came the queen wearing a blue velvet robe embroidered with gold and a diamond crown that was brighter than the sun itself. Last of all walked Delicia, who was so beautiful that it was nothing short of marvelous.

They proceeded through the streets and all the people followed them, wondering who these noble ladies could be.

When the audience hall was quite full, the fairy said to the subjects of the wicked king that if they would accept Delicia as their queen, she would undertake to find a suitable husband for her, and would promise that during their reign there should be nothing but rejoicing and merry-making. The people cried with one accord, "We will, we will! we have been gloomy and miserable too long already." And they all took hands and danced around the queen and Delicia and the good fairy.

Early the next morning the fairy, who had been all over the world in the night, brought back with her, in her flying chariot, the most handsome and good-tempered prince that she could find anywhere. He was so charming that Delicia loved him from the moment their eyes met, and as for him, of course he could not help thinking himself the luckiest prince in the world. The queen felt that she had really come to the end of her misfortunes at last, and they all lived happily ever after.

GRACIOSA AND PERCINET*

ONCE upon a time there lived a king and queen who had one charming daughter. She was so graceful and pretty and clever that she was called Graciosa. Every day the queen gave the princess a lovely new frock of gold brocade or satin or velvet, and when she was hungry, she had bowls full of sugar plums and at least twenty pots of jam. Everybody said that she was the happiest princess in the world.

Now there lived at this same court a rich old duchess whose name was Grumbly. She was more frightful than tongue can tell; her hair was red, her mouth was large, and she had but one eye. Her face was as broad as a full moon. As she was as cross as she was ugly, she could not bear to hear anyone saying how charming Graciosa was; so she presently went away to her own castle, which was not far off.

Soon after this the queen was taken ill and died, and the king became so melancholy that for a whole year he shut himself up in his palace. At last his physicians, fearing that he would fall ill, ordered that he should go out and amuse himself; so a hunting party was arranged, but as it was very hot

* *Gracieuse et Percinet.* Madame d'Aulnoy.

weather the king soon got tired and said he would dismount and rest at a castle which they were passing. It happened to be the Duchess Grumbly's castle.

When she heard that the king was coming, she went out to meet him and said that the cellar was the coolest place in the whole castle, if he would condescend to come down into it. So down they went together. The king, seeing about two hundred great

casks ranged side by side, asked if it was for herself that she had this immense store of wine.

"Yes, sire," answered she, "it is for myself alone, but I shall be most happy to let you taste some of it. Which do you like, canary, champagne, sack, raisin, or cider?"

"Well," said the king, "since you are so kind as to ask me, I prefer champagne to anything else."

Duchess Grumbly took up a hammer and tapped upon the cask twice and out came a thousand crowns.

"What is the meaning of this?" said she, smiling.

Then she tapped the next cask and out came a bushel of gold pieces.

"I don't understand this at all," said the duchess, smiling more than before.

From the third cask came such a stream of diamonds and pearls that the ground was covered with them.

"Ah!" she cried, "someone must have stolen my good wine and put all this rubbish in its place."

"Rubbish, do you call it, Madam Grumbly?" cried the king. "Why there is enough to buy ten kingdoms."

"Well," said she, "all those casks are full of gold and jewels, and if you like to marry me, it shall all be yours."

Now the king loved money more than anything else in the world, so he cried joyfully: "Marry you? why, with all my heart! tomorrow if you like."

"But I make one condition," said the duchess; "I must have entire control of your daughter, to do as I please."

"Oh, certainly, you shall have your own way; let us shake hands upon the bargain," said the king.

They shook hands and went up out of the cellar of treasure together and the duchess locked the door and gave the key to the king.

When he got back to his own palace, Graciosa ran out to meet him and asked if he had had good sport.

"I have caught a dove," answered he.

"Oh! do give it to me," said the princess, "and I will keep it and take care of it."

"I can hardly do that," said he, "for, to speak more plainly, I mean that I met the Duchess Grumbly and have promised to marry her."

"And you call her a dove?" cried the princess, "I should have called her a screech owl."

"Hold your tongue," said the king very crossly. "I intend you to behave prettily to her. Now go and make yourself fit to be seen, for I am going to take you to meet her."

The princess went very sorrowfully to her own room and her nurse, seeing her tears, asked what was vexing her.

"Alas! who would not be vexed?" answered she, "for the king intends to marry again and has chosen for his new bride my enemy, the hideous Duchess Grumbly."

"Oh, well!" answered the nurse, "you must remember that you are a princess and are expected to set a good example in making the best of whatever happens. You must not let the duchess see how much you dislike her."

Then the nurse dressed her in a robe of pale green and gold brocade, and combed out her long fair hair

until it floated round her like a golden mantle, and put on her head a crown of roses and jasmine with emerald leaves.

Meanwhile the Duchess Grumbly was also occupied in attiring herself. She had one of her shoe heels made an inch or so higher than the other, so that she might not limp so much. She dyed her red hair black and painted her face. Then she put on a gorgeous robe of lilac satin, lined with blue, and a yellow petticoat trimmed with violet ribbons and she ordered a horse to be made ready for her to ride.

Graciosa went down all alone through the garden into a little wood, where she sat down upon a mossy bank and began to cry. She forgot all about going back to the palace, until she suddenly saw a handsome page standing before her, dressed in green. The cap which he held in his hand was adorned with white plumes. He went down on one knee and said to her, "Princess, the king awaits you."

The princess was surprised and delighted at the appearance of this charming page. "How long have you been one of the king's pages?" she asked.

"I am not in the service of the king, madam," answered he, "but in yours."

"In mine?" said the princess, with great surprise. "Then how is it that I have never seen you before?"

"Ah, princess!" said he, "I have never before dared to present myself to you, but now the king's

marriage threatens you with so many dangers that I have resolved to tell you at once how much I love you. I am Prince Percinet, of whose riches you may have heard, and whose fairy gift will, I hope, be of use to you, if I may accompany you in this disguise."

"Ah, Percinet!" cried the princess, "is it really you? I have so often heard of you. If you will indeed be my friend, I shall not be afraid of that wicked old duchess any more."

They went back to the palace together and there Graciosa found a beautiful horse which Percinet had brought for her to ride. As it was very spirited, he led it by the bridle, so that he could turn and look at the princess often. The duchess' horse looked no better than an old cart horse in comparison with Graciosa's. The courtiers admired the princess and her charming page in green, who was more handsome and distinguished looking than all the rest of the court.

When the Duchess Grumbly saw Graciosa's horse, she cried angrily, "If that child is to have a better horse than mine, I will go back to my own castle this very minute."

Upon this the king commanded Graciosa to dismount and to beg the duchess to honor her by mounting her horse. The princess obeyed in silence and the duchess scrambled up upon the beautiful horse, where she sat looking like a bundle of clothes.

Even then she was not satisfied. "I wish that page in green to come and lead the horse, as he did when Graciosa rode it," she said very sharply.

And the king ordered the page to come and lead the queen's horse. The duchess was greatly elated. But the beautiful horse began to plunge and rear and kick, and finally, to run away at such a pace that it was impossible to stop him.

At first the duchess clung to the saddle, but she was very soon thrown off and fell in a heap among the stones and thorns. Her bonnet was here and her shoes there, her face was scratched, and her fine clothes were covered with mud. Never was a bride in such a dismal plight. They carried her back to the palace and put her to bed. As soon as she recovered enough to be able to speak, she began to rage and declared that the whole affair was Graciosa's fault and that if the king would not have her punished, she would go back to her castle and enjoy her riches by herself.

At this the king was frightened, for he did not want to lose all those barrels of gold and jewels. So he told the duchess that she might punish Graciosa in any way she pleased.

Thereupon she sent for Graciosa, who turned pale and trembled at the summons. She looked all about for Percinet, but he was nowhere to be seen; so she had no choice but to go to the Duchess Grumbly's room. She had hardly got inside the door when she was seized by four waiting-women, who held great

bundles of rods, and she heard the duchess call out to them from her bed to beat the princess without mercy. But no sooner did they begin to beat her, than the rods changed to bundles of peacock's feathers and though the duchess' women went on until they were tired, she was not hurt in the least. However, the duchess thought she must be black and blue after such a beating; so Graciosa, when she was released, pretended to feel very bad and went away into her own room where she found Percinet. She thanked him for helping her so cleverly and they laughed and were merry over the way they had taken in the duchess and her waiting-maids; but Percinet advised her still to pretend to be ill for a few days.

The duchess was so delighted at the idea that Graciosa was really ill that she herself recovered at once and the wedding was held with great magnificence. Now as the king knew that the queen loved to be told that she was beautiful, he ordered that her portrait should be painted and that a tournament should be held, in which the bravest knights of his court should maintain against all comers that Grumbly was the most beautiful princess in the world.

Numbers of knights came from far and wide to accept the challenge and the hideous queen sat in great state in a balcony hung with cloth of gold, to watch the contests. Graciosa had to stand up behind her and the knights could not keep their eyes

off her. But the queen was so vain that she thought all their admiring glances were for herself.

The king's knights were so brave that they were the victors in every combat. However, when nearly all the strangers had been defeated, a young unknown knight presented himself. He carried a portrait, inclosed in a diamond box, and he declared himself willing to maintain that the queen was the ugliest creature in the world and that the princess whose portrait he carried was the most beautiful.

One by one the knights came out against him and he vanquished them all. Then he opened the box and said that he would show them the portrait of his queen of beauty. When he did so, everyone recognized the Princess Graciosa. The unknown knight then saluted her gracefully and retired, without telling his name to anybody. But Graciosa guessed that it was Percinet.

The queen, furiously angry, overwhelmed Graciosa with reproaches. "What!" she said, "do you dare to dispute with me for the prize of beauty? I will not bear it, proud princess. I will have my revenge."

"I assure you, madam," said the princess, "that I had nothing to do with it and am quite willing that you shall be declared queen of beauty."

"Ah! you are pleased to jest, popinjay!" said the queen, "but it will be my turn soon!"

The king was told what had happened and how the princess was in terror of the queen, but he only

said: "The queen must do as she pleases. Graciosa belongs to her!"

The wicked queen waited impatiently until night fell and then she ordered her carriage to be brought. Graciosa, much against her will, was forced into it, and away they drove and never stopped until they reached a gloomy forest far away from the palace. This forest was full of lions, tigers, bears, and wolves. Here they set down the unhappy princess in the middle of the black night and left her in spite of all her tears and entreaties. When the last sound of the carriages died away in the distance, the princess began to run aimlessly hither and thither, sometimes knocking herself against a tree, sometimes tripping over a stone, fearing every minute that she would be eaten up by the lions. Presently, tired out, she threw herself upon the ground and cried miserably: "O Percinet! where are you? Have you forgotten me altogether?"

She had hardly spoken when all the forest was lighted up with a sudden glow. Every tree seemed to be sending out a soft radiance, and at the end of a long avenue the princess saw a palace of clear crystal which blazed like the sun. A slight sound behind her made her start round and there stood Percinet.

"Did I frighten you, my princess?" said he. "I come to bid you welcome to our fairy palace in the name of the queen, my mother, who is prepared to love you as much as I do." The princess joyfully

mounted with him into a little sledge drawn by two stags, which bounded off and drew them swiftly to the wonderful palace. The queen received her with the greatest kindness and a splendid banquet was served at once. After supper they went into another lovely room, where the crystal walls were covered

with pictures, and the princess saw with great surprise that her own history was represented.

When the princess grew sleepy, twenty-four charming maidens put her to bed in the prettiest room she had ever seen and then sang to her so sweetly that Graciosa's dreams were all of happiness. But when she woke up again, her first thought was that, delightful as this fairy palace seemed to her, yet she could not stay in it, but must go back to her father.

Prince Percinet was bitterly disappointed when she told him what she had been thinking. He begged her to consider again how unhappy the wicked queen would make her, and how, if she would but marry him, all the fairy palace would be hers. But the princess was quite determined to go back, though he at last persuaded her to stay eight days. On the last day, Graciosa, who had often felt anxious to know what was going on in her father's palace, said to Percinet that she was sure that he could find out for her, if he would, what reason the queen had given her father for her sudden disappearance.

"You shall see for yourself," said Percinet.

Up they went together to the top of a very high tower.

There the prince made Graciosa look toward the town and she saw the wicked queen go to the king and heard her say to him: "That miserable princess is dead, and no great loss, either. I have ordered that she shall be buried at once."

And then the princess saw how she dressed up a log of wood and had it buried and how the old king cried and all the people murmured against the queen. When the princess saw that the king was so sorry for her death that he could neither eat nor drink, she cried, "Ah, Percinet! take me back quickly, if you love me."

And so, though he did not want to at all, he was obliged to promise that he would let her go.

She bade farewell to the queen, his mother, and Percinet brought the little sledge with the stags and she mounted beside him. But they had hardly gone twenty yards when a tremendous noise behind her made Graciosa look back, and she saw the palace of crystal fly into a million splinters, like the spray of a fountain, and vanish.

"O Percinet!" she cried, "what has happened? The palace is gone."

"Yes," he answered, "my palace is a thing of the past."

When they reached her home, the princess ran up to the great hall where the king was sitting all by himself. At first he was very much startled by Graciosa's sudden appearance, but she told him how the queen had left her out in the forest and how she had caused a log of wood to be buried. The king sent quickly and had it dug up and, sure enough, it was as the princess had said. Then he caressed Graciosa and made her sit down to supper with him. But someone had by this time told the wicked queen that Graciosa had come back and in she flew in a terrible fury. She declared that Graciosa was not the princess at all, but a wicked impostor, and that if the king did not give her up at once, she would go back to her own castle and never see him again. Then she sent for her waiting-women, who dragged the unhappy princess away and shut her up in a garret; they took away all her jewels and her pretty

dress and gave her a rough cotton frock, wooden shoes, and a little cloth cap. There was some straw in a corner, which was all she had for a bed, and they gave her a little black bread to eat.

Meanwhile the queen had sent for an old fairy as malicious as herself, and said to her:

"You must find me some task for this fine princess which she cannot possibly do." The old fairy went away and returned with a skein of thread three times as big as herself; it was so fine that a breath of air would break it and so tangled that it was impossible to see the beginning or the end of it.

The queen sent for Graciosa and said to her: "Do you see this skein? Set your clumsy fingers to

work upon it, for I must have it disentangled by sunset, and if you break a single thread, it will be the worse for you." So saying she left her, locking the door behind her with three keys.

The princess stood dismayed at the sight of the terrible skein. If she did but turn it over to see where to begin, she broke a thousand threads and not one could she disentangle. At last she cried, "O Percinet! this fatal skein will be the death of me if you will not help me once more."

Immediately in came Percinet as easily as if he had all the keys in his own possession, saying, "Here I am, princess, as much as ever at your service."

Then he just stroked the skein with his wand and all the broken threads joined themselves together and the whole skein wound itself smoothly off. The prince, turning to Graciosa, asked if there was nothing else that she wished him to do for her, and if the time would never come when she would wish for him for his own sake.

"Don't be vexed with me, Percinet," she said. "I am unhappy enough without that."

"But why should you be unhappy, my princess?" cried he. "Only come with me and we shall be as happy as the day is long, together."

"But suppose that you get tired of me?" said Graciosa.

The prince was so grieved at this want of confidence that he left her without another word.

At sunset the wicked queen came with her four fairies and fitted the three keys into the locks. As soon as she entered, Graciosa presented her with the ball of thread in perfect order, so that she had no fault to find. Then she locked her into the garret once more.

The queen sent for the fairy again and scolded her furiously. "Don't make such a mistake again; find me something that it will be quite impossible for her to do," she said.

The next day the fairy appeared with a huge barrel full of the feathers of all sorts of birds—nightingales, canaries, goldfinches, linnets, parrots, owls, sparrows, doves, ostriches, peacocks, larks, and partridges—all mixed up in confusion. "Tell her," said the fairy, "to pick out and lay in a separate heap the feathers of each bird. She would need to be a fairy to do it."

The queen was more than delighted at the thought of the despair this task would cause the princess. She sent for her, and with the same threats as before, ordered that all the feathers should be sorted by sunset. Graciosa set to work at once, but before she had taken out a dozen feathers she found that it was perfectly impossible to know one from another.

"Ah! well," she sighed, "the queen wishes to kill me and if I must die, I must. I cannot ask Percinet to help me again, for if he really loved me, he would not wait till I called him."

"I am here, my Graciosa," cried Percinet, springing out of the barrel, where he had been hiding. "How can you still doubt that I love you with all my heart?"

Then he gave three strokes of his wand upon the barrel and all the feathers flew out in a cloud and settled down in neat little separate heaps all round the room.

"What should I do without you, Percinet?" said Graciosa gratefully. Still she could not quite make up her mind to go with him and leave her father's kingdom forever; so she begged him to give her more time to think of it and he had to go away disappointed once more.

When the wicked queen came at sunset, she was amazed and furious to find the task done. She sent for the fairy once more and scolded her until she was fairly terrified and promised to go home and think of another task for Graciosa.

At the end of three days she came again, bringing with her a box. "Tell your slave," said she, "to carry this wherever you please, but on no account to open it. She will not be able to help doing so."

So the queen came to Graciosa and said: "Carry this box to my castle and place it on the table in my own room. But I forbid you, on pain of death, to look at what it contains."

Graciosa set out, wearing her little cap and wooden shoes and the old cotton frock. The heat of the sun

and the weight of the box soon tired her so much that she sat down to rest in a little wood beside a green meadow. She was carefully holding the box on her lap when suddenly she felt the greatest desire to open it and find out for herself what it contained.

"What could possibly happen if I did?" she said to herself. "I should not take anything out. I should only just see what was there." And without further hesitation, she lifted the cover.

Instantly out came swarms of little men and women, no taller than her finger and scattered themselves all over the meadow, singing and dancing, and

playing the merriest games, so that at first Graciosa was delighted, and watched them with much amusement. But presently, when she was rested and wished to go on her way, she found that, do what she would, she could not get them back into their box. If she chased them in the meadow, they flew into the wood, and if she pursued them into the wood, they lodged round trees and behind sprigs of moss and with peals of elfin laughter scampered back again into the meadow.

At last, weary and terrified, she sat down and cried.

"It is my own fault," she said sadly. "Percinet, if you can still care for such an imprudent princess, do come and help me once more."

Immediately Percinet stood before her and with one stroke of his wand compelled all the wilful little people to come back to their places in the box. Then he took the princess with him in his chariot to the castle.

When the princess presented herself at the door and said that the queen had ordered her to place the box in her own room, the governor laughed heartily at the idea.

"No, no, my little shepherdess," said he, "that is not the place for you. No wooden shoes have ever been over that floor yet."

Then Graciosa begged him to give her a written message telling the queen that he had refused to admit

her. This he did and she went back to Percinet. Before they parted, she had promised that if the queen was still cruel to her and tried again to play her any spiteful trick, she would leave her and come to Percinet forever.

When the queen saw her returning, she fell upon the fairy, whom she had kept with her, and pulled her hair and scratched her face. And when the princess presented the letter and the box, she threw them both upon the fire without opening them. Then she had a great hole as deep as a well dug in her garden and the top of it covered with a flat stone. Walking near it, she said to Graciosa and all her ladies, "I am told that a great treasure lies under that stone; let us see if we can lift it."

They all began to push and pull at it and Graciosa among the others. The queen, as soon as the stone was lifted high enough, gave the princess a push which sent her down to the bottom of the well, and then the stone was let fall again, and there she was, a prisoner. Graciosa felt that she was hopelessly lost; surely not even Percinet could find her in the heart of the earth.

"This is like being buried alive," she said with a shudder. "O Percinet! if you only knew how I am suffering for my want of trust in you!"

As she spoke, she suddenly saw a little door open and the sunshine blazed into the dismal well. Graciosa did not hesitate an instant but passed through

into a charming garden. Flowers and fruit grew on every side, fountains plashed, and birds sang in the branches overhead, and when she reached a great avenue of trees and looked up to see where it would lead her, she found herself close to the palace of crystal. Yes! there was no mistaking it, and the queen and Percinet were coming to meet her.

"Ah, princess!" said the queen, "don't keep this poor Percinet in suspense any longer."

The princess kissed her gratefully and holding out her hand to Percinet, with a smile, she said, "I love you with all my heart and will marry you whenever you like!"

Prince Percinet joyfully took the hand that was given him. The wedding was held at once, with the greatest splendor, and Graciosa and Percinet lived happily ever after.

THE THREE PRINCESSES OF WHITELAND*

THERE was once upon a time a fisherman who lived hard by a palace and fished for the king's table. One day he was out fishing, but caught nothing at all. When the day was well-nigh over, a head rose up out of the water and said:

"If you will give me what your wife shows you when you go home, you shall catch fish enough."

The man said, "Yes," and then he caught fish in plenty; but when he got home, and his wife showed him a baby boy which had just been born, and fell a-weeping and wailing when he told her of his promise, he was very unhappy.

All this was soon told to the king at the palace and he said that he himself would take the child and see if he could not save it. The king brought the boy up as his own son. When the lad grew up, he begged leave to go out with his father to fish. The king was very unwilling to permit it, but at last the lad got leave. He stayed with his father and all went well with them the whole day, until they came back to land in the evening. Then the lad found that he had lost his pocket handkerchief and would go out in the boat after it; but no sooner had

* From J. Moe.

he got into the boat, than it began to move off with him quickly. All that the lad did to keep the boat back with the oars was useless. It went on and on the whole night and at last he came to a white strand that lay far, far away. There he landed and when he had walked on for some distance, he met an old man with a long white beard.

"What is the name of this country?" said the youth.

"Whiteland," answered the man. He begged the youth to tell him whence he came and the youth did so.

"Well, then," said the man, "if you walk on along the seashore here, you will come to three princesses standing in the earth so that their heads alone are out of it. The first of them will beg you to come and help her and the second will do the same, but you must not go near either of them. Hurry past, as if you neither saw nor heard them; but go to the third and do what she bids you; it will bring you good fortune."

When the youth came to the first princess, she called to him, but he walked on as if he did not see her. He passed by the second in the same way, but he went up to the third.

"If thou wilt do what I tell thee, thou shalt choose among us three," said the princess. Then she told him that three trolls had planted them all three there in the earth, but formerly they had

dwelt in the castle which he could see at some distance in the wood.

"Now," she said, "thou shalt go into the castle and let the trolls beat thee one night for each of us, and if thou canst but endure that, thou wilt set us free."

"Yes," answered the lad, "I will certainly try to do so."

"When thou goest in," continued the princess, "two lions will stand by the doorway, but if thou only goest straight between them, they will do thee no harm; go straight forward into a small, dark chamber; there thou shalt lie down. Then the troll will come and beat thee, but thou shalt take the flask which is hanging on the wall and anoint thyself wheresoever he has wounded thee, after which thou shalt be as well as before. Then lay hold of the sword which is hanging by the side of the flask and smite the troll dead."

He did what the princess had told him. He walked straight in between the lions and then into the small chamber and lay down on the bed.

Soon a troll came with three heads and three rods and beat the lad most unmercifully; but he held out until the troll was done with him and then he took the flask and rubbed himself. Having done this, he grasped the sword and smote the troll dead.

In the morning when he went to the seashore, the princesses were out of the earth as far as their waists.

The next night everything happened in the same way, but the troll who came then had six heads and six rods and he beat him much more severely than the first had done, but when the lad went out of doors

next morning, the princesses were out of the earth as far as their knees.

On the third night a troll came who had nine heads and nine rods and he flogged the lad so that he swooned away. The troll took him up and flung

him against the wall and this made the flask of ointment fall down. It splashed all over him and he became as strong as ever again.

He grasped the sword and struck the troll dead and in the morning when he went out of the castle, the princesses were standing there entirely out of the earth. So he took the youngest for his queen and lived with her very happily for a long time.

At last, however, he took a fancy to go home for a short time to see his parents. His queen did not like this, but since he must and would go, she said to him, "One thing shalt thou promise me and that is to do what thy father bids thee, but not what thy mother bids thee."

He promised and she gave him a ring which enabled him who wore it to obtain two wishes.

He wished himself at home and instantly found himself there. His parents were so amazed at the splendor of his apparel that their wonder never ceased. After some days his mother wanted him to go up to the palace to show the king what a great man he had become.

The father said, "No; he must not, for if he does we shall have no more delight in him"; but he spoke in vain, for the mother begged until at last he went.

When he arrived there, he was more splendid than the other king, who did not like it and said: "Well, you can see what kind of queen mine is, but

I can't see yours. I do not believe you have such a pretty queen as I have."

"Would to Heaven she were standing here and then you would be able to see!" said the young king, and in an instant she was standing there.

But she was very sorrowful and said to him: "Why didst thou not remember my words and listen only to what thy father said? Now I must go home again at once and thou hast wasted both thy wishes."

Then she wished herself at home again and disappeared.

The young king was deeply afflicted and thought of naught else but how to get back to his queen. "I will try to see if I can find Whiteland," he thought, and journeyed forth into the world.

When he had gone some distance, he came to a mountain where he met a man who was lord over all the beasts in the forest—for they all came to him when he blew a horn which he had. So the king asked where Whiteland was.

"I do not know that," he answered, "but I will ask my beasts." Then he blew his horn and inquired whether any of them knew where Whiteland lay, but not one did.

So the man said, "My brother is lord over all the birds in the air—ask him."

When the king arrived there, he asked after Whiteland and the man summoned all the birds together,

and inquired if any of them knew where Whiteland lay, but no one knew.

"Well, well," said the man, "then you shall go to my brother, who is lord of all the fish in the sea—you can ask him. Maybe he will be able to tell you."

The king thanked him and when he had got to him who was lord of all the fish in the sea, he asked once more where Whiteland was.

The man called the fish together with his horn, but none of them knew anything about it. At last came an old, old pike, which said: "Yes, Whiteland is well known to me, these ten years. Tomorrow morning I have to go back there, for now the queen,

whose king is staying away, is to marry someone else."

"If that be the case, I will give you a piece of advice," said the man. "Not far from here on a moor stand three brothers, who have stood there a hundred years fighting for a hat, a cloak, and a pair of boots; if anyone has these three things, he can make himself invisible, and if he desires to go to any place, he has but to wish and he is there. You may tell them that you have a desire to try these things and then you will be able to decide which of the men is to have them."

The king thanked him and went and did what he had said.

"What is this that you are standing fighting about forever and ever?" said he to the brothers; "let me make a trial of these things and then I will judge between you."

They willingly consented to this, but when he had got the hat, the cloak, and the boots, he said, "Next time we meet you shall have my decision," and hereupon he wished himself away.

While he was going quickly through the air, he fell in with the north wind.

"And where may you be going?" said the north wind.

"To Whiteland," said the king.

"Well," said the north wind, "when you get there, place yourself on the stairs by the side of the

door and then I will come blustering in as if I wanted to blow down the whole castle, and when the prince who is to have your queen, comes out to see what is astir, just take him by the throat and fling him out, and then I will try to carry him away from court."

As the north wind had said, so did the king. He stood on the stairs and when the north wind came howling and roaring, the prince went out to see what was the matter. Then the king came and took him by the neck and flung him out, and the north wind laid hold of him and carried him off. When the king went into the castle, at first the queen did not know him, because he had grown so thin and pale; but when she saw her ring, she was glad, and restored her husband to the throne amid great rejoicing.

KARI WOODENGOWN*

ONCE upon a time a queen died, leaving one daughter, who was both wise and pretty. For a long time the king went sorrowing for his wife, for he had loved her exceedingly; but at last he married a queen who was a widow. She also had a daughter, who was just as ugly and wicked as the other was good and beautiful. The stepmother and her daughter were envious of the king's daughter, but so long as the king was at home, they dared do her no harm.

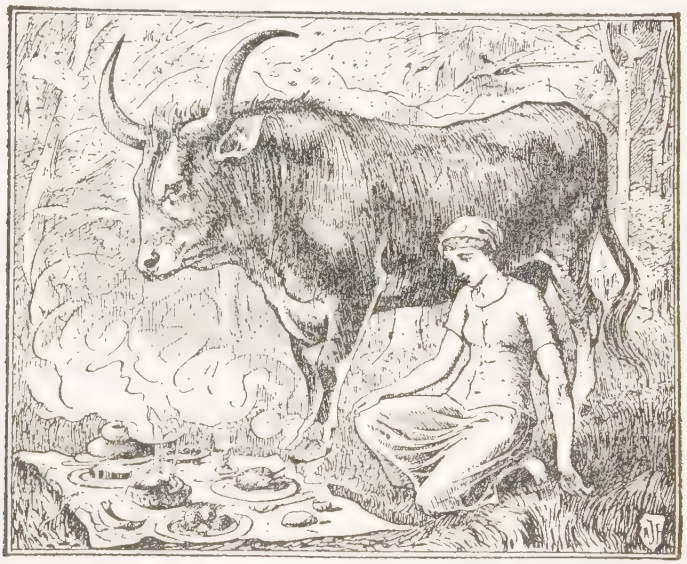
Then there came a time when he made war on another king and went out to fight. Then the new queen thought that she could do what she liked; so she set the king's daughter to work to look after the cattle. She went about with the cattle and herded them in the woods and in the fields. Of food she got little or none and she grew pale and thin and was nearly always weeping. Among the herd there was a great blue bull, which often came to the king's daughter and let her stroke him. One day, when she was sitting sorrowing, the bull came up to her and asked why. She made no answer, but continued to weep.

"Well," said the bull, "I know what it is. The queen is unkind to you and wants to starve you to

* From P. C. Asbjornsen.

death. But in my left ear there lies a cloth, and if you will but take it and spread it out, you can have as many dishes as you like."

So she took the cloth and spread it out upon the grass and then it was covered with the daintiest dishes; there were wine and mead and cake. And now she became brisk and well again and grew so



rosy and plump that the queen and her scraggy daughter turned blue and white with vexation. The queen could not imagine how her stepdaughter could look so well on such bad food, so she ordered one of her handmaidens to follow her into the wood and watch her. The maid saw all that happened and went home and told the queen.

When the king came home, having conquered the other king with whom he had been at war, the queen pretended to be ill and she gave the doctor money to say that she would never be well again unless she had some of the flesh of the blue bull to eat. Both the king's daughter and the people in the palace begged for the bull's life, for they were fond of him; but it was all in vain; he was to be killed and nothing else would serve. When the king's daughter heard it, she was full of sorrow and went down to the stable to the bull.

"What are you weeping for?" said the bull.

She told him that the queen had pretended to be ill and had made the doctor say that she must have the flesh of the blue bull to eat and that now he was to be killed.

"When once they have taken my life they will soon kill you also," said the bull. "If you are of the same mind with me, we will take our departure this very night."

The king's daughter promised that she would come.

That night, when all the others had gone to bed, she stole softly down to the bull and he took her on his back and got out of the courtyard as quickly as he could. At cock-crow next morning, when the people came to kill the bull, he was gone, and when the king got up and asked for his daughter, she was gone too. He sent forth messengers to all parts of

the kingdom to search for them, but no one had seen them.

In the meantime the bull traveled through many lands with the king's daughter on his back and one day they came to a great wood, where the trees and the branches and the leaves and the flowers and everything else were of copper.

As they entered the wood, the bull said to the king's daughter, "You must take the greatest care not to touch a leaf of this wood or all will be over both with me and with you, for a troll with three heads, who is the owner of the wood, lives here."

She was very careful and bent herself out of the way of the branches and put them aside with her hands; but it was so thickly wooded that she somehow or other tore off a leaf which got into her hand.

"Oh! oh! What have you done now?" said the bull. "It will now cost us a battle for life or death; but do be careful to keep the leaf!"

Very soon afterward they came to the end of the wood and the troll with three heads came rushing up to them.

"Who is that who is touching my wood?" said the troll.

"The wood is just as much mine as yours!" said the bull.

They rushed on each other and fought. The bull butted and kicked with all his strength, but the troll fought quite as well as he did and the whole

day went by before the bull put an end to him. He was full of wounds, so he told the king's daughter to take the horn of ointment which hung at the troll's belt and rub him with it; then he was himself again, and the next day they set off once more. They

journeyed on for many days and after a long, long time they came to a silver wood. The trees and the boughs and the leaves and the flowers and everything else were of silver.

The bull said to the king's daughter: "When we enter into this wood, you must be very careful not

to touch anything at all and not to pluck even so much as one leaf, or else all will be over both with you and me. A troll with six heads lives here, who is the owner of the wood."

"Yes," said the king's daughter, "I will take care."

But when they got into the wood, the trees were so close together that though she bent aside to get out of the way of the branches and thrust them away from before her with her hands, yet in spite of all her care, she happened to pull off one leaf.

"Oh! oh! What have you done now?" said the bull. "It will cost us a battle for life or death, for this troll is twice as strong as the other. But be careful to keep the leaf."

Just as he said this, along came the troll. "Who is that who is touching my wood?" he said.

"It is just as much mine as yours!" said the bull and rushed at the troll. But the troll fought well and it was three whole days before the bull got the life out of him. The bull was weak and worn out and covered with wounds, so he told the king's daughter to take the horn that was hanging at the troll's belt and anoint him with it.

After they had rested for a week, they set forth again, but the bull was still weak and at first could not go quickly. The king's daughter said that she was so young and light of foot that she would willingly walk, but he would not give her leave to do

that. They traveled for a long time and through many lands and after a long, long time they came to a gold wood. The trees and the branches and the flowers and the leaves were all of pure gold. Here all happened just as it had happened in the copper wood and the silver wood. The bull told the king's daughter that a troll with nine heads was the owner and that he was much larger and stronger than both the others put together. She said that she would take great care not to touch anything, but when they got into the wood, it was still thicker than the silver wood. The farther they got into it, the thicker it became; she was so terrified lest she should break anything off that she sat and twisted and turned herself on this side and on that, to get out of the way of the branches. But every moment they struck against her and before she knew what she was doing, she had a golden apple in her hands. She began to cry and wanted to throw it away, but the bull said that she was to keep it and take the greatest care of it.

Just then the troll with nine heads came.

"Who is this who is breaking my wood?" he screamed.

"It is as much mine as yours!" said the bull. They rushed at each other and fought and it was such a dreadful sight that the king's daughter very nearly swooned. When the bull had gored one head to death, the other heads breathed life into it again,

so it was a whole week before the bull was able to kill him. But then he himself was so worn out and weak that he could not move at all. The king's daughter took the horn of ointment out of the troll's belt and rubbed him with it; but he had to lie there for three weeks before he was able to move.

Then they journeyed onward, crossing many high hills and thick woods, until they came upon the fells.*

"Do you see anything?" asked the bull.

"No, I see nothing but the sky above and the wild fell side," said the king's daughter.

Then they climbed up higher.

"Do you see anything now?" said the bull.

"Yes, I see a small castle, far away," said the princess.

"It is not so very little after all," said the bull.

After a long, long time they came to a high hill, where there was a steep wall of rock.

"Do you see nothing now?" said the bull.

"Yes, I see the castle quite near and now it is much larger," said the king's daughter.

"Thither shall you go," said the bull. "Immediately below the castle there is a pigsty, where you will find a wooden gown which you are to put on. Then go to the castle and say that you are called Kari Woodengown and that you are seeking a place. But now you must take out your little

* Fells are bare, rolling hills, similar to moors.

knife and cut off my head with it. Then you must skin me and roll up my hide and put it there under the rock and beneath the hide you must lay the copper leaf and the silver leaf and the golden apple. Close behind the rock a stick is standing and when you want me for anything, you have only to knock at the wall of rock with that."

At first she would not do it, but when the bull said that this was the only reward that he would have for what he had done for her, she could not do otherwise. Though she thought it very cruel, she cut off his head and hide. She folded up the hide, laid it beneath the mountain wall, and put the copper leaf, the silver leaf, and the golden apple inside of it.

Then she went away to the pigsty, weeping all the way, put on the wooden gown, and walked to the king's palace. When she got there, she went into the kitchen and begged for a place, saying that her name was Kari Woodengown.

The cook told her that she might have a place and leave to stay there at once and wash up.

On Sunday some strangers were coming to the king's palace. Kari begged to have leave to carry up the water for the prince's bath, but the others laughed at her and said: "What do you want there? Do you think the prince will ever look at such a fright as you?"

She would not give it up, however, but went on begging until at last she got leave. When she was

going upstairs, her wooden gown made such a clatter that the prince came out and said, "What sort of creature may you be?"

"I was to take this water to you," said Kari.

"Do you suppose that I will have any water that you bring?" said the prince and emptied it over her.

Then she got permission to go to church. But first she went to the rock and knocked at it with the stick, as the bull had told her to do. Instantly a man came forward and asked her what she wanted. The king's daughter said that she had got leave to go to church, but that she had no clothes to go in. He brought her a gown that was as bright as the copper wood and a horse and saddle too. When she reached the church, she was so pretty and so splendidly dressed that everyone wondered who she could be. The prince himself liked her so well that he could not take his eyes off her for an instant. As she was walking out of the church, the prince followed her and asked her whence she came.

"Oh! I am from Bathland," said Kari and rode away, but as she went, she dropped her glove, which the prince picked up.

The prince had never seen the equal of that glove and he went far and wide, asking after the country which the proud lady, who rode away without her glove, had said that she came from, but there was no one who could tell him.

Next Sunday someone had to take up a towel to the prince.

"Ah! may I have leave to go up with that?" said Kari.

"What would be the use of that?" said the others who were in the kitchen; "you saw what happened last time when you carried up the water."

Kari would not give in, but ran up the stairs so that her wooden gown clattered again. Out came the prince and when he saw that it was Kari, he snatched the towel from her and flung it right into her eyes.

"Be off at once, you ugly troll," said he; "do you think that I will have a towel handled by your dirty fingers?"

After that the prince went to church and Kari also got leave to go. She went to the rock and knocked. Out came the man and gave her a gown more magnificent than the first, embroidered with silver all over, which shone like the silver wood. He gave her also a most beautiful horse, with a saddle and bridle of silver.

When the king's daughter got to church, all the people wondered who on earth she could be. The prince fell much more deeply in love with her than he had been before, and when the sermon was over and she went out of the church, he again came and asked her where she came from.

"I am from Towelland," said the king's daughter, and as she spoke, she dropped her riding whip, and

while the prince was stooping to pick it up, she rode away.

The prince went far and wide to inquire for that country whence she had said that she came, but there was no one who could tell him.

Next Sunday someone had to go to the prince with a comb. Kari begged leave to go with it. When she went clattering up the stairs again, out came the prince and took the comb and flung it at her and ordered her to be off as fast as she could. After that the prince went to church and Kari also got leave to go.

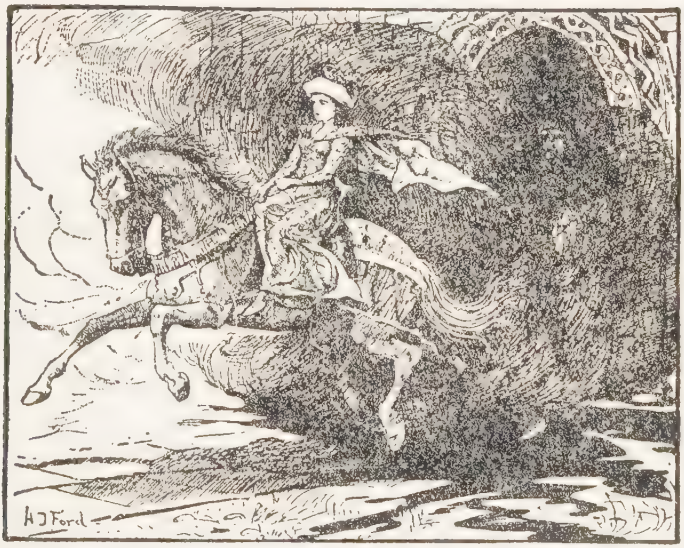
All happened just as it had happened twice already. The man at the rock gave her a gown more magnificent than either of the others, almost entirely made of pure gold and diamonds. She also got a noble horse with a saddle embroidered with gold and a golden bridle.

When the king's daughter came to the church, the priest and people were all standing on the hillside waiting for her and they all hastened into the church together. The priest got into the pulpit, but no one listened to what he said, for they were looking too much at her and wondering whence she came. The prince was far more in love than he had been on either of the former occasions. He had caused a firkin of tar to be emptied out in the porch in order that he might go to help her over it when she left. She, however, did not trouble herself in

the least about the tar, but set her foot down in the middle of it and jumped over it. Thus one of her gold shoes was left sticking in it. The prince came running out of the church to ask her whence she came.

"From Combland," said Kari and rode away.

The prince traveled for a long and wearisome time, asking where Combland was, but no one could



tell him. Then he caused it to be made known everywhere that he would marry any woman who could put on the gold shoe. Fair maidens and ugly maidens came from all regions, but there was none who had a foot so small that she could put on the gold shoe. After a long, long while came Kari

Woodengown's wicked stepmother, with her daughter too, and the shoe fitted her. But she was so ugly and looked so loathsome that the prince was very unwilling to do what he had promised. Nevertheless all was got ready for the wedding and she was decked out as a bride, but as they were riding to church, a little bird sat upon a tree and sang:

"A slice off her heel
And a slice off her toes,
Kari Woodengown's shoe
Fills with blood as she goes!"

And when they looked to it, the bird had spoken the truth, for blood was trickling out of the shoe.

"But where is Kari Woodengown, then?" asked the prince remembering what the bird had said.

"Oh! that creature!" said the others; "it's not the least use for her to come here, for she has feet like a horse!"

"That may be," said the prince, "but as all the others have tried it, Kari may try it too. Kari!" he called and Kari came upstairs, her wooden gown clattering.

"Now you are to try on the gold shoe and be a princess," said the other servants and they laughed at her. Kari took up the shoe, put her foot into it as easily as possible, and then threw off her wooden gown. There she stood in the golden gown, which flashed like rays of sunshine, and on her other foot she had

the fellow to the gold shoe. The prince knew her in a moment and was so glad that he ran and took her in his arms and kissed her. When he heard that she was a king's daughter, he was gladder still, and then they had the wedding.

DRAKESTAIL*

DRAKESTAIL was very little; but tiny as he was he had brains, and having begun with nothing, he ended by amassing a hundred crowns. Now the king of the country, who was very extravagant and never kept any money, having heard that Drakestail had some, went one day in his own person to borrow his hoard. Drakestail was not a little proud of having lent money to the king. But after the first and second year, seeing that they never even dreamed of paying the interest, he became uneasy. At last he resolved to go to see his majesty himself and get repaid. One fine morning Drakestail, very spruce and fresh, took the road, singing, "Quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?"

He had not gone far when he met friend Fox.

"Good morning, neighbor," says the friend; "where are you off to so early?"

"I am going to the king for what he owes me."

"Oh! take me with thee!"

Drakestail says to himself, "One can't have too many friends." Aloud says he, "I will, but going on all fours you will soon be tired. Make yourself quite small, get into my gizzard,† and I will carry you."

* *Contes* of Ch. Marelles. † Gizzard. The second stomach of a bird.

Friend Fox takes bag and baggage and, presto! is gone like a letter into the post. Drakestail is off again, but he had not gone far when he met his lady friend, Ladder, leaning on her wall.

"Good morning, my duckling," says she; "whither away so bold?"

"I am going to the king for what he owes me."

"Oh! take me with thee!"

Drakestail says to himself, "One can't have too many friends." Aloud says he: "I will, but then with your wooden legs you will soon be tired. Make yourself quite small, get into my gizzard, and I will carry you."

So friend Ladder, bag and baggage, goes to keep company with friend Fox, and Drakestail is off again, singing as before. A little farther he meets his sweetheart friend River, wandering quietly in the sunshine.

Says she, "Whither so lonesome, with arching tail, on this muddy road?"

"I am going to the king, you know, for what he owes me."

"Oh! take me with thee!"

Drakestail says to himself, "We can't have too many friends." Aloud says he: "I will, but you who sleep while you walk will soon get tired. Make yourself quite small, get into my gizzard, and I will carry you."

Friend River takes bag and baggage and takes her place between friend Fox and friend Ladder.

A little farther on Drakestail meets comrade Wasp's-nest. "Well, good morning, friend Drakestail," says he; "where are we bound for, so spruce and fresh?"

"I am going to the king for what he owes me."

"Oh! take me with thee!"

Drakestail says to himself, "One can't have too many friends." Aloud says he: "I will, but then with all your wasps to drag along, you will soon be tired. Make yourself quite small, get into my gizzard, and I will carry you."

Comrade Wasp's-nest takes the same road to join the others.

Drakestail arrived at the capital and threaded his way straight up the High Street, still running and singing, "Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?" till he came to the king's palace and knocked at the gate.

"Who is there?" asks the porter, putting his head out.

"'Tis I, Drakestail. I wish to speak to the king."

"The king is dining and will not be disturbed."

"Tell him it is I. I have come, he well knows why."

The porter went up to the king, who was just sitting down to dinner with all his ministers.

"Good, good!" said the king, laughing. "I know what it is! Put him with the turkeys and chickens."

The porter descends. "Have the goodness to enter," he says.

"Good!" says Drakestail to himself, "I shall now see how they eat at court."

"This way, this way," says the porter. "One step farther. There, there you are."

"How? what? in the poultry-yard?" says Drakestail, vexed. "Wait! I will compel you to receive me. Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?" But when the turkeys and chickens saw the newcomer and heard him crying, they began to look black at him and finally they rushed at him altogether.

"I am lost!" says Drakestail to himself, when by good luck, he remembers his comrade friend Fox and he cries:

"Reynard, Reynard, come out of your earth,
Or Drakestail's life is of little worth."

Then friend Fox hastened out, threw himself on the wicked fowls, and tore them to pieces; so that at the end of five minutes there was not one left alive. Drakestail began to sing again, "Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?"

When the poultry woman came to tell the king what had been going on in the yard, he was terribly annoyed. He ordered them to throw Drakestail into the well, and it was done as he commanded. Drakestail was in despair, when he remembered his friend Ladder.

"Ladder, Ladder, come out of thy hold,
Or Drakestail's days will soon be told."

Friend Ladder hastened out, leaned her two arms on the edge of the well, and Drakestail climbed

nimbly on her back into the yard, where he began to sing louder than ever.

When the king, who was still at table and laughing at the good trick he had played his creditor, heard him again claiming his money, he became livid with rage and commanded that the furnace should be heated and Drakestail thrown into it. The furnace was soon hot enough, but this time Drakestail was not so afraid; he counted on his sweetheart, River.

"River, River, outward flow,
Or to death Drakestail must go."

Friend River hastened out and threw herself into the furnace, which she flooded, with all the people who had lighted it; after which she flowed growling into the hall of the palace to the height of more than four feet. Drakestail, quite content with what friend River had done, began to swim, singing deafeningly, "Quack, quack, quack, when shall I get my money back?"

When the king heard Drakestail singing again, he became furious and got up from the table brandishing his fists. "Bring him here and I'll cut his throat!" cried he.

Two footmen ran to fetch Drakestail. "At last," said the poor chap, going up the great stairs, "they have decided to receive me." But on entering he saw the king as red as a turkey cock and all his

ministers standing sword in hand. He thought this time that it was all up with him. Happily he remembered that there was still one remaining friend, and he cried with dying accents:

"Wasp's-nest, Wasp's-nest, make a sally
Or Drakestail nevermore may rally."

The brave Wasp's-nest rushed out with all his wasps. They threw themselves on the infuriated

king and his ministers and stung them so fiercely in the face that they lost their heads and all jumped pell-mell from the window and broke their necks on the pavement, leaving Drakestail much astonished, all alone in the big saloon and master of the field. He remembered shortly why he had come to the palace and he set to work to hunt for his dear money.

But in vain he rummaged in all the drawers; he found nothing; all had been spent. Ferreting thus from room to room, he came at last to the one with the throne in it, and feeling fatigued, he sat down on it. In the meanwhile the people had found their king and his ministers on the pavement and they had gone into the palace to know how it had occurred. On entering the throne room, when the crowd saw someone on the royal seat, they broke out in cries of surprise and joy:

"The King is dead, long live the King!
Heaven has sent us down this thing."

Drakestail, who was no longer surprised at anything, received the acclamations of the people as if he had never done anything else all his life.

Many of them said that a knowing Drakestail was a more worthy king than a spendthrift like him who was lying on the pavement. So they ran and took the crown off the head of the deceased and placed it on that of Drakestail, whom it fitted like wax. Thus he became king.

"And now," said he after the ceremony, "ladies and gentlemen, let's go to supper. I am so hungry!"

THE RATCATCHER*

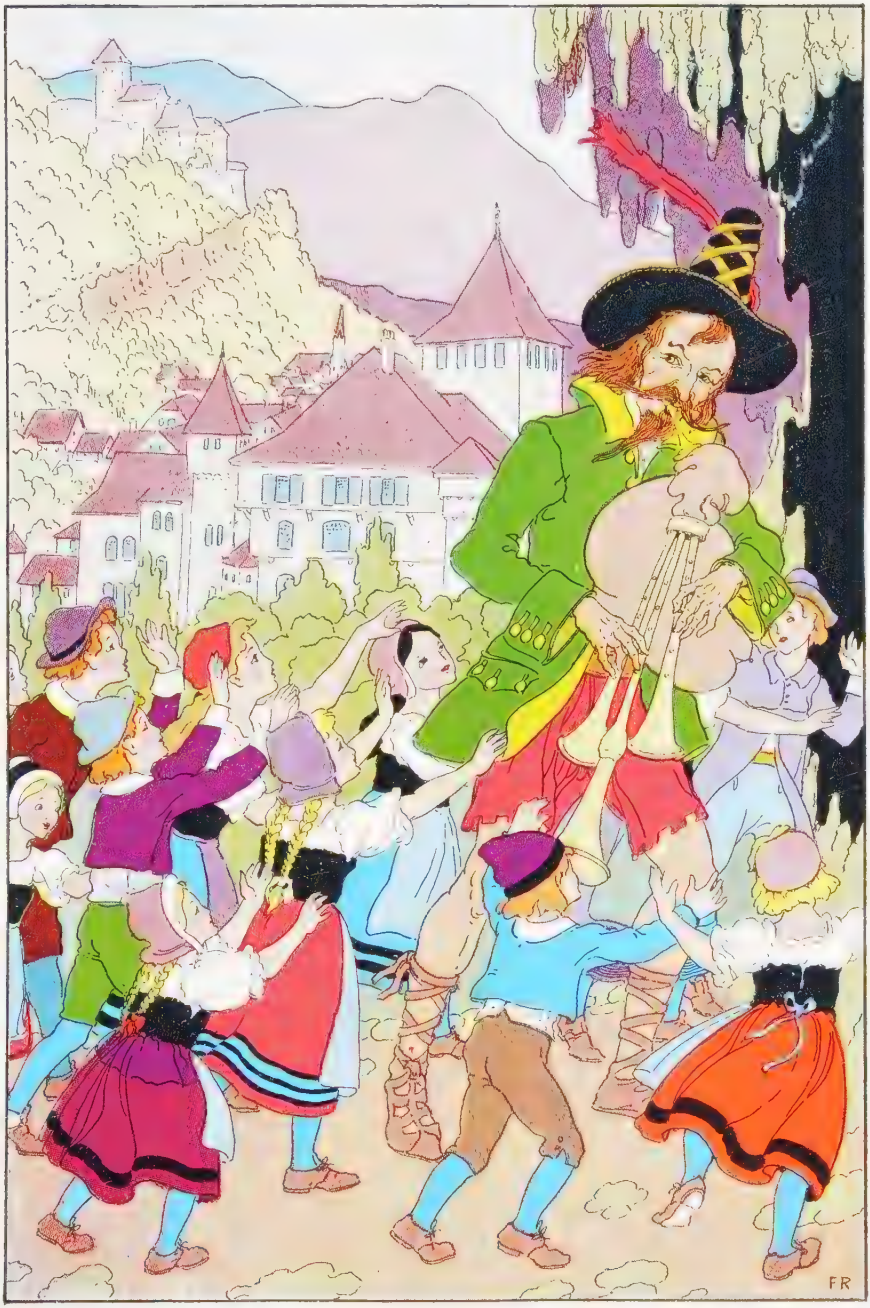
A VERY long time ago the town of Hamel in Germany was invaded by bands of rats, the like of which had never been seen before nor will ever be again. They were great black creatures that ran boldly in broad daylight through the streets and swarmed all over the houses. When dressing in the morning, people found them in their breeches and petticoats, in their pockets and in their boots; and when they wanted a morsel to eat, the greedy horde had swept away everything from cellar to garret. At night, as soon as the lights were out, these untiring nibblers set to work, making so furious a noise that a deaf man could not have rested for one hour together.

Neither cats nor dogs nor poison nor traps would do anything. The more rats they killed, the more came. But one Friday there arrived in the town a man with a queer face, who played the bagpipes and sang this refrain:

"Who lives shall see:
Here he is,
The ratcatcher."

He was a great, gawky fellow, dry and bronzed, with a crooked nose, a long rat-tail mustache, two

* Ch. Marelles.



The children had followed to the sound of the music

great yellow piercing and mocking eyes, under a large felt hat with a scarlet cock's feather. He was dressed in a green jacket with a leather belt and red breeches and on his feet were sandals fastened by thongs passed round his legs. That is how he may be seen to this day, painted on a window of the cathedral of Hamel.

He stopped on the great market place before the town hall, turned his back to the church, and went on with his music. The town council had just assembled to consider once more this plague of Egypt and the stranger sent word to the counselors, that, if they would make it worth his while, he would rid them of all their rats before night.

"Then he is a sorcerer!" cried the citizens with one voice; "we must beware of him."

But the town counselor, who was considered clever, said: "Sorcerer or no, if this bagpiper speaks the truth, it was he who sent us this horrible vermin that he wants to rid us of today for money. Well, we must learn to catch the devil in his own snares. You leave it to me."

"Leave it to the town counselor," said the citizens one to another. And the stranger was brought before them.

"Before night," said he, "I shall have dispatched all the rats in Hamel if you will pay me a gros a head."

"A gros a head!" cried the citizens, "but that will come to millions of florins!"

The town counselor simply shrugged his shoulders and said to the stranger: "A bargain! To work; the rats will be paid one gros a head as you ask."

The bagpiper announced that that evening, when the moon rose, the inhabitants should leave the

streets free and content themselves with looking out of their windows.

Toward nine at night the bagpiper appeared on the market place. He turned, as at first, his back to

the church and the moment the moon rose on the horizon, "Trarira, trari!" the bagpipes resounded. It was first a slow, caressing sound, then more and more lively and urgent and it penetrated as far as the farthest alleys of the town. Soon from the bottom of the cellars, the top of the garrets, from under all the furniture, from all the nooks and corners of the houses, out came the rats, and began to run toward the front of the town hall, so squeezed together that they covered the pavement. When the square was quite full, the bagpiper faced about, and, still playing briskly, turned toward the river that runs at the foot of the walls of Hamel.

Arrived there he turned round; the rats were following.

"Hop! hop!" he cried, pointing with his finger to the middle of the stream, where the water whirled and was drawn down as if through a funnel. And hop! hop! without hesitating, the rats took the leap, swam straight to the funnel, plunged in head foremost, and disappeared.

The plunging continued thus without ceasing till midnight. At last, dragging himself with difficulty, came a big rat, white with age, and stopped on the bank. It was the king of the band.

"Are they all there, friend Blanchet?" asked the bagpiper.

"They are all there," replied Blanchet.

"And how many were they?"

"Nine hundred and ninety thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine."

"Well reckoned?"

"Well reckoned."

"Then go and join them, old sire, and au revoir."

Then the old white rat sprang in his turn into the river, swam to the whirlpool, and disappeared.

When the bagpiper had thus concluded his business, he went to bed at his inn. And for the first time during three months, the people at Hamel slept quietly through the night.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, the bagpiper repaired to the town hall, where the town council awaited him.

"All your rats took a jump into the river yesterday," said he to the counselors, "and I guarantee that not one of them comes back. They were nine hundred and ninety thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine, at one gros a head. Reckon!"

"Let us reckon the heads first. One gros a head is one head the gros. Where are the heads?"

The ratcatcher did not expect this treacherous stroke. He paled with anger and his eyes flashed fire.

"The heads!" cried he: "if you care about them, go and find them in the river."

"So," replied the town counselor, "you refuse to hold to the terms of your agreement? We ourselves

could refuse you all payment. But you have been of use to us and we will not let you go without reward," and he offered him fifty crowns.

"Keep your reward for yourself," replied the ratcatcher proudly. "If you do not pay me, I will be paid by your heirs."

Thereupon he pulled his hat down over his eyes, went out of the hall, and left town without speaking to a soul.

When the Hamel people heard how the affair had ended, they rubbed their hands and laughed over the ratcatcher, who, they said, was caught in his own trap.

Next day, which was a Sunday, they all went gayly to church. They never suspected the terrible surprise that awaited them on their return home. No children anywhere, they had all disappeared! "Our children! where are our poor children?" was soon the cry in all the streets.

Then through the east door of the town came three little boys, who cried and wept and this is what they told:

While the parents were at church, a wonderful music had resounded. Soon all the little boys and all the little girls that had been left at home had gone out, attracted by the magic sounds and had rushed to the great market place. There they found the ratcatcher playing his bagpipes at the same spot as the evening before. Then the stranger had begun to

walk quickly and they had followed, running, singing, and dancing to the sound of the music, as far as the foot of the mountain which one sees on entering Hamel. At their approach the mountain had opened a little, and the bagpiper had gone in with them, after which it had closed again. Only the three little ones who told the adventure had remained outside, as if by a miracle. One was bandy-legged and could not run fast enough; the other, who had left the house in haste, one foot shod, the other bare, had hurt himself against a big stone and could not walk without difficulty; the third had arrived in time, but in hurrying to go in with the others had struck so violently against the wall of the mountain that he fell backwards at the moment it closed upon his comrades.

At this story the parents redoubled their lamentations. They ran with their pikes and mattocks to the mountain and searched till evening to find the opening by which their children had disappeared, without being able to find it. At last, the night falling, they returned desolate to Hamel.

But the most unhappy of all was the town counselor, for he had lost three little boys and two pretty little girls.

What had become of all these unfortunate children?

The parents always hoped that they were not dead and that the ratcatcher had taken them with him

to his country. For several years they sent in search of them to different countries, but no one ever came on the trace of the poor little ones. It was not till much later that anything was heard of them.

About one hundred fifty years after the event, when there was no longer one left of the fathers, mothers, brothers, or sisters of that day, there arrived one evening in Hamel some merchants of Bremen returning from the East, who asked to speak with the citizens. They told that they, in crossing Hungary, had sojourned in a mountainous country called Transylvania, where the inhabitants spoke only German, while all around them nothing was spoken but Hungarian. These people also declared that they came from Germany, but they did not know how they chanced to be in this strange country. "Now," said the merchants of Bremen, "these Germans cannot be other than the descendants of the lost children of Hamel."

The people of Hamel did not doubt it; and since that day they regard it as certain that the Transylvanians of Hungary are their country folk.

LITTLE GOLDEN HOOD*

THERE was once a pretty little peasant girl named Blanchette. She was more often called Little Golden Hood, on account of a wonderful little cloak with a hood, gold and fire colored, which she always had on. This little hood was given her by her grandmother to bring her good luck, for it was made of a ray of sunshine, she said. And as the good old woman was considered something of a witch, everyone thought that the little hood rather bewitched too.

One day the mother said to the child: "You shall take this good piece of cake to your grandmother for a Sunday treat tomorrow. You will ask her how she is and come back at once, without stopping to chatter on the way with people you do not know. Do you quite understand?"

"I quite understand," replied Blanchette gayly. And off she went with the cake, quite proud of her errand.

But the grandmother lived in another village and there was a big wood to cross before getting there. At a turn of the road under the trees, suddenly a wolf appeared. He had seen the child start alone and was waiting to devour her, when he per-

* Ch. Marelles.

ceived some woodcutters, and he changed his mind. Instead of falling upon Blanchette, he came frisking up to her like a good dog.

"'Tis you! my nice Little Golden Hood," said he. The little girl stopped to talk with the wolf, who, for all that, she did not know in the least.

"You know me, then!" said she; "what is your name?"

"My name is friend Wolf. And where are you going thus, my pretty one, with your little basket on your arm?"

"I am going to my grandmother, to take her a good piece of cake for her Sunday treat tomorrow."

"And where does she live, your grandmother?"

"She lives at the other side of the wood, in the first house in the village, near the windmill, you know."

"Ah! yes! I know now," said the wolf. "Well, that's just where I'm going; I shall get there before you, no doubt, with your little bits of legs and I'll tell her you're coming to see her; then she'll wait for you."

Thereupon the wolf cut across the wood and in five minutes arrived at the grandmother's house and knocked at the door.

No answer.

He knocked louder and still got no answer. Then he stood up and put his two fore paws on the latch and the door opened. There was not a soul in the house,

for the old woman had risen early to sell herbs in the town and she had gone off in such haste that she had left her bed unmade, with her great night-cap on the pillow.

"Good!" said the wolf to himself, "I know what I'll do."

He shut the door, pulled on the grandmother's nightcap down to his eyes, lay down all his length in the bed, and drew the curtains.

In the meantime the good Blanchette went quietly on her way, as little girls do, amusing herself here and there by picking Easter daisies, watching the little birds making their nests, and running after the butterflies which fluttered in the sunshine. At last she arrived at the door.

Knock, knock.

"Who is there?" said the wolf, softening his voice.

"It's me, granny, your Little Golden Hood. I'm bringing you a big piece of cake for your Sunday treat."

"Press your finger on the latch and the door will open."

"Why, you've got a cold, granny," said she, coming in.

"Ahem! a little, my dear, a little," replied the wolf, pretending to cough. "Shut the door well, my little lamb. Put your basket on the table and then take off your frock and come and lie down by me; you shall rest a little."

The good child undressed, but kept her little hood upon her head. When she saw what a figure her granny cut in bed, the poor little thing was much surprised.

"Oh!" cried she, "how like you are to friend Wolf, grandmother, that I met on my way here."

"That's on account of my nightcap, child," replied the wolf.

"Oh! what hairy arms you've got, grandmother!"

"All the better to hug you, my child."

"Oh! what a big tongue you've got, grandmother!"

"All the better for answering, child."

"Oh! what a mouthful of great white teeth you have, grandmother!"

"That's for crunching little children with!" And the wolf opened his jaws wide to swallow Blanchette.

But she put down her head, crying, "Mamma! mamma!" and the wolf only caught her hood.

Thereupon he drew back, crying and shaking his jaws as if he had swallowed red-hot coals, for the little fire-colored hood had burnt his tongue right down his throat.

It was, you see, a magic hood.

The wolf jumped off the bed and tried to find the door, howling as if all the dogs in the country were at his heels.

Just at this moment the grandmother arrived, returning from the town with her long sack empty on her shoulder. Quickly she opened her sack wide across the door and the maddened wolf sprang in head downward. Then the brave old dame shut her sack and ran and emptied it in the well. Still howling, the wolf tumbled in and was drowned.

"Ah, scoundrel! you thought you would eat my little grandchild! Well, tomorrow we will make her a muff of your skin."

The grandmother hastened to dress poor Blanchette, who was still trembling with fear in the bed.

"Well," she said to her, "without my little hood where would you be now, darling?" And, to re-

store the child, she made her eat a good piece of her cake and drink a good draught of wine, after which she took her by the hand and led her back to her own house.

When her mother knew all that had happened, she scolded the little girl, but Blanchette promised over and over again that she would never more stop to listen to a wolf, so that at last the mother forgave her.

Blanchette, the Little Golden Hood, kept her word.

In fine weather she may still be seen in the fields with her pretty little hood, the color of the sun. But to see her you must rise early.

THE GOLDEN BRANCH*

ONCE upon a time there was a king who was feared by all his subjects, because for the most trifling offenses he would have their heads cut off. This King Grumpy had one son, named Curlicue, who was as different from his father as he could possibly be. No prince equaled him in cleverness and kindness of heart, but unfortunately he was most terribly ugly. He had crooked legs and squinting eyes, a large mouth all on one side, and a humped back. Never was there such a beautiful soul in such a frightful little body, but in spite of his appearance everybody loved him.

King Grumpy wished to marry the prince to the daughter of a neighboring king, whose great estates joined his own, for he thought that this alliance would make him more powerful than ever. As for the princess, she would do very well for Prince Curlicue, for she was as ugly as himself, though she was the most amiable creature in the world. She was so lame that she always went about with a crutch and people called her Princess Cabbage-Stalk.

The king, having received a portrait of this princess, sent for Prince Curlicue, to whom he said that this was the portrait of his future bride.

* *Le Rameau d'Or.* Par Madame d'Aulnoy.

The prince after one glance at it turned away with a disdainful air, which greatly offended his father.

"Am I to understand that you are not pleased?" he said very sharply.

"No, sire," replied the prince. "How could I be pleased to marry an ugly, lame princess?"

"Certainly it is becoming in you to object to that," said King Grumpy, "since you are ugly enough to frighten anyone yourself."

"That is the very reason," said the prince, "that I wish to marry someone who is not ugly. I am quite tired enough of seeing myself."

"I tell you that you shall marry her," cried King Grumpy angrily.

And the prince, seeing that it was of no use to remonstrate, bowed and retired.

As King Grumpy was not used to being contradicted in anything, he was very much displeased with his son and ordered that he should be imprisoned in the tower that was kept on purpose for rebellious princes. The prince found a good library there and was pleased, for he was very fond of reading. But when he looked at the books, he found that they were written in a forgotten language and he could not understand a single word, though he amused himself with trying.

King Grumpy was so convinced that Prince Curlicue would soon get tired of being in prison and

would consent to marry the Princess Cabbage-Stalk, that he sent ambassadors to her father proposing that she should come and be married to his son, who would make her perfectly happy.

The king was delighted to receive so good an offer for his unlucky daughter, though he found it impossible to admire the prince's portrait. However, he sent for the princess, but she looked the other way and began to cry. The king, very much annoyed to see how greatly she disliked it, took a mirror and holding it up before the unhappy princess, said, "I see you do not think the prince handsome, but look at yourself, and see if you have any right to complain about that."

"Sire," she answered, "I do not wish to complain, only I beg of you do not make me marry at all. I would rather be the unhappy Princess Cabbage-Stalk all my life than inflict the sight of my ugliness on anyone else."

But the king would not listen to her and sent her away with the ambassadors.

In the meantime the prince was kept safely locked up in his tower. One day, as he was walking up and down the great gallery, thinking how miserable it was to be ugly and to be forced to marry an equally frightful princess, he looked up suddenly and noticed that the painted windows were particularly bright and beautiful. Examining them attentively, he found that the pictures seemed to be scenes from the

life of a man who appeared in every window. The prince, fancying that he saw in this man some resemblance to himself, began to be deeply interested. In the first window there was a picture of him in one of the turrets of the tower, further on he was seeking something in a chink in the wall, in the next picture he was opening an old cabinet with a golden key, and so it went on. Presently the prince noticed that another figure occupied the most important place in each scene and this time it was a tall, handsome young man. By this time it had grown dark and the prince had to go back to his own room. To amuse himself he took up a quaint old book and began to look at the pictures. But his surprise was great to find that they represented the same scenes as the windows of the gallery and, what was more, that they seemed to be alive. In looking at pictures of musicians he saw their hands move and heard sweet sounds; there was a picture of a ball and the prince could watch the little dancing people come and go. He turned a page and there was an excellent smell of savory dinner, and one of the figures who sat at the feast looked at him and said: "We drink your health, Curlicue. Try to give us our queen again, for if you do, you will be rewarded; if not, it will be the worse for you."

At these words the prince, who had been growing more and more astonished, was fairly terrified and dropping the book with a crash he sank back faint-

ing. His guards came to his aid and he told them that he was faint and giddy with hunger. They gave him an excellent supper and when he had eaten it, he again opened his book, but could see none of the wonderful pictures.

However, when he went into the gallery next day and looked at the painted windows again, he found that the figures came and went as if they had been alive. After watching the one who was like himself find the key in the crack of the turret wall and open the old cabinet, he determined to go and examine the place himself. He went up into the turret and began to search about and tap upon the walls. All at once he came upon a place that sounded hollow. Taking a hammer he broke away a bit of the stone and found behind it a little golden key. Next he found the cabinet, hidden away in a dark corner, old and battered looking. At first he could not see any keyhole, but after a careful search he found one hidden in the carving and the golden key just fitted it; so the prince gave it a vigorous turn and the doors flew open.

Ugly and old as the cabinet was outside, nothing could have been more rich and beautiful inside. Every drawer was made of crystal, of amber, or of some precious stone, and was full of treasure. Prince Curlicue was delighted; he opened one after another, until at last he came to one tiny drawer which contained only an emerald key.

"I believe that this must open that little golden door in the middle," said the prince to himself. And he fitted in the little key and turned it. The tiny door swung back; a soft crimson light gleamed over the whole cabinet, coming from an immense glowing carbuncle, made into a box. Opening it, the prince found to his horror that it contained a man's hand, which was holding a portrait. A voice in his ear said: "This hand belonged to one whom you can help and restore. Look at this beautiful portrait, the original of which was the cause of all my misfortunes, and if you wish to help me, go without a moment's delay to the great gallery, notice where the sun's rays fall most brightly, and if you seek there, you will find my treasure."

The voice ceased and the prince put back the box and locked the cabinet up again. Having replaced the key in the crack in the wall, he hastened down to the gallery and looked for the place where the sun shone most brightly. It seemed to him that it was upon the portrait of a handsome and well-dressed young man.

He went up and examined it and found that it rested against the ebony and gold paneling, just like any of the other pictures in the gallery. He was puzzled, not knowing what to do next, until it occurred to him to see if the windows would help him, and, looking at the nearest, he saw a picture of himself lifting the picture from the wall. Lifting aside

the picture without difficulty, he found himself in a marble hall adorned with statues; from this he passed on through numbers of splendid rooms, until at last he reached one all hung with blue gauze. The walls were of turquoises and upon a low couch lay a lovely lady, who seemed to be asleep. Her hair, black as ebony, was spread across the pillows, mak-

ing her face look ivory-white. When the prince softly advanced, fearing to wake her, he could hear her sigh and murmur to herself, "Ah! how dared you think to win my love by separating me from my beloved Florimond, and in my presence cutting off that dear hand that even you should have feared and honored?"

And then the tears rolled slowly down the lovely lady's cheeks and Prince Curlicue began to comprehend that she was under an enchantment and that it was the hand of her lover that he had found.

At this moment a huge eagle flew into the room, holding in its talons a golden branch, upon which were growing what looked like clusters of cherries, only every cherry was a single glowing ruby. This he presented to the prince, who guessed by this time that he was in some way to break the enchantment that surrounded the sleeping lady. Taking the branch, he touched her lightly with it, saying:

"Fair one, by whatever enchantment thou art bound, in the name of thy beloved Florimond, I command thee to return to the life which thou hast lost, but not forgotten."

The lady opened her lustrous eyes and saw the eagle hovering near. "Ah! stay, dear love, stay," she cried. But the eagle, uttering a sad cry, fluttered his wings and disappeared. The lady turned to Prince Curlicue, and said:

"I know that it is to you I owe my deliverance from an enchantment which has held me for two hundred years. If I can do anything for you in return, you have only to tell me and all my fairy power shall be used to make you happy."

"Madam," said Prince Curlicue, "I wish to be allowed to restore your beloved Florimond to his natural form, since I cannot forget the tears you shed for him."

"That is very amiable of you, dear prince," said the fairy, "but it is reserved for another person to do that. Is there nothing you wish for yourself?"

"Madam," cried the prince, flinging himself at her feet, "only look at my ugliness. I am called Curlicue and am an object of derision; I beg you, make me less ridiculous."

"Rise, prince," said the fairy, touching him with the golden branch. "Be as accomplished as you are handsome and take the name of Prince Peerless."

Silent from joy, the prince kissed her hand to express his thanks, and when he rose and saw his reflection in the mirrors, he understood that Curlicue was gone forever.

"I wish," said the fairy, "that I dared to tell you what is in store for you and warn you of the dangers in your path, but I must not. Fly from the tower, prince, and remember that the fairy Douceline will be your friend always."

When she had finished speaking, the prince found himself no longer in the tower, but in a thick forest at least a hundred leagues away. There we must leave him for the present and see what is happening elsewhere.

When the guards went into the prince's room and did not find him, they were very much alarmed and searched the tower from turret to dungeon, but without success. Knowing that the king would certainly have their heads cut off for allowing the prince

to escape, they agreed to say that he was ill and sent to inform the king.

King Grumpy was delighted to hear that his son was ill, for he thought that he would all the sooner obey and marry the princess. He sent back word that the prince was to be treated as severely as before. In the meantime the Princess Cabbage-Stalk had reached the palace.

King Grumpy went out to meet her, but when he saw her, with a skin like a tortoise's, her thick eyebrows meeting above her large nose, and her mouth from ear to ear, he could not help crying out:

"Well, Curlicue is ugly enough, but I don't think you need have thought twice before consenting to marry him."

"Sire," she replied, "I assure you that I have no wish to marry your son. I had rather be called Princess Cabbage-Stalk than Queen Curlicue."

This made King Grumpy very angry.

"Your father has sent you here to marry my son," he said, "and you may be sure that I am not going to offend him by altering his arrangements." So the poor princess was sent away in disgrace to her own apartments.

At this juncture the guards, in fear that they would be found out, sent to tell the king that his son was dead, which annoyed him very much. He at once made up his mind that it was entirely the princess' fault and gave orders that she should be

imprisoned in the tower in Prince Curlicue's place. The Princess Cabbage-Stalk, astonished at this unjust proceeding, sent many messages of remonstrance to King Grumpy, but he was in such a temper that no one dared to deliver them or to send the letters which the princess wrote to her father.

However, as she did not know this, she lived in hope of soon going back to her own country and tried to amuse herself as well as she could. Every day she walked up and down the long gallery, until she too was attracted by the pictures in the windows and recognized herself in one of the figures. She said to herself: "One would think that I and my crutch were put in on purpose to make that slim, charming young shepherdess in the next picture look prettier by contrast. Ah! how nice it would be to be as pretty as that." And then she looked at herself in a mirror and turned away quickly with tears in her eyes. All at once she became aware that she was not alone, for behind her stood a tiny old woman in a cap, who was as ugly again as herself and quite as lame.

"Princess," she said, "your regrets are so piteous that I have come to offer you the choice of goodness or beauty. If you wish to be pretty, you shall have your way, but you will also be vain, capricious, and frivolous. If you remain as you are now, you shall be wise and amiable and modest. See, I have brought with me my white-and-yellow muff. Breathe upon the yellow side and you will become like the

pretty shepherdess you so much admire and you will have won the love of the handsome shepherd. Breathe upon the white side and your looks will not alter, but you will grow better and happier day by day. Now you may choose."

"Ah, well," said the princess. "I suppose one can't have everything and it's certainly better to be good than pretty."

And so she breathed upon the white side of the muff and thanked the old fairy, who immediately disappeared. The Princess Cabbage-Stalk felt very forlorn and began to think that it was time that her father sent an army to rescue her.

"If I could but get up into the turret," she thought, "to see if anyone is coming." To climb up there seemed impossible, but she presently hit upon a plan. The great clock was in the turret, though the weights hung down into the gallery. Taking one of them off the rope, she tied herself on in its place, and when the clock was wound, up she went triumphantly into the turret. She looked out over the country, but seeing nothing, she sat down to rest a little and accidentally leaned back against the wall which Curlicue had so hastily mended. Out fell the broken stone and with it the golden key.

She picked it up and decided that it must belong to the curious cabinet in the corner. It was not long before she had it open and was admiring the treasures it contained. At last she came to the car-

buncle box. No sooner had she opened it than with a shudder of horror she tried to throw it down, but at this moment a voice in her ear said softly, "Take courage, princess; upon this box your future happiness depends."

"What am I to do?" said the princess, trembling.

"Take the box," replied the voice, "and hide it under your pillow and when you see an eagle, give it to him without losing a moment."

Terrified as the princess was, she did not hesitate to obey and she hastened to put back all the other precious things precisely as she had found them. By this time her guards were seeking her everywhere and they were amazed to find her up in the turret. For three days nothing happened, but at last in the night the princess heard something flutter against her window and drawing back the curtains, she saw in the moonlight that it was an eagle.

Limping across at her utmost speed she threw the window open and the great eagle sailed in. The princess lost no time in offering it the carbuncle box, which it grasped in its talons. Disappearing, it left in its place the most beautiful prince she had ever seen, who was splendidly dressed and wore a diamond crown.

"Princess," said he, "for two hundred years has a wicked enchanter kept me here. We both loved the same fairy, but she preferred me. However, he was more powerful than I and succeeded in chang-

ing me into an eagle, while my queen was left in an enchanted sleep. I knew that after two hundred years a prince would recall her to the light of day, and a princess, in restoring to me the hand which my enemy had cut off, would give me back my natural form. The fairy who watches over your destiny told me this. It was she who guided you to the cabinet in the turret. It is she also who permits me to grant whatever favor you may ask. Tell me, princess, what is it that you wish for most? Shall I make you as beautiful as you deserve to be?"

"Ah, if you only would!" cried the princess and at the same moment she grew tall and straight and pretty, with eyes like shining stars and a skin as white as milk.

"Oh, wonderful! can this really be my poor little self?" she exclaimed, looking down in amazement at her tiny wornout crutch as it lay upon the floor.

"Indeed, princess," replied Florimond, "it is yourself, but you must have a new name, since the old one does not suit you now. Be called Princess Sunbeam."

So saying, he disappeared and the princess found herself walking under shady trees by a clear river. Of course, the first thing she did was to look at her own reflection in the water. She was surprised to find that she was exactly like the shepherdess she had so much admired and wore the same white

dress and flowery wreath that she had seen in the painted windows. Her flock of sheep appeared, grazing round her and she found a gay crook adorned with flowers upon the bank of the river. Quite tired out, the princess sat down to rest at the foot of a tree and there she fell fast asleep.

Now it was in this very country that Prince Peerless had been set down and while the Princess Sunbeam was still sleeping peacefully, he came strolling along in search of a shady pasture for his sheep. The moment that he caught sight of the princess he recognized her as the charming shepherdess whose picture he had so often seen in the tower, and he was delighted that chance led him that way.

He was still watching her admiringly when the princess opened her eyes and recognized him. She asked him, as he knew the country better than she did, to tell her of some peasant who would give her a lodging and he said he knew of an old woman whose pretty cottage would be the very place for her. So they went there together and the princess was charmed with the old woman and everything belonging to her. Supper was soon spread for her under a shady tree and she invited the prince to share the cream and brown bread which the old woman provided. He fetched from his own garden all the strawberries, cherries, nuts, and flowers he could find, and they sat down together and were very merry. After this they met every day as they guarded their flocks, and

were so happy that Prince Peerless begged the princess to marry him. But the Princess Sunbeam never forgot that she was a real princess and she was not sure that she ought to marry a humble shepherd, though she would like to do so.

She resolved to consult an enchanter of whom she had heard, and without saying a word to anybody, she set out to find the castle in which he lived with his sister, who was a powerful fairy. The way was long and lay through a thick wood. At last the princess came to the courtyard of the enchanter's castle, where the grass and briers were growing as high as if it were a hundred years since anyone had set foot there. The princess got through at last and went into a gloomy hall, where there was but one tiny hole in the wall through which the daylight could enter. The hangings were all of bats' wings, and from the ceiling hung twelve cats, who filled the hall with their ear-piercing yells. Upon the long table twelve mice were fastened by the tail and just in front of each one's nose, but quite beyond its reach, lay a tempting morsel of fat bacon. So the cats could always see the mice, but could not touch them, and the hungry mice were tormented by the sight and smell of the delicious morsels which they could never seize.

The princess was looking at the poor creatures in dismay, when the enchanter suddenly entered, wearing a long black robe and with a crocodile upon his

head. In his hand he carried a whip made of twenty long snakes, all alive and writhing, and the princess was so terrified at the sight that she ran to the door. It was covered with a thick spider's web, and when

she broke it, she found another and another and another. In fact there was no end to them; the princess' arms ached with tearing them down and the wicked enchanter behind her laughed maliciously. At last he said:

"You might spend the rest of your life over that without doing any good, but as you are young and quite the prettiest creature I have seen for a long time, I will marry you if you like, and I will give you those cats and mice that you see there for your own. They are princes and princesses who have happened to offend me. They used to love one another as much as they now hate one another."

"Oh!" cried the princess, "nothing could make me marry you."

"In that case," said the enchanter, touching her, "you shall be light and airy and as green as the grass you live in. Off with you, Madam Grasshopper." And the princess, rejoiced to find herself free once more, skipped out into the garden, the prettiest little green grasshopper in the world. But soon she began to be sorry for herself.

"Ah! Florimond," she sighed, "is this the end of your gift? I had better have married my amiable shepherd. It must be for my pride that I am condemned to be a grasshopper and sing day and night in the grass by this brook, when I feel far more inclined to cry."

In the meantime Prince Peerless had discovered the princess' absence. He was weeping by the river, when he became aware of the presence of a little old woman, quaintly dressed in a ruff and farthingale,* with a velvet hood on her snow-white hair. "You

* A farthingale was a sixteenth century hoop skirt.

seem sorrowful, my son," she said. "What is the matter?"

"Alas! mother," answered the prince, "I have lost my sweet shepherdess, but I am determined to find her again, though I have to traverse the whole world in search of her."

"Go that way, my son," said the old woman, pointing toward the path that led to the castle. "I have an idea that you will soon overtake her."

The prince thanked her heartily and set out. He soon reached the enchanted wood which surrounded the castle and thought he saw the Princess Sunbeam gliding before him. Prince Peerless hastened after her at top speed, but could not get any nearer; then he called to her:

"Sunbeam, my darling—only wait for me a moment."

But the phantom did but fly the faster and the prince spent the whole day in this vain pursuit. When night came, he saw the castle before him all lighted up and he made haste to get there. He entered without difficulty and in the hall the terrible old fairy met him. She was so thin that the light shone through her and her eyes glowed like lamps; her arms were thin as laths and her fingers like spindles. Nevertheless she wore a mantle of silver brocade and a crown of diamonds and her dress was covered with jewels and green and pink ribbons.

"At last you have come to see me, prince," said she. "Don't waste another thought upon that shepherdess, who is unworthy of your notice. I am the queen of the comets and can bring you great honor if you will marry me."

"Marry you, madam!" cried the prince in horror. "No, I will never consent to that."

The fairy, in a rage, gave two strokes of her wand and filled the gallery with horrid goblins, against whom the prince had to fight for his life. He defended himself so well with his dagger that he escaped without any harm and presently the old fairy stopped the fray and asked the prince if he was still of the same mind. When he said that he was, she called up the appearance of the Princess Sunbeam to the other end of the gallery, and said: "You see your beloved there? If you again refuse to marry me, she shall be torn in pieces by two tigers."

The prince, in despair, cried out: "O Fairy Douceline, have you abandoned me after so many promises of friendship? Help, help us now!"

Immediately a soft voice said in his ear:

"Be firm, happen what may, and seek the golden branch."

Thus encouraged, the prince persevered in his refusal and at length the old fairy in her fury cried: "Get out of my sight, obstinate prince. Become a cricket!"

And instantly the handsome Prince Peerless became a poor, little, black cricket.

He hastened to depart from the fatal castle and sought shelter in a hollow tree, where he found a forlorn-looking little grasshopper crouching in a corner. Without expecting an answer, the prince asked:

"And where may you be going, Gammer Grasshopper?"

"Where are you going yourself, Gaffer Cricket?" replied the grasshopper.

"What! can you speak?" said he.

"Why should I not speak as well as you? Isn't a grasshopper as good as a cricket?" said she.

"I can talk because I was a prince," said the cricket.

"And for that very reason I ought to be able to talk more than you, for I was a princess," replied the grasshopper.

"Then you have met the same fate as I have," said he. "But where are you going? Cannot we journey together?"

"I heard a voice which said: 'Be firm, happen what may, and seek the golden branch,' " answered the grasshopper, "so I started at once, though I don't know the way."

At this moment their conversation was interrupted by two mice, who, breathless from running, flung themselves headlong through the hole into the tree, nearly crushing the grasshopper and the cricket.

"Ah, madam," said the fatter of the two, "I have such a pain in my side from running. How is your highness?"

"I have pulled my tail off," replied the younger mouse, "but as I should be on the sorcerer's table unless I had, I do not regret it. How lucky we were to escape!"

"I only trust that we may escape cats and traps and reach the golden branch soon," said the fat mouse.

"You know the way then?" said the other.

"Oh, dear, yes! as well as the way to my own house, madam. This golden branch is indeed a marvel; a single leaf from it makes one rich forever. It breaks enchantments, and makes all who approach it young and beautiful. We must set out for it at the break of day."

"May we have the honor of traveling with you—this respectable cricket and I?" said the grasshopper, stepping forward. "We also are seeking the golden branch."

The mice courteously assented and after many polite speeches, they all fell asleep. At dawn they were on their way and reached the golden branch in safety. It grew in the midst of a wonderful garden, all the paths of which were strewn with pearls as big as peas. The roses were rubies, with emerald leaves. The marigolds were topazes, the daffodils yellow diamonds, the violets sapphires, the corn-

flowers turquoises, the tulips amethysts, opals, and diamonds, so that the garden borders blazed like the sun. The golden branch itself had become as tall as a forest tree and sparkled with ruby cherries to its topmost twig. No sooner had the grasshopper and the cricket touched it than they were restored to their natural forms, and their surprise and joy were great when they recognized each other. At this moment Florimond and Fairy Douceline appeared in great splendor and the fairy, as she descended from her chariot, said with a smile:

"So you two have found one another again. I have still a surprise left for you. Don't hesitate, princess, to tell your devoted shepherd how dearly you love him, as he is the very prince your father sent you to marry. So come here both of you and we will have the wedding at once."

The prince and princess thanked her with all their hearts. Then the two princesses who had lately been mice came and begged that the fairy would release their unhappy friends who were still under the enchanter's spell.

"Really," said Fairy Douceline, "on this happy occasion I cannot find it in my heart to refuse you anything." And she gave three strokes of her wand upon the golden branch and immediately all the prisoners in the enchanter's castle were free. They came with all speed to the wonderful garden, where one touch of the golden branch restored each one to

his natural form. To complete her generous work, the fairy presented them with the wonderful cabinet and all the treasures it contained. But to Prince Peerless and the Princess Sunbeam she gave the palace and garden of the golden branch, where, immensely rich and greatly beloved by all their subjects, they lived happily ever after.

THE THREE DWARFS*

THERE was once upon a time a man who lost his wife, and a woman who lost her husband; and the man had a daughter and so had the woman. The two girls were great friends and used often to play together. One day the woman turned to the man's daughter and said:

"Go and tell your father that I will marry him, and then you shall wash in milk and drink wine, but my own daughter shall wash in water and drink it too."

The girl went straight home and told her father.

"What am I to do?" he answered. "Marriage is either a success or it is a failure."

But at last, having considered the matter for some time, he proposed to the widow and they were married at once.

On the morning after the wedding, when the two girls awoke, milk was standing for the man's daughter to wash in and wine for her to drink; but for the woman's daughter, only water to wash in and only water to drink. On the second morning, water to wash in and water to drink was standing for the man's daughter as well. And on the third morning, water to wash in and water to drink was stand-

* Grimm.

ing for the man's daughter, and milk to wash in and wine to drink for the woman's daughter; and so it continued ever after. The woman hated her stepdaughter from the bottom of her heart and did all she could to make her life miserable. She was as jealous as she could be, because the girl was so beautiful, while her own daughter was ugly.

One winter's day when there was a hard frost and mountain and valley were covered with snow, the woman made a dress of paper and calling the girl to her, said:

"There, put on this dress and go out into the wood and fetch me a basket of strawberries!"

"Heaven help us," replied her stepdaughter; "strawberries don't grow in winter; the earth is frozen and the snow has covered everything; and why send me in a paper dress? It is so cold that one's very breath freezes."

"How dare you contradict me!" said her stepmother; "be off with you at once and don't show your face again till you have filled the basket with strawberries."

Then she gave her a hard crust of bread, saying:

"That will be enough for you today," and she thought to herself, "the girl will certainly perish of hunger and cold outside and I shan't be bothered with her any more."

The girl was so obedient that she put on the paper dress and set out with her little basket. There was

nothing but snow far and near. When she came to the wood, she saw a little house and out of it peeped three little dwarfs. They called out to her to enter, so she stepped in and sat down on a seat by the fire,

wishing to warm herself and eat some breakfast. The dwarfs said at once, "Give us some food!"

"Gladly," she said, and breaking her crust in two, she gave them the half.

Then they asked her what she was doing in the depths of winter in her thin dress.

"Oh," she answered, "I have been sent to get a basketful of strawberries; and I daren't show my face again at home till I bring them with me."

When she had finished her bread, they gave her a broom and told her to sweep away the snow from the back door. As soon as she left the room, the three little men consulted what they should give her as a reward for being so sweet and good and for sharing her last crust with them.

The first said, "Every day she shall grow prettier."

The second, "Every time she opens her mouth a piece of gold shall fall out."

And the third, "A king shall come and marry her."

The girl in the meantime was sweeping the snow away from the back door and what do you think she found there? Heaps of fine ripe strawberries that showed out dark red against the white snow. She joyfully picked enough to fill her basket, thanked the little men for their kindness, and ran home. When she walked in and said, "Good evening," a piece of gold fell out of her mouth. Then she told what had happened to her in the wood, and at every word pieces of gold dropped from her mouth, so that the room was soon covered with them.

Her stepsister, who was very jealous, determined that she too would go to the wood and look for straw-

berries. But her mother refused to let her go, saying, "My dear child, it is far too cold; you might freeze to death."

The girl, however, left her no peace, so she was forced at last to give in, but she insisted on her putting on a beautiful fur cloak and she gave her bread and butter and cakes.

The girl went straight to the little house in the wood and as before the three little men were looking out of the window. Without as much as, "By your leave," she flounced into the room, sat herself down at the fire, and began to eat her bread and butter and cakes.

"Give us some," cried the dwarfs.

But she answered, "No, I won't, it's hardly enough for myself; so catch me giving you any."

When she had finished eating, they said:

"There's a broom for you, go and clear up our back door."

"Do it yourselves," she said rudely. "I'm not your servant."

When she saw that they did not mean to give her anything, she left the house in no amiable frame of mind. Then the three little men consulted what they should do to her, because she was so bad and had such an evil heart.

The first said, "She shall grow uglier every day."

The second, "Every time she speaks a toad shall jump out of her mouth."

And the third, "She shall die a most miserable death."

The girl searched for strawberries, but she found none and returned home in a very bad temper. When she opened her mouth to tell her mother what had befallen her in the wood, a toad jumped out.

Then the stepmother was more furious than ever and did nothing but plot mischief against the man's

daughter, who was daily growing more and more beautiful. At last, one day the wicked woman took some yarn, hung it round the poor girl's shoulder, and giving her an ax, bade her break a hole in the frozen river, and rinse the yarn in it. Her stepdaughter obeyed as usual and went and broke a hole in the ice. When she was in the act of wringing out the yarn, a magnificent carriage passed and the

king sat inside. The carriage stood still, and the king asked her, "My child, who are you, and what in the wide world are you doing here?"

"I am only a poor girl," she answered, "and am rinsing out my yarn in the river." Then the king was sorry for her, and when he saw how beautiful she was, he said:

"Will you come away with me?"

"Most gladly," she replied.

So she stepped into the carriage and drove away with the king, and when they reached his palace, the wedding was celebrated with much splendor. The wicked stepmother and her daughter set out to follow after, but when they tried to cross the river on the ice, they fell in and were drowned. So all turned out just as the three little dwarfs had said.

DAPPLEGRIM*

THERE was once upon a time a rich couple who had twelve sons. When the youngest was grown up, he would not stay at home any longer, but set out into the world to seek his fortune. When he had walked a long way, he came to a king's palace. There he asked for a place and got it.

Now the king's only daughter had been carried off into the mountains by a troll. He and all his people were full of sorrow and the king had promised the princess and half his kingdom to anyone who would set her free; but no one could do it, though a great number had tried.

When the youth had been there for a year or so, he wanted to go home to pay his parents a visit; but when he got there, his father and mother were dead and his brothers had divided everything between them, so that nothing was left for him.

"Shall I, then, receive nothing at all of my inheritance?" asked the youth.

"Who could know that you were still alive—you who have been a wanderer so long?" answered the brothers. "However, there are twelve mares upon the hills which we have not yet divided among us,

* From J. Moe.

and if you would like to have them for your share, you may take them."

The youth, well pleased with this, set off to the hill where the twelve mares were at pasture. Each mare had her foal,* and by the side of one of them was a big dapple-gray foal as well, so sleek that it shone.

"Well, my little foal, you are a fine fellow!" said the youth.

"Yes, but if you will kill all the other little foals so that I can suck all the mares for a year, you shall see how big and handsome I shall be then!" said the foal.

So the youth killed all the twelve foals and then went back again to his place in the palace.

Next year, when he came home again, the foal was as fat as it could be, its coat shone with brightness, and it was so big that the lad had the greatest difficulty in getting on its back. Each of the mares had another foal.

"Now you are quite big enough and must come away with me," said the lad to the yearling.

"No," said the colt, "I must stay here another year; let me suck all the mares this year also and you shall see how big and handsome I shall be."

The youth did it again and when he went up on the hill next year, each of the mares had her foal again; but the dappled colt was so big that the lad could not reach its neck, it was so high, and it was

* A foal is a newborn colt.

so bright that the light glanced off its coat. "Big and handsome you were last year, my colt, but this year you are ever so much handsomer," said the youth. "But now you shall come away with me."

"No," said the dappled colt once more, "here I must stay for another year. Just kill the twelve little foals again, so that I can suck the mares this year also, and then see how big I shall be."

So the youth did it. But next year, when he returned, he was quite appalled. The dappled horse had to lie down before the youth could get on his back and it was so plump that its coat shone like a looking-glass. This time the dappled horse was not unwilling to go away with the youth. When he came riding home to his brothers, they all smote their hands together, for never in their lives had they seen such a horse as that.

"If you will procure me the best shoes for my horse and the most magnificent saddle and bridle that can be found," said the youth, "you may have all my twelve mares just as they are standing out on the hill and their twelve foals into the bargain." For this year also each mare had her foal. The brothers were quite willing; so the lad got such shoes for his horse that the sticks and stones flew into the air as he rode away over the hills and such a gold saddle and bridle that they could be seen glittering from afar.

"And now we will go to the king's palace," said Dapplegrim—that was the horse's name, "but you must ask the king for a good stable and excellent fodder for me."

The lad promised not to forget and rode to the palace. When he arrived, the king was standing out on the steps and how he did stare!

"Nay," said he, "never in my whole life have I seen such a man and such a horse."

And when the youth inquired if he could have a place in the king's palace, the king was delighted.

"I must have a good stable and most excellent fodder for my horse," said the youth.

They told him that he should have as much sweet hay and oats as the dappled horse chose to have, and all the other riders had to take their horses out of the stable that Dapplegrim might have plenty of room.

But this did not last long, for the other people in the king's court became envious of the lad and told the king that the youth had said that, if he chose, he was able to rescue the princess who had been carried off into the mountain a long time ago by the troll.

The king immediately summoned the lad and said that he had been informed that he had said he could rescue the princess, so he was now to do it. If he succeeded in this, he should have the princess and half the kingdom; but if he failed, he should be put to death. The youth denied that he had said this, but the king was deaf to all his words; so there was nothing to be done but say that he would make the attempt.

He went down into the stable very sad. Dapplegrim inquired why he was so troubled and the youth told him.

"I will help you," said Dapplegrim, "but you must first have me well shod. You must ask for ten pounds of iron and twelve pounds of steel for the shoeing and one smith to hammer and one to hold."

So the youth did this and got both the iron and the steel and the smiths. Dapplegrim was shod strongly and well, and when the youth went out of the king's palace, a cloud of dust rose up behind him. But when he came to the mountain into which the princess had been carried, the wall of rock stood right up on end, as steep as a house side and as smooth as

a sheet of glass. The first time the youth rode at it he got a little way up, but then both Dapplegrim's forelegs slipped, and down came horse and rider with a sound like thunder. The next time he got a little farther up, but then one of Dapplegrim's forelegs slipped, and down they went with the sound of a landslip. The third time Dapplegrim got up.

Then the lad rode into the mountain cleft at full gallop and caught up the princess on his saddle-bow and then out again before the troll even had time to stand up, and thus the princess was set free.

The king was delighted to get his daughter back again, but the people about the court had so worked on him that he was angry with the lad too. "Thou

shalt have my thanks for setting my princess free," he said.

"She ought to be as much my princess as yours now, for you are a man of your word," said the youth.

"Yes, yes," said the king. "Have her thou shalt, as I have said it; but first of all thou must make the sun shine into my palace here." For there was a high hill outside the windows which overshadowed the palace so that the sun could not shine in.

"That was no part of our bargain," answered the youth. "But I suppose I shall have to do my best."

So he went down to Dapplegrim again and told him what the king desired. Dapplegrim thought that it might be done; but first he must have new shoes made of ten pounds of iron and twelve pounds of steel. Two smiths were also necessary, one to hammer and one to hold. Then it would be easy to make the sun shine into the king's palace.

The lad asked for these things and obtained them instantly and so Dapplegrim got new shoes and they were good ones. The youth seated himself on him, and once more they went their way, and for each hop that Dapplegrim made, down went the hill fifteen yards into the earth, until there was no hill left.

When the youth came down again to the king's palace, he asked the king if the princess should not at last be his. But the king answered that the

youth should have her, but first of all he must get her quite as good a horse to ride to the wedding as that which he had himself. If he was unable to do it, he was to lose his life, the king said. The youth went down to the stable again, very sad and sorrowful, and told Dapplegrim that the king had now required that he should get the princess as good a bridal horse as that which the bridegroom had. "But that will be no easy thing to do," said he, "for your equal is not to be found in all the world."

"Oh, yes, there is one to match me," said Dapplegrim. "But it will not be easy to get him, for he is underground. However, we will try. Now you must go up to the king and ask for new shoes for me, and for them we must again have ten pounds of iron, twelve pounds of steel, and two smiths. Be particular to see that the hooks are very sharp. You must also ask for twelve barrels of rye and twelve slaughtered oxen, the twelve ox hides having twelve hundred spikes set in each of them, and a barrel of tar with twelve tons of tar in it." The youth went to the king and asked for all the things that Dapplegrim had named and once more he obtained them all.

He mounted Dapplegrim and rode away from the court, and when he had ridden for a long, long time over hills and moors, Dapplegrim asked, "Do you hear anything?"

"Yes; there is such a dreadful whistling up above in the air that I am quite alarmed," said the youth.

"That is all the wild birds in the forest flying about; they are sent to stop us," said Dapplegrim. "But just cut a hole in the corn sacks and then they will be so busy with the corn that they will forget us."

The youth cut holes in the corn sacks so that barley and rye ran out on every side and all the wild birds in the forest came in such numbers that they darkened the sun. But when they caught sight of the corn, they flew down and began to scratch and pick at the corn and rye and at last they began to fight among themselves and forgot all about the youth and Dapplegrim.

And now the youth rode onward for a long, long time, over hill and dale, over rocky places and morasses, and then Dapplegrim began to listen again and asked the youth if he heard anything now.

"Yes; now I hear a dreadful crackling and crashing in the forest on every side," said the youth.

"That is all the wild beasts of the forest," said Dapplegrim; "they are sent out to stop us. But just throw out the twelve carcasses of the oxen and they will be so much occupied with them that they will quite forget us." So the youth threw out the carcasses of the oxen and all the wild beasts in the forest, both bears and wolves and lions and grim beasts of all kinds began to fight for them, and they entirely forgot Dapplegrim and the youth.

The youth rode onward again and many and many were the new scenes they saw. At last Dapplegrim neighed. "Do you hear anything now?" he said.

"Yes; I heard something like a foal neighing quite plainly a long way off," answered the youth.

They traveled a long time, until Dapplegrim neighed again. "Do you hear anything now?" said he.

"Yes; now I heard it quite distinctly and it neighed like a full-grown horse," answered the youth.

When Dapplegrim neighed for the third time, before he could ask the youth if he heard anything, there was such a neighing on the other side of the heath that the youth thought that the hills and rocks would be rent in pieces.

"Now he is here!" said Dapplegrim. "Be quick and fling over me the ox hides that have spikes in them, throw the twelve tons of tar over the field, and climb up into that great fir tree. When he comes, fire will spurt out of both nostrils, and then the tar will catch fire. If the flame ascends, I conquer, and if it sinks, I fail; but if you see that I am winning, fling the bridle, which you must take off me, over his head, and then he will become quite gentle."

Just as the youth had flung all the hides with the spikes over Dapplegrim, and the tar over the field, and had got safely up into the fir, a horse came with flame spouting from his nostrils, and the tar caught fire in a moment. Dapplegrim and the horse began to fight. They bit and they fought with their forelegs and their hind legs; but at last the flames began to rise, for wherever the strange horse bit or wherever he kicked, he hit upon the spikes in the hides and at length he had to yield. When the youth saw that, he got down from the tree and flung the bridle over the horse's head and then he became so tame that he might have been led by a thin string.

This horse was dappled too and so like Dapplegrim that no one could distinguish the one from the other. The youth seated himself on the captured horse and rode home again to the king's palace. Dapplegrim ran loose by his side. When he got there, the king was in the courtyard.

"Can you tell me which is the horse I have caught and which is the one I had before?" said the youth. "If you can't, I think your daughter is mine."

The king went and looked at both the dappled horses; he looked high and low, before and behind, but there was not a hair's difference between the two.

"No," said the king; "that I cannot tell thee, and as thou hast procured such a splendid bridal horse for my daughter, thou shalt have her; but first we must have one more trial, just to see if thou art fated to have her. She shall hide herself twice and then thou shalt hide thyself twice. If thou canst find her each time and if she cannot find thee, then it is fated, and thou shalt have the princess."

The king's daughter was to hide herself first.

She changed herself into a duck and lay swimming in a lake just outside the palace. But the youth went down into the stable and asked Dapplegrim what she had done.

"Take your gun and go down to the water and aim at the duck which is swimming about there. She will soon discover herself," said Dapplegrim.

The youth snatched up his gun and ran to the lake. "I will just have a shot at that duck," said he.

"Oh, no, dear friend, don't shoot! It is I," said the princess. So he had found her once.

The second time the princess changed herself into a loaf and laid herself on the table among three other loaves.

The youth again went to the stable to Dapplegrim.

"Take a very large bread knife, sharpen it, and pretend that you are going to cut straight through the third of the four loaves lying on the kitchen table counting from right to left. You will soon find her," said Dapplegrim.

The youth went up to the kitchen and began to sharpen the largest bread knife that he could find; then he caught hold of the third loaf on the left-hand side and put the knife to it as if he meant to cut it straight in two. "I will have a bit of this bread for myself," said he.

"No, dear friend, don't cut, it is I!" said the princess again; so he had found her the second time.

And now it was his turn to go and hide himself; but it was not easy to find him. First he turned himself into a horsefly and hid himself in Dapplegrim's left nostril. The princess went poking about and searching everywhere, high and low, and wanted to go into Dapplegrim's stall too, but he began to bite and kick about so that she was afraid to go there. "Well," said she, "as I am unable to find you, you must show yourself;" whereupon the youth immediately appeared, standing there on the stable floor.

Dapplegrim told him what he was to do the second time and he turned himself into a lump of earth, and stuck himself between the hoof and the shoe on Dapplegrim's left fore foot. Once more the king's

daughter went and sought everywhere, inside and outside, until at last she came into the stable and wanted to go into the stall beside Dapplegrim. So this time he allowed her to go into it and she peered about high and low, but she could not look under his hoofs, for he stood much too firmly on his legs for that and she could not find the youth.

"Well, you will just have to show where you are yourself, for I can't find you," said the princess and in an instant the youth was standing by her side.

"Now you are mine!" said he to the princess. "Now you can see that it is fated that she should be mine," he said to the king.

"Yes, fated it is," said the king. "So what must be, must."

Then everything was made ready for the wedding with great splendor, and the youth rode to church on Dapplegrim and the king's daughter on the other horse. So everyone must see that they could not be long on their way thither.

THE ENCHANTED CANARY*

ONCE upon a time there lived in Flanders a lord who was so fat that people called him Lord Tubby. He ate four meals a day, slept twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and the only thing he ever did was to shoot at small birds with his bow and arrow. But he shot very badly and as he grew daily fatter, he was obliged to give up walking and be dragged about in a wheel chair.

Lord Tubby had one son, named Desire, whom he loved very much and who was as thin as a cuckoo. Now though all the young ladies did their best to make the prince fall in love with them, he would have nothing to say to any of them and told his father that he did not wish to marry. Instead of chatting to them in the dusk, he wandered about in the woods, whispering to the moon. The young ladies thought him very odd, but they liked him all the better for that.

"What is the matter with you?" his father often said to him. "You have everything you can possibly wish for; a good bed, good food, and plenty of beer. The only thing you want is a wife that can bring you broad, rich lands. So marry and you will be perfectly happy."

* Charles Deulin, *Contes du Roi Gambrinus.*

"I ask nothing better than to marry," replied Desire, "but I have never seen a woman that pleases me. All the girls here are pink and white and I am tired to death of their eternal lilies and roses. There must be women somewhere in the world who are neither pink nor white. I will never marry until I have found one exactly to my taste."

Some time afterward, it happened that the prior of an Abbey near by sent to Lord Tubby a basket of oranges, with a letter saying that these golden fruit, unknown in Flanders, came from a land where the sun always shone. Tubby and his son ate the golden apples at supper and thought them delicious.

Next morning, as the day dawned, Desire went down to the stable and saddled his pretty white horse. Then he went, all dressed for a journey, to the bedside of Tubby and found him smoking his first pipe.

"Father," he said gravely, "I have come to bid you farewell. Last night I dreamed I was walking in a wood, where the trees were covered with golden apples. I gathered one of them and when I opened it, there came out a lovely princess with a golden skin. That is the wife I want and I am going to look for her."

The Lord of Avesnes was so much astonished that he let his pipe fall to the ground; then, at the notion of his son marrying a yellow woman, shut up inside an orange, he burst into fits of laughter.

As his father went on laughing and showed no signs of stopping, the young man took his hand, kissed it tenderly, opened the door, and in the twinkling of an eye was at the bottom of the staircase. He jumped lightly on his horse and was a mile from home before Tubby had ceased laughing.

Desire traveled for many weeks, passing by villages, towns, mountains, valleys, and plains, but always pushing south, where every day the sun seemed hotter and more brilliant. At last, one day at sunset, he felt the sun so warm that he thought that he must now be near the place of his dream. At the

corner of a wood stood a little hut, before the door of which his horse stopped of his own accord. An old man with a white beard was sitting on the door-step. The prince got down from his horse and asked leave to rest.

"Come in, my young friend," said the old man; "my house is not large, but it is big enough to hold a stranger."

The traveler entered and his host put before him a simple meal. When his hunger was satisfied, the old man said to him: "If I do not mistake, you come from far. May I ask where you are going?"

"I will tell you," answered Desire, "though most likely you will laugh at me. I dreamed that in the land of the sun there was a wood full of orange trees, and that in one of the oranges I should find a beautiful princess who is to be my wife. It is she whom I am seeking."

"Why should I laugh?" asked the old man. "Madness in youth is true wisdom. Go, young man, follow your dream, and if you do not find the happiness that you seek, at any rate you will have had the happiness of seeking it."

Next day the prince arose early to take leave of his host.

"The wood that you saw in your dream is on this road, not far from here," said the old man. "You will come to a vast park surrounded by high walls. In the middle of the park is a castle, where dwells a

horrible witch who allows no one being to enter. Behind the castle is the orange grove. Follow the wall till you come to a heavy iron gate. Don't try to press it open, but oil the hinges with this," giving him a small bottle, "and the gate will open of itself. A huge dog which guards the castle will come to you with his mouth wide open, but just throw him this oat cake. Next, you will see a baking woman leaning over her heated oven. Give her this brush. Lastly, you will find a well on your left; do not forget to take the cord off the bucket and spread it in the sun. Do not enter the castle, but go round and enter the orange grove, gather three oranges, and get back to the gate as fast as you can. Once out of the gate, leave the forest by the opposite side.

"Whatever happens, do not open your oranges till you reach the bank of a river, or a fountain. Out of each orange will come a princess and you can choose which you like for your wife. Be very careful never to leave your bride for an instant and remember that the danger which is most to be feared is never the danger we are most afraid of."

Desire thanked his host warmly and took the road he pointed out. In less than an hour he arrived at the wall. He sprang to the ground, fastened his horse to a tree, and soon found the iron gate. Then he took out his bottle and oiled the hinges, when the gate opened of itself, and he saw an old castle standing inside. The prince entered boldly.

Suddenly he heard fierce howls and a great dog came toward him, showing his savage teeth. Desire flung him the oat cake that the old man in the wood gave him, which the great dog instantly snapped up and the young prince passed quietly on.

A few yards farther he saw a huge oven, with a wide, red-hot gaping mouth. A woman as tall as a giant was leaning over the oven. Desire gave her the brush, which she took in silence.

Then he went on to the well, drew up the cord, which was half-rotten, and stretched it out in the sun.

Lastly he went round the castle and plunged into the orange grove. There he gathered the three most beautiful oranges he could find and turned to go back to the gate.

But just at this moment the sun was darkened, the earth trembled, and Desire heard a voice crying, "Baker, baker, take him by his feet, and throw him into the oven!"

"No," replied the baker; "a long time has passed since I first began to scour this oven. You never gave me a brush; but he has given me one and he shall go in peace."

"Rope, oh, rope!" cried the voice again, "twine yourself round his neck and strangle him."

"No," replied the rope; "you have left me for many years past to fall to pieces with the damp. He has stretched me out in the sun. Let him go in peace."

"Dog, my good dog," cried the voice, more and more angry, "jump at his throat and eat him up."

"No," replied the dog; "though I have served you long, you never gave me any bread. He has given me as much as I want. Let him go in peace."

"Iron gate, iron gate," cried the voice, growling like thunder, "fall on him and grind him to powder."

"No," replied the gate; "it is a hundred years since you left me to rust and he has oiled me. Let him go in peace."

Once outside, the young adventurer put his oranges into a bag that hung from his saddle, mounted his horse, and rode quickly out of the forest.

He was anxious to come to a river or a fountain, but, though he rode for hours, no water was to be seen. About midday he reached a sandy plain, scorching in the sun. Here he was seized with dreadful thirst. He rode on, struggling with his sufferings, but at last he could bear it no longer. He let himself slide to the earth and lay down beside his horse, his throat burning, his chest heaving, and his head going round. Already he felt that death was near him, when his eyes fell on the bag where the oranges peeped out.

Poor Desire, who had braved so many dangers to win the lady of his dreams, would have given at this moment all the princesses in the world for a single drop of water.

"Ah!" he said to himself. "If only these oranges were real fruit—fruit as refreshing as what I ate in Flanders! And, after all, who knows?"

So he put his hand into his bag, drew out an orange, and opened it with his knife.

Out flew the prettiest little canary that ever was seen.

"Give me something to drink; I am dying of thirst," said the golden bird.

"Wait a minute," replied Desire, much astonished; and to satisfy the bird he took a second orange

and opened it. Out of it flew another canary and she too began to cry, "I am dying of thirst; give me something to drink."

Then Tubby's son saw his folly, and while the two canaries flew away, he sank on the ground, where, exhausted by his last effort, he lay unconscious.

When he came to himself, he had a pleasant feeling of freshness all about him. It was night, the sky was sparkling with stars, and the earth was covered with a heavy dew.

He mounted his horse and at the first streak of dawn he saw a stream dancing in front of him, where he stooped down and drank his full.

He hardly had courage to open his last orange. Suppose, even though he opened it on the banks of the stream, that he did not find in it the princess that he sought?

But he took his knife and cut it open. Alas! out of it flew a little canary, just like the others, who cried:

"I am thirsty; give me something to drink."

Great was the disappointment of Desire. However, he was determined not to let this bird fly away; so he took up some water in the palm of his hand and held it to its beak.

Scarcely had the canary drank when she became a beautiful girl, tall and straight as a poplar tree, with black eyes and a golden skin. Desire had never seen anyone half so lovely and he stood gazing at

her in delight. She seemed quite bewildered, but she looked about her with happy eyes and was not at all afraid of her deliverer.

He asked her name. She answered that she was called the Princess Zizi; she was about sixteen years old, and for ten years of that time the witch had kept her shut up in an orange, in the shape of a canary.

"Well, then, my charming Zizi," said the prince, "let us ride away quickly and escape from the wicked witch."

But Zizi wished to know where he wanted to take her.

"To my father's castle," he said.

He mounted his horse and took her in front of him, and they began their journey.

Everything the princess saw was new to her. In passing through the mountains, valleys, and towns she asked a thousand questions. Desire was charmed to answer. Once she inquired what the girls in his country were like.

"They are pink and white," he replied, "and their eyes are blue."

"No doubt," said the princess, "one of them is your intended bride?"

"No," he said. "None of the girls of my country are beautiful in my eyes and so I came to look for a wife in the land of the sun. Was I wrong, my lovely Zizi?"

Talking in this way they drew near the castle. When they were near the gates, they dismounted in the forest, by the edge of a fountain.

"My dear Zizi," said Tubby's son, "we cannot present ourselves before my father like two common people who have come back from a walk. We must enter the castle with more ceremony. Wait for me here and in an hour I will return with carriages and horses fit for a princess."

"Don't be long," replied Zizi. She watched him go with wistful eyes, and when she was left by herself, the poor girl began to feel afraid. She was alone for the first time in her life and in the middle of a thick forest.

Suddenly she heard a noise among the trees. Fearing lest it should be a wolf, she hid herself in the hollow trunk of a willow tree which hung over the fountain. It was big enough to hold her altogether, but she peeped out and her pretty head was reflected in the clear water.

Now there lived not far from the fountain a family of bricklayers. Fifteen years before this time, the father, in walking through the forest, found a little girl, who had been deserted by the gypsies. He carried her home to his wife and the good woman was sorry for her and brought her up with her own sons. As she grew older, the little gypsy became much more remarkable for strength and cunning than for sense or beauty. She had a low forehead, a flat nose,

thick lips, coarse hair, and a skin the color of clay. She was called Titty.

Titty was often sent by the bricklayer to fetch water from the fountain and it was she who had

frightened Zizi by appearing with her pitcher on her shoulder. Just as she was stooping to fill it, she saw reflected in the water the lovely image of the princess.

"What a pretty face!" she exclaimed. "Why, it must be mine! How in the world can they call me

ugly? I am certainly much too pretty to be their water carrier!"

So saying, she broke her pitcher and went home.

"Where is your pitcher?" asked the bricklayer.

"Well, what do you expect? The pitcher may go many times to the well——"

"But at last it is broken. Well, here is a bucket that will not break."

The gypsy returned to the fountain and addressing once more the image of Zizi, she said:

"No; I don't mean to be a beast of burden any longer."

And she flung the bucket so high in the air that it stuck in the branches of an oak.

"I met a wolf," she told the bricklayer, "and I broke the bucket across his nose."

The bricklayer asked her no more questions, but took down a broom and gave her a beating. Then he handed her an old copper milk can, and said:

"If you don't bring it back full, your bones shall suffer for it."

This time Titty did not dare to disobey, and in a very bad temper stooped down over the well. It was not at all easy to fill the milk can, which was large and round. At last her arms grew so tired that when she did manage to get the can properly under the water, she had no strength to pull it up and it rolled to the bottom.

On seeing the can disappear, she made such a miserable face that Zizi, who had been watching her all this time, burst into fits of laughter. Titty turned round and perceived the mistake she had made; and she felt so angry that she made up her mind to be revenged at once.

"What are you doing there, you lovely creature?" she said to Zizi.

"I am waiting for my lover," Zizi replied; and went on to tell her story.

The gypsy had often seen the young prince pass by. She was too ugly and ragged for him ever to have noticed her, but Titty on her side had admired him.

"Dear, dear!" she said to herself. "So he likes yellow women! Why, I am yellow too, and if I could only think of a way——"

It was not long before she did think of it.

"What!" cried the sly Titty, "you are not afraid to show yourself to so many fine lords and ladies with your hair down like that? Get down at once, my poor child, and let me dress your hair for you!"

The innocent Zizi came down at once and stood by Titty. The gypsy began to comb her long brown locks, when suddenly she drew a pin from her dress and dug it into the head of Zizi, who, as soon as she felt the prick of the pin, became a bird again and, spreading her wings, flew away.

"That was neatly done," said the gypsy. "The prince will be clever if he finds his bride." Arranging

her dress, she seated herself on the grass to await Desire.

Meanwhile the prince was coming as fast as his horse could carry him. He was so impatient that he was fifty yards in front of the lords and ladies. But at the sight of the hideous gypsy, he was struck dumb with surprise and horror.

"Ah, me!" said Titty, "so you don't know your poor Zizi? While you were away, the wicked witch came and turned me into this. But if you only have the courage to marry me, I shall get back my beauty." And she began to cry bitterly.

Now Desire was as soft-hearted as he was brave. "Poor girl," he thought. "It is not her fault that she has grown so ugly; it is mine. Oh! why did I not follow the old man's advice? Why did I leave her alone? Besides, it depends on me to break the spell and I love her too much to let her remain like this."

So he presented the gypsy to the lords and ladies of the court, explaining to them the terrible misfortune which had befallen his beautiful bride. They all pretended to believe it and the ladies at once put on the false princess the rich dress they had brought for Zizi. She was mounted on a magnificent steed and they set forth to the castle.

But unluckily the rich dress and jewels only made Titty look uglier and Desire could not help feeling uncomfortable when he made his entry with her into the city.

Bells were pealing and chimes ringing. The people filling the streets and standing at their doors to watch the procession go by could hardly believe their eyes as they saw what a strange bride their prince had chosen.

In order to do her more honor, Tubby came to meet her at the foot of the great marble staircase. At the sight of the hideous creature he almost fell backward.

"What!" he cried. "Is this the wonderful beauty?"

"Yes, father, it is she," replied Desire with a sheepish look. "But she has been bewitched by a wicked sorceress and will not regain her beauty until she is my wife."

"Does she say so? Well, if you believe that, you may drink cold water and think it bacon," the un-

happy Tubby answered crossly. But all the same, as he adored his son, he gave the gypsy his hand and led her to the great hall, where the bridal feast was spread.

The feast was excellent, but Desire hardly touched anything. However, to make up, the other guests ate heartily, and as for Tubby, nothing ever took away his appetite.

When the moment arrived to serve the roast goose, there was a delay and Tubby sent his head carver to find out what was the matter in the kitchen. He learned that while the goose was turning on the spit, a beautiful little canary hopped on to the sill of the open window.

"Good morning, my fine cook," she said in a silvery voice to the man who was watching the roast.

"Good morning, lovely golden bird," replied the chief of the scullions,* who had been well brought up.

"I pray that Heaven may send you to sleep," said the golden bird, "and that the goose may burn."

And instantly the chief of the scullions fell fast asleep and the goose was burned to a cinder.

When he awoke, he was horrified, and gave orders to pluck another goose, to stuff it with chestnuts, and put it on the spit. While it was browning at the fire, Tubby inquired for his goose a second time. The master cook himself mounted to the hall to make his excuses and to beg his lord to have a little patience.

* A scullion is a helper in a kitchen.

While the master cook was upstairs, the golden bird came again to perch on the window sill, and called in her clear voice to the head scullion, who was watching the spit:

"Good morning, my fine scullion!"

"Good morning, lovely golden bird," replied the scullion, whom the master cook had forgotten to warn.

"I pray Heaven," went on the canary, "that it will send you to sleep and that the goose may burn."

The scullion fell fast asleep, and when the master cook came back, he found the goose as black as the chimney.

"That accursed bird," said the cook; "it will end by getting me sent away. Come, some of you,

and hide yourselves, and if it comes again, catch it and wring its neck."

He spitted a third goose, lit a huge fire, and seated himself by it. The bird appeared a third time, and said, "Good morning, my fine cook."

"Good morning, lovely golden bird," replied the cook, as if nothing had happened. The canary was beginning, "I pray Heaven that it may send," when a scullion rushed out and shut the shutters. The bird flew into the kitchen. Then all the cooks and scullions sprang after it and one of them caught it just at the moment that Tubby entered the kitchen, waving his scepter. He had come to see for himself why the goose had never made its appearance.

"Will someone be kind enough to tell me the meaning of all this?" cried Lord Tubby.

"Your excellency, it is the bird," replied the scullion and he placed it in his hand.

"Nonsense! What a lovely bird!" said Tubby, and in stroking its head he touched a pin that was sticking between its feathers. He pulled it out and lo! the canary at once became a beautiful girl with a golden skin who jumped lightly to the ground.

"Gracious! what a pretty girl!" said Tubby.

"Father! it is she! it is Zizi!" exclaimed Desire, who entered at this moment.

And he took her in his arms, crying, "My darling Zizi, how happy I am to see you once more!"

"Well, and the other one?" asked Tubby.

The other one was stealing quietly to the door.

"Stop her!" called Tubby. "We will judge her cause at once."

And he seated himself solemnly on the oven and condemned Titty to be imprisoned for life. After which the lords and cooks formed themselves in lines and Tubby betrothed Desire to Zizi.

The marriage took place a few days later. All the boys in the countryside were there, armed with wooden swords and decorated with epaulets made of gilt paper.

Zizi obtained Titty's pardon and she was sent back to the brick fields, followed and hooted at by all the boys.

On the evening of the wedding day all the larders, cellars, cupboards, and tables of the people, whether rich or poor, were loaded as if by enchantment with bread, wine, beer, cakes and tarts, roast larks, and even geese.

Since that time there has always been plenty to eat in that country and since that time, too, you see in the midst of the fair-haired, blue-eyed women of Flanders a few beautiful girls, whose eyes are black and whose skins are the color of gold. They are the descendants of Zizi.

THE TWELVE BROTHERS*

THERE were once upon a time a king and a queen who had twelve children, all of whom were boys. One day the king said to his wife, "If our thirteenth child is a girl, all her twelve brothers must die, so that she may be very rich and the kingdom hers alone."

Then he ordered twelve coffins to be made and filled them with shavings and placed a little pillow in each. These he put away in an empty room and gave the key to his wife.

The queen grieved over the sad fate of her sons and refused to be comforted, so much so that the youngest boy, who was always with her, and whom she had christened Benjamin, said to her one day, "Dear mother, why are you so sad?"

"My child," she answered, "I may not tell you the reason."

But he left her no peace, till she went and unlocked the room and showed him the twelve coffins filled with shavings and with the little pillow laid in each. "My dearest Benjamin," she said, "your father has had these coffins made for you and your eleven brothers, because if I bring a girl into the world, you are all to be killed and buried in them."

* Grimm.

She wept bitterly as she spoke, but her son comforted her.

"Don't cry, dear mother," he said; "we'll manage to escape somehow and will fly for our lives."

"Yes," replied his mother, "that is what you must do. Go with your eleven brothers out into the wood and let one of you always sit on the highest tree you can find, keeping watch on the tower of the castle. If I give birth to a little son, I will wave a white flag and then you may safely return; but if I give birth to a little daughter, I will wave a red flag, which will warn you to fly away as quickly as you can and may the kind Heaven have pity on you. Every night I will get up and pray for you, in winter that you may always have a fire to warm yourselves by and in summer that you may not languish in the heat."

Then she blessed her sons and they set out into the wood. They found a very high oak tree and there they sat, turn about, keeping their eyes always fixed on the castle tower. On the twelfth day when the turn came to Benjamin, he noticed a red flag waving in the air, which told them they must all die. The brothers were very angry and said: "Shall we suffer death for the sake of a wretched girl? Let us swear vengeance and vow that wherever and whenever we shall meet one of her sex, she shall die at our hands."

Then they went their way deeper into the wood and in the middle of it, where it was thickest and darkest, they came upon a little enchanted house which stood empty.

"Here," they said, "let us take up our abode. You, Benjamin, who are the youngest and weakest,

shall stay at home and keep house for us; we others will go out and fetch food." So they went forth into the wood and shot hares and roe deer, birds, and wood pigeons, and any other game they came across. They always brought their spoils home to Benjamin, who soon learned to make them into

dainty dishes. So they lived for ten years in this little house and the time slipped merrily away.

In the meantime their little sister at home was growing up quickly. She was kind hearted and of a fair countenance and she had a gold star right in the middle of her forehead. One day a big washing was going on at the palace and the girl, looking down from her window, saw twelve men's shirts hanging up to dry, and asked her mother:

"Who in the world do these shirts belong to? Surely they are far too small for my father?"

And the queen answered sadly, "Dear child, they belong to your twelve brothers."

"But where are my twelve brothers?" said the girl. "I have never even heard of them."

"Heaven alone knows in what part of the wide world they are wandering," replied her mother. Then she took the girl and opened the locked-up room; she showed her the twelve coffins and told her all that had happened.

"Do not cry, dearest mother," said the girl; "I will go forth and seek my brothers till I find them."

So she took the twelve shirts and went on straight into the middle of the big wood. She walked all day and came in the evening to the little enchanted house, where she found a youth who, marveling at her beauty, at the royal robes she wore, and at the golden star on her forehead, asked her where she came from and whither she was going.

"I am a princess," she answered, "and am seeking for my twelve brothers. I mean to wander as far as the blue sky stretches over the earth till I find them."

The youth saw that it must be his sister and said:

"I am Benjamin, your youngest brother."

So they wept for joy and kissed and hugged each other again and again. After a time Benjamin said:

"Dear sister, there is a little difficulty, for we had all agreed that any girl we met should die, because it was for the sake of a girl that we had to leave our kingdom."

"But," she said, "I will gladly die if by that means I can restore my twelve brothers to their own."

"No," he answered, "there is no need for that; only go and hide under that tub till our eleven brothers come in and I'll soon make matters right with them."

She did as she was bid and soon the others came home from the chase and sat down to supper.

"Well, Benjamin, what's the news?" they asked.

"You've been out in the wood all the day," he said, "and I've stayed quietly at home and all the same I know more than you do."

"Then tell us," they cried.

But he answered, "Only on condition that you promise faithfully that the first girl we meet shall not be killed."

"She shall be spared," they promised, "only tell us the news."

Then Benjamin said, "Our sister is here!" He lifted the tub and the princess stepped forward, with her royal robes and the golden star on her forehead,

looking so charming that they all fell in love with her on the spot.

They arranged that she should stay at home with Benjamin and help him in the housework, while the rest of the brothers went out into the wood and shot hares and roe deer, birds, and wood pigeons. She

gathered herbs to cook the vegetables in, fetched wood, and watched the pots on the fire. Besides this, she kept the house in order, tidied all the rooms, and made herself so generally useful that her brothers were delighted and they all lived happily together.

Now there was a little garden round the enchanted house, in which grew twelve tall lilies. One day, as they all sat at supper, the girl, wishing to please her brothers, plucked the twelve flowers, meaning to present one to each of them. But hardly had she plucked the flowers when her brothers were turned into twelve ravens, who flew croaking over the wood. The house and garden vanished also and the poor girl found herself left all alone in the wood. As she looked around, she noticed an old woman standing close beside her, who said:

"My child, what have you done? Why didn't you let the flowers alone? Now your brothers are changed forever into ravens."

The girl asked, sobbing, "Is there no means of setting them free?"

"There is only one way in the whole world," said the old woman, "and that is too difficult. You would have to be dumb and not laugh for seven years. If you spoke a word, though but an hour before the time, your silence would have been in vain, and that word would slay your brothers."

The girl said to herself, "If that is all, I am quite sure I can free my brothers." So she searched for a

high tree and when she found one, she climbed up it and spun all day long, never laughing nor speaking one word.

Now it happened one day that a king who was hunting in the wood looked up and beheld the beautiful princess with the golden star on her forehead. He was so enchanted by her beauty that he asked her on the spot to be his wife. She gave no answer, but nodded slightly with her head. Then he climbed up the tree himself, lifted her down, put her on his horse, and bore her home to his palace.

The marriage was celebrated with much pomp and ceremony, but the bride neither spoke nor laughed.

When they had lived a few years happily together, the king's mother, who was a wicked old woman, began to slander the young queen, and said to the king: "She is only a low-born beggar maid; who knows what mischief she is up to? If she can't speak, she might at least laugh; depend upon it, those who don't laugh have a bad conscience."

At first the king paid no heed, but the old woman accused the young queen of so many bad things that at last he was persuaded and condemned his beautiful wife to death.

A great fire was lit in the courtyard of the palace, where she was to be burned. The king watched from an upper window, crying bitterly the while, for he still loved his wife dearly. But just as she had

been bound to the stake, and the flames were licking her garments with their red tongues, the very last moment of the seven years had come. A sudden

rushing sound was heard in the air and twelve ravens were seen flying overhead. They swooped downward, and as soon as they touched the ground, they turned into her twelve brothers.

They put out the fire and, unbinding their dear sister, they kissed and hugged her again and again. And now that she was able to open her mouth and speak, she told the king why she had been dumb and not able to laugh.

The king rejoiced greatly when he heard she was innocent and they all lived happily ever afterward.

RAPUNZEL*

ONCE upon a time there lived a man and his wife who were very unhappy because they had no children. These good people had a little window at the back of their house, which looked into a lovely garden, full of beautiful flowers and vegetables. The garden was surrounded by a high wall and no one dared to enter it, for it belonged to a witch of great power, who was feared by the whole world. One day the woman stood at the window overlooking the garden and saw there a bed full of the finest rampion†; the leaves looked so fresh and green that she longed to eat them. The desire grew and just because she knew she couldn't get any, she pined away and became quite pale and wretched. Her husband grew alarmed and said:

"What ails you, dear wife?"

"Oh," she answered, "if I don't get some rampion to eat out of the garden behind the house, I know I shall die."

The man, who loved her dearly, thought to himself, "Come! rather than let your wife die you shall fetch her some rampion, no matter what the cost." At dusk he climbed over the wall into the witch's

* Grimm.

† Rampion is a plant whose roots are used for salad.

garden and, hastily gathering a handful of rampion leaves, he returned with them to his wife. She made them into a salad, which tasted so good that her longing for the forbidden food was greater than ever. Her husband must climb over the garden wall again and bring her some more. So at dusk over he got, but when he reached the other side, he drew back in terror, for there, standing before him, was the old witch.

"How dare you," she said, with a wrathful glance, "climb into my garden and steal my rampion like a common thief? You shall suffer for your foolhardiness."

"Oh!" he implored, "pardon my boldness; necessity alone drove me to the deed. My wife saw your rampion from her window and felt such a desire for it that she would have died if her wish had not been gratified." The witch's anger was a little appeased and she said:

"You may take as much rampion away with you as you like, but on one condition only—that you give me the child your wife will shortly bring into the world. All shall go well with it and I will look after it as a mother."

The man in his terror agreed to everything she asked and as soon as the child was born, the witch appeared, and having given it the name of Rapunzel, which is the same as rampion, she carried it off with her.

Rapunzel was the most beautiful child under the sun. When she was twelve years old, the witch shut her up in a tower, in the middle of a great wood, and the tower had neither stairs nor doors, only high up at the very top a small window. When the old witch wanted to get in, she stood underneath and called out:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your golden hair,"

for Rapunzel had wonderful long hair, and it was as fine as spun gold. Whenever she heard the witch's voice, she unloosed her plaits, and let her hair fall down out of the window about twenty yards below, and the old witch climbed up.

After they had lived like this for a few years, it happened one day that a prince was riding through the wood and passed by the tower. As he drew near it, he heard someone singing so sweetly that he stood spell-bound and listened. The prince longed to see the owner of the voice, but he sought in vain for a door in the tower. He rode home, but, haunted by the song he had heard, returned every day to the wood. One day, when he was standing behind a tree, he saw the old witch approach and heard her call out:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your golden hair."

Rapunzel let down her plaits and the witch climbed up.

"So that's the staircase, is it?" said the prince. "Then I too will climb it and try my luck."

On the following day, at dusk, he went to the foot of the tower and cried:

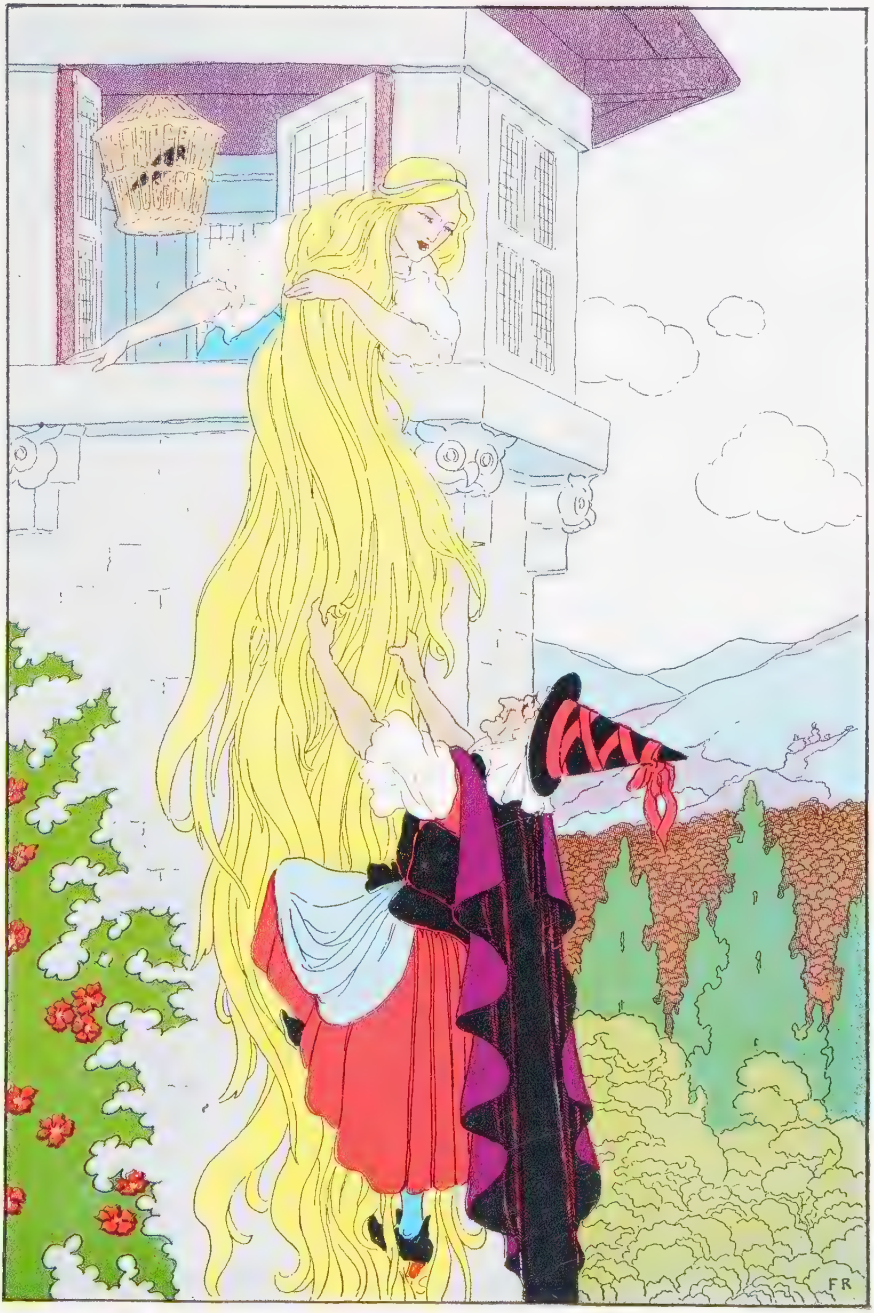
"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your golden hair,"

and as soon as she had let it down, the prince climbed up.

At first Rapunzel was terribly frightened when a man came in, for she had never seen one before; but the prince spoke to her so kindly that she forgot her fear and when he asked her to marry him, she consented at once. "For," she thought, "he is young and handsome and I'll certainly be happier with him than with the old witch." So she put her hand in his and said:

"Yes, I will gladly go with you, only how am I to get down out of the tower? Every time you come to see me you must bring a skein of silk with you and I will make a ladder of them, and when it is finished, I will climb down by it and you will take me away on your horse."

They arranged that, till the ladder was ready, he was to come to her every evening, because the old woman was with her during the day. The old witch, of course, knew nothing of what was going on, till one day Rapunzel, not thinking of what she was about, turned to the witch and said:



Rapunzel let down her plaits and the witch climbed up

"How is it, good mother, that you are so much harder to pull up than the young prince?"

"Oh! you wicked child," cried the witch. "What is this I hear? I thought I had hidden you safely from the whole world and in spite of it you have managed to deceive me."

In her wrath she seized Rapunzel's beautiful hair, and grasping a pair of scissors cut it off. And, worse than this, she took Rapunzel to a lonely desert place and there left her to live in loneliness and misery.

But on the evening of the day in which she had driven poor Rapunzel away, the witch fastened the plaits on to a hook in the window, and when the prince came and called:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
Let down your golden hair,"

she let them down, and the prince climbed up as usual. Instead of his beloved Rapunzel he found the old witch who fixed her glittering eyes on him, and cried mockingly:

"Ah, ah! you thought to find your lady-love, but the pretty bird has flown. Rapunzel is lost to you forever—you will never see her more."

The prince was beside himself with grief and in his despair he jumped right down from the tower, and the thorns among which he fell pierced his eyes out. Then he wandered, blind and miserable,

through the wood, eating nothing but roots and berries and lamenting the loss of his lovely bride. So he wandered about until at last he came to the desert place where Rapunzel was. Of a sudden he heard a voice which seemed strangely familiar to him. He walked eagerly in the direction of the sound and when he was quite close, Rapunzel recognized him and fell on his neck and wept. But two of her tears touched his eyes and in a moment they became quite clear again, and he saw as well as he had ever done. Then he led her to his kingdom, where they were received and welcomed with great joy and they lived happily ever after.

THE NETTLE SPINNER*

ONCE upon a time there lived a great lord whom the country people called Burchard the Wolf, because he had such a wicked, cruel heart. His wife, on the other hand, was always tender and pitiful to the poor and miserable. Every time that she heard of any misdeed of her husband's she secretly went to repair the evil, which caused her name to be blessed throughout the whole country side. This countess was adored as much as the count was hated.

One day when the count was out hunting, he passed through a forest and at the door of a cottage he saw a beautiful girl spinning hemp.

"What is your name?" he asked her.

"Renelde, my lord."

"You must get tired of staying in such a lonely place."

"I am accustomed to it, my lord."

"That may be so; but come to the castle and I will make you lady's maid to the countess."

"I cannot do that, my lord. I have to look after my grandmother, who is very helpless."

"Come to the castle, I tell you. I shall expect you this evening," and he went on his way.

* Ch. Deulin.

But the beautiful Renelde, who was betrothed to a young woodcutter called Guilbert, had no intention of obeying the count, and she had, besides, to take care of her helpless, old grandmother.

Three days later the count again passed by.

"Why didn't you come?" he asked the pretty spinner.

"I told you, my lord, that I have to look after my grandmother."

"Come tomorrow, and I will make you lady-in-waiting to the countess," and he went on his way.

This offer produced no more effect than the other and Renelde did not go to the castle.

"If you will only come," said the count when next he rode by, "I will send away the countess and will marry you."

But two years before, when Renelde's mother was dying of a long illness, the countess had given help when they sorely needed it. Even if the count had really wished to marry Renelde, she would always have refused.

Some weeks passed before Burchard appeared again. Renelde hoped that she had got rid of him, when one day he stopped at the door, his gun under his arm and his game bag on his shoulder. This time Renelde was spinning flax.

"What are you spinning?" he asked in a rough voice.

"My wedding shift,* my lord."

"You are going to be married, then?"

"Yes, my lord, by your leave."

For at that time no peasant could marry without the leave of his master.

"I will give you leave on one condition. Do you see those tall nettles that grow in the churchyard?

* A shift is an undergarment; a chemise.

Go gather them and spin them into two fine shifts. One shall be your bridal shift and the other shall be my shroud. For you shall be married the day that I am laid in my grave." And the count turned away with a mocking laugh.

Renelde trembled. Never had such a thing been heard of as the spinning of nettles. And besides, the count seemed made of iron and was very proud of his strength, often boasting that he should live to be a hundred.

Every evening, when his work was done, Guilbert came to visit his future bride. This evening he came as usual and Renelde told him what Burchard had said.

"Would you like me to watch for the Wolf and split his skull with a blow from my ax?"

"No," replied Renelde, "there must be no blood on my bridal bouquet. And then we must not hurt the count. Remember how good the countess was to my mother."

An old, old woman now spoke: she was the mother of Renelde's grandmother and was more than ninety years old. All day long she sat in her chair never saying a word.

"My children," she said, "all the years that I have lived in the world, I have never heard of a shift spun from nettles. But what God commands, man can do. Why should not Renelde try it?"

Renelde did try, and to her great surprise the nettles when crushed and prepared gave a good

thread, soft and firm. Very soon she had spun the first shift, which was for her own wedding. She wove and cut it out at once. Just as she had finished sewing it, Burchard the Wolf passed by.

"Well," said he, "how are the shifts getting on?"

"Here, my lord, is my wedding garment," answered Renelde, showing him the shift, which was the finest and whitest ever seen.

The count grew pale, but he replied roughly: "Very good. Now begin the other."

The spinner set to work. As the count returned to the castle, a cold shiver passed over him and he felt, as the saying is, that someone was walking over his grave. He tried to eat his supper, but could not; he went to bed shaking with fever. But he did not sleep and in the morning could not manage to rise.

This sudden illness, which every instant became worse, made him very uneasy. He sent word at once to Renelde to stop her wheel.

Renelde obeyed and that evening Guilbert asked her:

"Has the count given his consent to our marriage?"

"No," said Renelde.

"Continue your work, sweetheart. It is the only way of gaining it. You know that he told you so himself."

The following morning, as soon as she had put the house in order, the girl sat down to spin. Two

hours after there arrived some soldiers, and when they saw her spinning, they seized her, tied her arms and legs, and carried her to the bank of the river, which was swollen by the late rains. They flung her in and watched her sink, after which they left her. But Renelde rose to the surface, and though she could not swim, she struggled to land.

Directly she got home she sat down and began to spin.

Again came the two soldiers to the cottage and seized the girl, carried her to the river bank, tied a stone to her neck, and flung her into the water.

But the moment their backs were turned, the stone untied itself. Renelde waded the ford, returned to the hut, and sat down to spin.

This time the count resolved to go to the cottage himself; but, as he was very weak and unable to walk, he had himself borne in a litter. When he saw Renelde spinning, he fired a shot at her, as he would have fired at a wild beast. The bullet rebounded without harming the spinner, who still spun on. Burchard fell into a violent rage, broke the wheel into a thousand pieces, and then fell fainting on the ground. He was carried back to the castle, unconscious.

The next day the wheel was mended and the spinner sat down to spin. Feeling that he was dying, the count ordered that her hands should be tied and that they should not lose sight of her one in-

stant. But the guards fell asleep, the bonds loosed themselves, and the spinner spun on.

Burchard had every nettle rooted up for three leagues round. Scarcely had they been torn from the soil when they sowed themselves afresh and grew as you were looking at them. They sprang up

even in the well-trodden floor of the cottage and as fast as they were uprooted, the distaff gathered to itself a supply of nettles.

And every day Burchard grew worse and watched his end approaching.

Moved by pity for her husband, the countess at last found out the cause of his illness and entreated

him to give his consent to the marriage. As he still refused, the lady resolved to go without his knowledge to pray for mercy from the spinner. In the name of Renelde's dead mother, she besought her to spin no more. Renelde gave her promise. When Guilbert arrived at the cottage, he asked why the cloth was no further advanced than the evening before. Renelde confessed that the countess had prayed her not to let her husband die.

"Will he consent to our marriage?"

"No."

"Let him die, then."

"But what will the countess say?"

"The countess will understand that it is not your fault; the count alone is guilty of his own death."

"Let us wait a little. Perhaps his heart may be softened."

They waited for one month, for two, for six, for a year. The spinner spun no more. The count had ceased to persecute her, but he still refused his consent to the marriage. Guilbert became impatient.

"Let us have done with it," said he.

"Wait a little still," pleaded Renelde.

But the young man grew weary. He came more rarely to the cottage and very soon he did not come at all. Renelde felt as if her heart would break, but she held firm.

One day she met the count. She clasped her hands as if in prayer, and cried, "My lord, have mercy!"

Burchard the Wolf turned away his head and passed on.

Not long after this she learned that Guilbert had left the country. He did not even come to say good-by to her, but, all the same, she knew the day and hour of his departure and hid herself on the road to see him once more.

When she came in, she put her silent wheel into a corner and cried for three days and three nights.

Another year went by. Then the count fell ill and the countess supposed that Renelde, weary of waiting, had begun her spinning anew; but when she came to the cottage to see, she found the wheel silent.

However, the count grew worse and worse till he was given up by the doctors. The passing bell was rung and he lay expecting death to come for him. But death was not so near as the doctors thought and still he lingered, neither better nor worse. He could neither live nor die; he suffered horribly and called on death to put an end to his pains.

Then he remembered what he had told the little spinner long ago. If death was so slow in coming, it was because he had no shroud for his burial.

He sent to fetch Renelde, placed her by his bedside, and ordered her at once to go on spinning his

shroud. Hardly had the spinner begun to work, when the count began to feel his pains grow less.

At last his heart melted; he was sorry for all the evil he had done out of pride and implored Renelde to forgive him. So Renelde forgave him and went on spinning night and day.

When the thread of the nettles was spun, she wove it with her shuttle and then she cut the shroud and began to sew it. And as before, when she sewed, the count felt his pains grow less and the life sinking within him, and when the needle made the last stitch, he gave his last sigh.

At the same hour Guilbert returned to the country, and, as he had never ceased to love Renelde, he married her eight days later. He had lost two years of happiness, but comforted himself with thinking that his wife was a clever spinner, and what was much more rare, a brave and good woman.

FARMER WEATHERBEARD*

THERE were once upon a time a man and a woman who had an only son, Jack. The woman thought that it was his duty to go out to service and she said to her husband:

"You must get him such a good place that he will become master of all masters."

Well, they went to a great many masters, but all said that they could make the lad as good as they were themselves, but no better. When the man came home, the old woman still said, however, "You are to have him made a master over all masters." Then the man and his son had to set out again.

When they had walked some distance, they got upon the ice and there they met a man in a carriage who was driving a black horse.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I have to go to get my son apprenticed to a trade, and my old woman comes of such well-to-do folk that she insists on his being taught to be master of all masters," said the man.

"We are not ill met, then," said the man, "for I can do that and I am just looking out for such an apprentice. Get up behind with you," he said to

* From P. C. Asbjornsen.

the boy and off the horse went with him straight up into the air.

"No, no, wait a little!" screamed the father of the boy. "I ought to know what your name is and where you live."

"Oh, I am at home both in the north and the south and the east and the west and I am called Farmer

Weatherbeard," said the master. "You may come here again in a year's time and then I will tell you if the lad suits me." And then they set off again and were gone.

When the man got home, the old woman inquired what had become of her son.

"Ah! Heaven only knows!" said the man. "They went up aloft." And then he told her what had happened.

But when the woman found that the man did not know where their son had gone, she packed him off again to find out. When he had walked for some time, he came to a great wood. It stretched before him all day and when night began to fall, he saw a light and went toward it. After a long time he

came to a small hut at the foot of a rock, outside which an old woman was standing drawing water up from a well.

"Good evening, mother," said the man.

"Good evening to you too," said the old woman. "No one has called me mother this hundred years."

"May I lodge here tonight?" said the man.

"No," said the old woman. But the man took out his pipe, lighted it, and gave her a whiff. Then she was so delighted that she began to dance and thus the man got leave to stay the night there. It was not long before he asked about Farmer Weatherbeard.

She said that she knew nothing about him, but that she ruled over all the four-footed beasts and some of them might know him. So she gathered them all together by blowing a whistle, but not one of them knew anything about the farmer.

"Well," said the old woman, "there are three of us sisters; maybe one of the other two knows where he is. You shall have the loan of my horse and carriage and then you will get to her house by night."

The man set out and got there at night. This old woman also was standing drawing water out of the well.

"Good evening, mother," said the man.

"Good evening to you," said the old woman. "No one has ever called me mother this hundred years."

"May I lodge here tonight?" said the man.

"No," said the old woman.

Then he took out his pipe, took a whiff, and gave the old woman some snuff on the back of her hand. Then she was so delighted that she began to dance and the man got leave to stay all night. It was not

long before he began to ask about Farmer Weatherbeard.

She knew nothing about him, but she ruled over all the fishes, she said, and perhaps some of them might know something. So she gathered them all together by blowing a whistle, but not one of them knew anything about Farmer Weatherbeard.

"Well," said the old woman, "I have another sister; she may know something about him. You shall have my horse and carriage and then you will get there by nightfall."

So the man set off and he got there by nightfall. The old woman was standing raking the fire.

"Good evening, mother," said the man.

"Good evening to you," said the old woman. "No one has called me mother this hundred years."

"May I lodge here tonight?" said the man.

"No," said the old woman. But the man pulled out his pipe again and gave the old woman three whiffs. Then she was so delighted that she began to dance and the man got leave to stay in her house. It was not long before he asked about Farmer Weatherbeard. She knew nothing at all about him, she said, but she governed all the birds; and she gathered them together. The eagle came late and said that it had just come from Farmer Weatherbeard's. Then the old woman said that it was to guide the man to him. Next day, when the eagle had had plenty of food and rest, the old woman plucked a feather out

of its tail and set the man in the feather's place. The bird flew away with him and they reached Farmer Weatherbeard's at midnight.

When they got there, the eagle said: "There are a great many dead bodies lying outside the door, but you must not concern yourself about them. The people who are inside the house are all so sound asleep that it will not be easy to awake them. You must go straight to the table drawer and take out three bits of bread, and if you hear anyone snoring, pluck three feathers from his head; he will not waken for that."

The man did this; when he had got the bits of bread, he first plucked out one feather.

"Oof!" screamed Farmer Weatherbeard.

The man plucked out another and Farmer Weatherbeard shrieked, "Oof!" again; but when the man had plucked the third, Farmer Weatherbeard screamed so that the man thought that brick and mortar would be rent in twain, but for all that he went on sleeping. And now the eagle told the man what he was to do next and he did it. He went to the stable door and there he stumbled against a hard stone, which he picked up, and beneath it lay three splinters of wood, which he also picked up. He knocked at the stable door and it opened at once. He threw down the three little bits of bread and a hare came out and ate them. He caught the hare. Then the eagle told him to pluck three feathers

out of its tail and put in the hare, the stone, the splinters of wood, and himself instead of them, and then he would be able to carry them all home.

When the eagle had flown a long way, it alighted on a stone. "Do you see anything?" it asked.

"I see a flock of crows flying after us," said the man.

"Then we shall do well to fly on farther," said the eagle.

Soon it asked again, "Do you see anything now?"

"Yes; now the crows are close behind us," said the man.

"Then throw down the three feathers which you plucked out of his head," said the eagle.

The man did this and the feathers became a flock of ravens, which chased the crows home. The eagle flew on much farther, but at length it alighted on a stone.

"Do you see anything?" it said.

"I am not quite certain," said the man, "but I think I see something coming in the far distance."

"Then we shall do well to fly farther," said the eagle.

"Do you see anything now?" it said after some time.

"Yes; now they are close behind us," said the man.

"Then throw down the splinters of wood which you took from beneath the gray stone by the stable

door," said the eagle. The man did this and they grew up into a great thick wood and Farmer Weatherbeard had to go home for an ax to cut his way through it. The eagle flew on a long way, but at last it grew tired and sat down on a fir tree.

"Do you see anything?" it asked.

"Yes; I am not quite certain," said the man, "but I think I can catch a glimpse of something far, far away."

"Then we shall do well to fly farther," said the eagle.

"Do you see anything now?" it said after some time.

"Yes; he is close behind us now," said the man.

"Then you must fling down the great stone which you took away from the stable door," said the eagle.

The man did so and it turned into a great high mountain of stone, which Farmer Weatherbeard had to break his way through. But when he had got to the middle, he broke one of his legs, so that he had to go home.

While he was doing this, the eagle flew off to the man's home with him and with the hare. When they had got home, the man went to the churchyard, and had some Christian earth laid upon the hare, and it turned into his son Jack.

When the time came for the fair, the youth turned himself into a light-colored horse and bade his father go to the market with him. "If anyone should come

who wants to buy me," said he, "you are to tell him that you want a hundred dollars for me; but you must not forget to take off the halter, for if you do, I shall never be able to get away from Farmer Weatherbeard, for he is the man who will come and bargain for me."

And thus it happened. A horse dealer came who paid a hundred dollars for the horse, but when Jack's father had got the money, the horse dealer wanted the halter.

"That was no part of our bargain," said the man, "and the halter you shall not have."

So each of them went his way. But the horse dealer had not got very far with Jack before he resumed his own form again, and when the man got home, he was sitting on the bench by the stove.

The next day he changed himself into a brown horse and told his father that he was to set off to market with him. "If a man wants to buy me," said Jack, "you are to tell him that you want two hundred dollars; but don't forget to take the halter off me, or you will never see me more."

And thus it happened. The man got his two hundred dollars for the horse, and when they parted from each other, it was just as much as he could do to remember to take off the halter. But the buyer had not gone far on his way before the youth took his own form again, and when the man reached home, Jack was already sitting by the stove.

On the third day all happened in the same way. The youth changed himself into a great black horse and told his father that if a man came and offered him three hundred dollars and treated him well and handsomely into the bargain, he was to sell him, but he must not forget to take off the halter.

"No," said the man, "I will not forget."

But when he got to the market and received the three hundred dollars, he quite forgot to take off the halter; so Farmer Weatherbeard went away with the horse.

When he had got some distance, he had to go into an inn; so he set a barrel full of redhot nails under his horse's nose and a trough filled with oats beneath its tail, and then he tied the halter fast to a hook and went away into the inn. The horse stood there stamping and kicking and snorting and rearing, and out came a girl who thought it a sin and a shame to treat a horse so ill.

"Ah, poor creature, what a master you must have to treat you thus!" she said, and pushed the halter off the hook so that the horse might turn round and eat the oats.

"I am here!" shrieked Farmer Weatherbeard, rushing out of doors. But the horse had already shaken off the halter and flung himself into a goose pond, where he changed himself into a little fish. Farmer Weatherbeard went after him and changed himself into a great pike. Jack turned himself

into a dove and Farmer Weatherbeard turned himself into a hawk and flew after the dove and struck it. But a princess was standing at a window in the king's palace watching the struggle.

"Fly in to me through the window," said the princess.

The dove came flying in through the window, changed itself into Jack again, and told her all.

"Change thyself into a gold ring and set thyself on my finger," said the princess.

"No, that will not do," said Jack, "for then Farmer Weatherbeard will make the king fall sick, and there will be no one who can make him well again before Farmer Weatherbeard comes and cures him, and for that he will demand the gold ring."

"I will say that it was my mother's and that I will not part with it," said the princess.

Jack changed himself into a gold ring and set himself on the princess' finger, and Farmer Weatherbeard could not get at him there. But then all that the youth foretold came to pass. The king became ill and there was no doctor who could cure him till Farmer Weatherbeard arrived, and he demanded the ring which was on the princess' finger as a reward.

The king sent a messenger to the princess for the ring. She, however, refused to part with it, because she had inherited it from her mother. When

the king was informed of this, he fell into a rage and said that he would have the ring, let her have inherited it from whom she might.

"Well, it's of no use to be angry about it," said the princess, "for I can't get it off. If you want the ring, you will have to take the finger too!"

"I will try and then the ring will very soon come off," said Farmer Weatherbeard.

"No, thank you, I will try myself," said the princess and she went to the fireplace and put ashes on the ring, which came off and was lost among the ashes.

Farmer Weatherbeard changed himself into a hare, which scratched and scraped about in the fireplace after the ring. But Jack changed himself into a fox and bit the hare's head off and all was over with Farmer Weatherbeard.

MOTHER HOLLE*

ONCE upon a time there was a widow who had two daughters; her stepdaughter was pretty and clever and her own daughter ugly and lazy. The pretty stepdaughter had to do all the work of the house. Every day she had to sit by a well on the highroad and spin till her fingers bled. One day when some drops of blood fell on her spindle, she dipped it into the well to wash it, but it dropped from her hand and fell in. She ran weeping to her stepmother and told her what had happened. She scolded her harshly, saying, "Go after the spindle, and don't let me see your face again until you bring it with you."

The poor girl returned to the well and in despair sprang in and sank to the bottom. For a time she lost all consciousness, and when she came to herself, she was lying in a lovely meadow, with the sun shining brightly overhead and a thousand flowers blooming at her feet. She rose up and wandered through this enchanted place, till she came to a baker's oven full of bread and the bread called out to her as she passed:

"Oh! take me out, take me out, or I shall be burned to a cinder. I am quite done enough."

* Grimm.

She stepped up quickly to the oven and took out all the loaves one after the other. Then she went on a little farther and came to a tree loaded with beautiful rosy-cheeked apples and as she passed by, it called out:

"Oh! shake me, shake me, my apples are all quite ripe." She did as she was asked and shook the tree till the apples fell like rain and none were left hanging. When she had gathered them all up into a heap, she went on her way again and came at length to a little house, at the door of which sat an old woman. The old dame called to her:

"Do not hurry past, dear child. Stay with me and be my little maid, and if you do your work well, I will reward you handsomely; but you must be careful how you make my bed—you must shake it till the feathers fly; then people in the world below say it snows, for I am Mother Holle."

She spoke so kindly that the girl agreed readily to enter her service. She did her best to please the old woman and shook her bed with such a will that the feathers flew about like snowflakes; so she led a very easy life, was never scolded, and lived on the fat of the land. But after she had been some time with Mother Holle, she grew homesick, so she went to Mother Holle and said:

"I know that I am a thousand times better off here than I ever was in my life before, but notwithstanding, I have a great longing to go home. I can

remain with you no longer, but must return to my own people."

"Your desire to go home pleases me," said Mother Holle, "and because you have served me so faith-

fully, I will show you the way back into the world myself."

She took her hand and led her to an open door. As the girl passed through it, there fell a heavy shower of gold all over her, till she was covered with it from top to toe.

"That's a reward for being such a good little maid," said Mother Holle, and she gave her the spindle too that had fallen into the well. When she shut the door, the girl found herself back in the world not far from her own house. She went in to her stepmother and as she had returned covered with gold, she was welcomed home.

When the mother heard how she had come by her riches, she was anxious to secure the same luck for her own idle, ugly daughter; so she told her to sit at the well and spin. In order to make her spindle bloody, she stuck her hand into a hedge of thorns and pricked her finger. Then she threw the spindle into the well and jumped in herself after it. Like her sister she came to the beautiful meadow and followed the same path. When she reached the baker's oven, the bread called out as before: "Oh! take me out or I shall be burned to a cinder. I am quite done enough."

But the good-for-nothing girl answered, "A pretty joke, indeed; just as if I should dirty my hands for you!"

Soon she came to the apple tree, which cried:

"Oh! shake me, shake me, my apples are all quite ripe."

"I'll see myself further," she replied, "one of them might fall on my head."

And so she pursued her way. When she came to Mother Holle's house, she readily agreed to become

her maid. The first day she worked very hard and did all her mistress told her, for she thought of the gold she would give her; but on the second day she began to be lazy and on the third she wouldn't even get up in the morning. She didn't make Mother Holle's bed as she ought to have done and never shook it enough to make the feathers fly. So her mistress soon dismissed her, much to the lazy creature's delight.

"Now," she thought, "the shower of gold will come."

Mother Holle led her to the same door as she had done her sister, but when she passed through it, instead of the gold rain a kettle full of pitch came showering over her.

"That's a reward for your service," said Mother Holle and she closed the door behind her.

So the lazy girl came home all covered with pitch, which remained sticking to her, and never as long as she lived, could it be got off.

MINNIKIN*

THERE was once upon a time a couple of needy folk who lived in a wretched hut, in which there was nothing but black want; so they had neither food to eat nor wood to burn. But they had plenty of children, for every year brought them one more.

At last a baby was born which immediately began to look about the room. "Ah, my dear mother!" said he, "give me some of my brothers' old clothes and food enough for a few days, and I will go out into the world and seek my fortune, for, so far as I can see, you have children enough."

"Heaven help thee, my son!" said the mother, "that will never do; thou are still far too little."

But the little creature was determined to do it and begged and prayed so long that the mother was forced to let him go. Almost before he was out of the house, another boy was born, and he too looked about him, and said, "Ah, my dear mother! give me some of my brothers' old clothes and food for some days, and then I will go out into the world and find my twin brother, for you have children enough."

"Heaven help thee, little creature! thou art far too little for that," said the woman, "it would never do."

* From J. Moe.

But the boy begged and prayed until she let him go and he set out manfully into the world to find his twin brother.

When he had walked for some time, he caught sight of his brother a short distance in front of him and called to him.

"Wait a minute," he said; "you are walking as if for a wager, but you ought to have stayed to see your younger brother before you hurried off into the world."

So the elder stood still and looked back and the younger caught up to him.

When they had walked on a little farther, they came to a brook which ran through a green meadow and there they sat down to rest. The younger said that they ought to choose names for themselves.

"What will you be called?" asked the elder.

"I will be called Minnikin," answered the second; "and you, what will you be called?"

"I will be called King Pippin," answered the elder.

They then went onward until they came to a crossway, and there they agreed to part and each take his own road. They arranged with each other that one should go east and the other west.

"But if ever you fall into any need or trouble," said the elder, "call me thrice and I will come and help you; only you must not call me until you are in the utmost need."

"In that case we shall not see each other for some time," said Minnikin; so they bade farewell to each other and Minnikin went east and King Pippin went west.

When Minnikin had walked a long way, he met an old crook-backed hag, who had only one eye. Minnikin stole it.

"Oh! oh!" cried she, "what has become of my eye?"

"What will you give me to get your eye back?" said Minnikin.

"I will give thee a sword which can conquer a whole army, let it be ever so great," replied the woman.

"Let me have it, then," said Minnikin.

The old hag gave him the sword, so she got her eye back. Then Minnikin went onward and after some time he again met an old, old crook-backed hag, who had only one eye. Minnikin stole it before she was aware.

"Oh! oh! what has become of my eye?" cried she.

"What will you give me to get your eye back?" said Minnikin.

"I will give thee a ship which can sail over fresh water and salt, over high hills and deep dales," said the old hag.

"Let me have it, then," said Minnikin.

The old woman gave him a little bit of a ship which he could put in his pocket, and then she got

her eye back. Minnikin went his way and met for the third time an old crook-backed hag, who had only one eye. This eye also Minnikin stole, and when the woman lamented, and asked what had become of her eye, Minnikin said, "What will you give me to get your eye back?"

"I will give thee the art to brew a hundred measures of malt in one brewing."

So, for teaching that art, the old hag got her eye back.

When Minnikin had walked a short distance, it seemed to him that it might be well to see what his ship could do; so he took it out of his pocket and first he put one foot into it and then the other. No sooner had he put one foot in than it became much larger, and when he set the other foot in, it grew as large as ships that sail on the sea.

Then Minnikin said, "Now go over fresh water and salt water, over high hills and deep dales, and do not stop until thou comest to the king's palace."

The ship went away as swiftly as any bird in the air till it got just below the king's palace and there it stood still.

From the windows of the king's palace many persons had seen Minnikin come sailing thither and they were all so astounded that they ran to see what manner of man this could be who came sailing in a ship through the air. But while they were running down from the palace, Minnikin had got

out of the ship and had put it in his pocket again; for the moment he got out of it, it became small. Those who came from the palace could see nothing but a ragged little boy standing by the seashore. The king asked where he had come from, but the boy said that he did not know. Then he begged very earnestly and prettily for a place in the king's palace.

If there was nothing else for him to do, he said, he would fetch wood and water for the kitchen maid, and that he obtained leave to do.

When Minnikin went up to the palace, he saw that everything was hung with black both outside and inside, from the bottom to the top; so he asked what that meant.

"Oh, I will tell you that," answered the kitchen maid. "The king's daughter was long ago promised away to three trolls and next Thursday evening one of them is to come to fetch her. Ritter Red has said that he can set her free, but who knows whether he will be able to do it? So you may easily imagine what grief and distress we are in here."

When Thursday evening came, Ritter Red accompanied the princess to the seashore; for there she was to meet the troll and Ritter Red was to stay with her and protect her. But no sooner had the princess seated herself by the seashore than Ritter Red climbed up into a great tree and hid himself as well as he could among the branches.

The princess wept and begged him most earnestly not to go and leave her; but Ritter Red did not care. "It is better that one should die than two," said he.

In the meantime Minnikin begged the kitchen maid very prettily to give him leave to go down to the strand.

"Oh, what could you do down at the strand?" said the kitchen maid. "You have nothing to do there."

"Oh, yes, my dear, just let me go," said Minnikin. "I should like to go to play with the other children."

"Well, well, go then!" said the kitchen maid, "but mind that you bring back a good armful of wood for the kitchen."

Minnikin promised this and ran down as fast as he could to the seashore.

Just as he got to the place where the king's daughter was sitting, the troll came rushing up with a great whistling and whirring. He was so big and stout that he was terrible to see and he had five heads.

"Fire!" screeched the troll.

"Fire yourself!" said Minnikin.

"Can you fight?" roared the troll.

"If not, I can learn," said Minnikin.

The troll struck at him with a great thick iron bar which he had in his fist, till the sods flew up into the air.

"Fie!" said Minnikin. "That was not much of a blow. Now you shall see one of mine."

He grasped the sword which he had got from the old woman and cut off the troll's five heads.

When the princess saw that she was delivered, she was delighted. "Come and sleep with your head in my lap," she said to Minnikin, and as he slept, she put a golden dress on him.

When Ritter Red saw that there was no longer any danger, he lost no time in creeping down from the tree. He threatened the princess, until she was forced to promise to say that it was he who had rescued her, for he told her if she did not he would kill her. Then he took the troll's lungs and tongue and put them in his pocket handkerchief and led

the princess back to the king's palace. The king did not know how to exalt him enough and always set him on his own right hand at table.

As for Minnikin, first he went out on the troll's ship and took a great quantity of gold and silver

hoops away with him, and then he trotted back to the king's palace.

When the kitchen maid caught sight of all this gold and silver, she was quite amazed, and said: "My dear friend Minnikin, where have you got all that from?"

"Oh," answered Minnikin, "I have been home awhile and these hoops had fallen off some of our buckets, so I brought them away with me for you."

When the kitchen maid heard that they were for her, she asked no more questions about the matter. She thanked Minnikin and everything was right again at once.

Next Thursday evening all went just the same and everyone was full of grief and affliction, but Ritter Red said that he had been able to deliver the king's daughter from one troll, so that he could very easily deliver her from another. But when the time came when the troll might be expected, he said as he had said before, "It is better that one should die than two." and then climbed up into the tree again.

Minnikin once more begged the cook's leave to go down to the seashore for a short time.

"Oh, what can you do there?" said the cook.

"My dear, do let me go!" said Minnikin; "I should so like to amuse myself a little with the other children."

This time also she said that he should have leave to go.

No sooner had Minnikin got down to the strand than the troll came rushing along, and he was twice as big as the first troll and he had ten heads.

"Fire!" shrieked the troll.

"Fire yourself!" said Minnikin.

"Can you fight?" roared the troll.

"If not, I can learn," said Minnikin.

So the troll struck at him with his iron club.

"Fie!" said Minnikin. "That was not much of a blow. Now you shall see one of my blows."

Then he grasped his sword and struck at the troll and cut off all his ten heads.

Again the king's daughter said to him, "Sleep awhile on my lap," and while Minnikin lay there, she drew some silver raiment over him.

As soon as Ritter Red saw that there was no longer any danger, he crept down from the tree and threatened the princess, until at last she was again forced to promise to say that it was he who had rescued her. He put the tongue and lungs of the troll in his handkerchief and conducted the princess back to the palace. There was joy and gladness in the palace and the king did not know how to show enough honor and respect to Ritter Red.

Minnikin, however, took home with him an armful of gold and silver hoops from the troll's ship. The kitchen maid clapped her hands and wondered where he could have got all that gold and silver; but Minnikin answered that he had been home for a time and that some hoops had fallen off some pails, which he had brought away for the kitchen maid.

When the third Thursday evening came, everything happened exactly as it had happened on the two former occasions. Everything in the king's palace was hung with black and everyone was sorrowful and distressed. Ritter Red behaved just as before;

he led the princess to the strand and climbed into the tree and hid himself.

This evening also Minnikin begged leave to go down to the seashore.

"Oh, what can you do there?" said the kitchen maid.

However, he begged until at last he got leave to go.

Immediately after he had got down to the seashore, the troll came, and he was much, much bigger than either of the two former ones and he had fifteen heads.

"Fire!" roared the troll.

"Fire yourself!" said Minnikin.

"Can you fight?" screamed the troll.

"If not, I can learn," said Minnikin.

"I will teach you," yelled the troll and struck at him with his iron club so that the earth flew up.

"Fie!" said Minnikin. "That was not much of a blow. Now I will let you see one of my blows."

So saying he grasped his sword and cut off the troll's fifteen heads.

Then the princess was delivered and she thanked Minnikin and blessed him for saving her.

"Sleep awhile now on my lap," said she, and while he lay there, she put a garment of brass upon him.

"But now, how shall we have it made known that it was you who saved me?" said the king's daughter.

"That I will tell you," answered Minnikin. "When Ritter Red has taken you home again, he will, as you know, have you to wife, and half the kingdom. But when they ask you on your wedding day whom you will have to be your cupbearer, you must say, 'I will have the ragged boy who is in the kitchen, and carries wood and water for the kitchen maid'; and when I am filling your cups for you, I will spill a drop upon his plate, and then he will be angry and strike me and this will take place thrice. But the third time you must say, 'Shame on you thus to smite the beloved of my heart. It is he who delivered me from the trolls and he is the one whom I will have.' "

Then Minnikin went on board the troll's ship and took a great quantity of gold and silver and other precious things, and out of these he once more gave to the kitchen maid a whole armful of gold and silver hoops.

No sooner did Ritter Red see that all danger was over than he crept down from the tree and threatened the king's daughter till he made her promise to say that he had rescued her. Then he conducted her back to the king's palace and it was settled that he should marry her and receive half the kingdom.

On the wedding day, however, the princess begged that she might have the little boy who was in the kitchen and carried wood and water for the kitchen maid, to fill the winecups at the wedding feast.

"Oh, what can you want with that dirty, ragged boy in here?" said Ritter Red, but the princess said that she would have no one else. Then everything was done as had been agreed on between the princess and Minnikin. He spilled a drop on Ritter Red's plate and each time that he did it Ritter Red fell into a rage and struck him. At the first blow all the ragged garments which he had worn in the kitchen fell from off Minnikin, at the second blow the brass garments fell off, and at the third the silver raiment, and there he stood in the golden raiment, bright and splendid.

Then the king's daughter said: "Shame on you thus to smite the beloved of my heart. It is he who delivered me from the trolls and he is the one whom I will have."

Ritter Red swore that he was the man who had saved her, but the king said, "He who delivered my daughter must have some token in proof of it."

Ritter Red ran off at once for his handkerchief with the lungs and tongue, and Minnikin went and brought all the gold and silver which he had taken out of the troll's ships; and they laid these tokens before the king.

"He who has such precious things in gold and silver and diamonds," said the king, "must be the one who killed the trolls, for such things are not to be had anywhere else." So Ritter Red was disgraced and Minnikin was to have the princess and half the kingdom.

One day the king went out walking with Minnikin and Minnikin asked him if he had never had any other children.

"Yes," said the king, "I had another daughter, but the troll carried her away. You are going to have one daughter of mine, but if you can set free the other, who has been taken by the troll, you shall willingly have her too, and the other half of the kingdom as well."

"I may as well try," said Minnikin, "but I must have an iron rope five hundred yards long and five hundred men and provisions for five weeks, for I have a long voyage before me."

So the king said he should have these things, but he had no ship large enough to carry them all.

"But I have a ship of my own," said Minnikin and he took the one which the old woman had given him out of his pocket. The king laughed at him, but Minnikin begged him just to give him what he asked for and then he should see something. Then all that Minnikin had asked for was brought. First he ordered them to lay the cable in the ship, but no one was able to lift it. Then Minnikin himself took hold of the cable and laid one or two links of it into the ship. As he threw the links in, the ship grew bigger and bigger and at last it was so large that the cable and the five hundred men and the provisions and Minnikin himself had room enough.

"Now go over fresh water and salt water, over hill and dale, and do not stop until thou comest to where the king's daughter is," said Minnikin to the ship and off it went in a moment over land and water.

When they had sailed thus a long, long way, the ship stopped short in the middle of the sea.

"Ah, now we have got there," said Minnikin.

Then he took the cable and tied one end of it round his body. "Now I must go to the bottom," he said, "but when I give a good jerk to the cable and want to come up again, you must all pull like one man, or there will be an end of all life both for you and for me." So saying, he sprang into the water, and yellow bubbles rose up all around him. He sank lower and lower and at last he came to the bottom. There he saw a large hill with a door in it and in he went. When he had got inside, he found the princess sitting sewing. When she saw Minnikin, she joyfully clapped her hands.

"Ah, Heaven be praised!" she said. "I have not seen a Christian man since I came here."

"I have come for you," said Minnikin.

"Alas!" said the king's daughter, "it is of no use even to think of that; if the troll sees you, he will take your life."

"You had better tell me about him," said Minnikin. "Where is he gone? It would be amusing to see him."

So the princess told him that the troll was out trying to find someone who could brew a hundred measures of malt at one brewing, for there was to be a feast at the troll's.

"Oh, I can do that very easily," said Minnikin.

"Ah! if only the troll were not so quick-tempered, I might have told him that," answered the princess, "but he will tear you to pieces, I fear, as soon as he comes in. But I will try to find some way of doing it. Can you hide yourself here in the cupboard?"

Minnikin did this and almost before he had crept into the cupboard and hidden himself, came the troll.

"Huf! What a smell of Christian man's blood!" said the troll.

"Yes, a bird flew over the roof with a Christian man's bone in his bill and let it fall down our chimney," answered the princess. "I made haste enough to get it away again, but it must be that which smells so, notwithstanding."

"Yes, it must be that," said the troll.

Then the princess asked if he had got hold of anyone who could brew a hundred measures of malt at one brewing.

"No, there is no one who can do it," said the troll.

"A short time since there was a man here who said he could do it," said the king's daughter.

"How could you let him go away?" said the troll. "You knew that I wanted a man of that kind."

"Well, but I didn't let him go, after all," said the princess. "I hid him in the cupboard."

"Let him come in," said the troll.

When Minnikin came, the troll asked if it were true that he could brew a hundred measures of malt at one brewing.

"Yes," said Minnikin, "it is."

"It is well, then, that I have lighted on thee," said the troll. "Fall to work this very minute, but

Heaven help thee if thou dost not brew the ale strong."

"Oh, it shall taste well," said Minnikin and at once set himself to work to brew. "But I must have more trolls to help to carry what is wanted," said Minnikin.

He got a swarm of them and the brewing went on. When the ale was ready, they were all anxious to taste it, first the troll himself and then the others; but Minnikin had brewed the liquor so strong that they all fell down as if dead as soon as they had drunk of it.

Then Minnikin took a large chest and filled it with gold and silver, tied the cable round himself and the princess and the chest, and tugged at the rope with all his might, whereupon his men drew them up safe and sound.

As soon as Minnikin had got safely on his ship again, he said, "Now go over salt water and fresh water, over hill and dale, and do not stop until thou comest unto the king's palace." And in a moment the ship went up so fast that the yellow foam rose up all around about it.

When those who were in the king's palace saw the ship, they went to meet Minnikin with song and music. The gladdest of all was the king, for now he had got his other daughter back again.

But now Minnikin was not happy, for both the princesses wanted to have him and he wanted none

other than the one whom he had first saved, and she was the younger. For this cause he was continually thinking how he could contrive to get her and yet do nothing unkind to her sister.

One day when he was walking about and thinking of this, it came into his mind that if he only had his brother, King Pippin, with him, who was so like himself that no one could distinguish the one from the other, he could let him have the elder princess and half the kingdom. He went outside the palace and called King Pippin, but no one came. He called a second time and a little louder, but no one came. Minnikin called for the third time and with all his might, and there stood his brother by his side.

"I told you not to call me unless you were in the utmost need," he said, "and there is not even so much as a midge here who can do you any harm!" and with that he gave Minnikin such a blow that he rolled over on the grass.

"Shame on you to strike me!" said Minnikin. "First have I won one princess and half the kingdom and then the other princess and the other half of the kingdom; and now, when I was just thinking that I would give you one of the princesses and one of the halves of the kingdom, do you think you have any reason to give me such a blow?"

When King Pippin heard that, he begged his brother's pardon and they were reconciled at once.

"Now, as you know," said Minnikin, "we are so like each other that no one can tell one of us from the other; so just change clothes with me and go up to the palace and then the princesses will think that I am coming in and the one who kisses you first shall be yours, and I will have the other." For he knew that the elder princess was the stronger.

King Pippin at once agreed to this. He changed clothes with his brother and went into the palace. When he entered the princesses' apartments, they believed that he was Minnikin and both of them ran up to him at once; but the elder, who was bigger and stronger, pushed her sister aside and threw her arms around King Pippin's neck and kissed him; so he got her to wife and Minnikin the younger sister. Two weddings took place and they were so magnificent that they were talked about all over seven kingdoms.

BUSHY BRIDE*

THERE was once upon a time a widower who had a son and a daughter, both good children, who loved each other with all their hearts. After some time the man married again and he chose a widow with one daughter who was ugly and wicked, and her mother was ugly and wicked too. From the day that the new wife came into the house there was no peace for the man's children; so the boy thought that he would go out into the world and try to earn his own bread.

When he had roamed about for some time, he came to the king's palace, where he obtained a place under the coachman; and very brisk and active he was, and the horses that he looked after were so fat and sleek that they shone again.

But his sister, who was still at home, fared worse and worse. Both her stepmother and her stepsister were always finding fault with her and they scolded and abused her so that she never had an hour's peace. They made her do all the hard work, and hard words fell to her lot early and late, but little enough food accompanied them.

One day they sent her to the brook to fetch some water home and an ugly and horrible head

* From J. Moe.

rose up out of the water and said, "Wash me, girl! Wash me!"

"Yes, I will wash you with pleasure," said the girl and began to scrub the ugly face. When she had done it, and done it well, another head uglier still, rose up out of the water.

"Brush me, girl!" said the head.

"Yes, I will brush you with pleasure," said the girl and set to work to brush the tangled hair.

When she had got it done, another and a much more ugly and horrible head rose up out of the water.

"Kiss me, girl!" said the head.

"Yes, I will kiss you," said the man's daughter, and she did it, but she thought it was the worst bit of work that she had ever had to do in her life.

The heads all began to talk to each other and to ask what they should do for this girl who was so very kind.

"She shall be the prettiest girl that ever was and fair and bright as the day," said the first head.

"Gold shall drop from her hair whenever she brushes it," said the second.

"Gold shall drop from her mouth whenever she speaks," said the third head.

When the man's daughter went home, looking as beautiful and bright as day, the stepmother and her daughter grew much more ill-tempered, and it was worse still when she began to talk and they saw that golden coins dropped from her mouth. The stepmother fell into such a towering passion that she drove the man's daughter into the pigsty.

It was not long before the mother wanted her own daughter to go to the stream to fetch some water.

When she got there with her pails, the first head rose up out of the water. "Wash me, girl!" it said.

"Wash yourself!" answered the woman's daughter.

Then the second head appeared.

"Brush me, girl!" said the head.

"Brush yourself!" said the woman's daughter.

Down it went to the bottom and the third head came up.

"Kiss me, girl!" said the head.

"As if I would kiss your ugly mouth!" said the girl.

Again the heads talked together about what they should do for this girl who was so ill-tempered

and full of her own importance, and they agreed that her nose should grow very long and her jaw very wide, that she should have a fir bush in the middle of her forehead and that every time she spoke ashes should fall from her mouth.

When she came back to the cottage door with her pails, she called to her mother who was inside, "Open the door!"

When the mother came and saw her, she screamed and lamented, but neither the nose nor the jaw grew any the less for that.

Now the brother, who was in service in the king's palace, had taken with him a portrait of his sister, and every morning and evening he knelt down before it and prayed for his sister.

The other stable boys peeped through the keyhole into his room and saw that he was kneeling there before a picture; so they told everyone that every morning and evening the youth knelt down and prayed to an idol which he had. At last they went to the king himself and begged that he too would peep through the keyhole and see for himself. After a long, long time, they prevailed with him and he crept on tiptoe to the door, peeped through, and saw the youth on his knees, with his hands clasped together before a picture on the wall.

"Open the door!" cried the king, but the youth did not hear. The king called to him again, but the

youth was praying so fervently that he did not hear him this time either.

"Open the door, I say!" cried the king again. "It is I! I want to come in."

The youth sprang to the door and unlocked it, but in his haste he forgot to hide the picture.

When the king entered and saw it, he could not stir from the spot, for the picture seemed to him so beautiful.

"There is nowhere on earth so beautiful a woman as this!" said the king.

But the youth told him that she was his sister and that she was prettier than the picture.

"Well, if she is as beautiful as that, I will have her for my queen," said the king, and he commanded the youth to go home and fetch her without a moment's delay.

When the brother arrived at home to fetch his sister, her stepmother and stepsister would go too. They all set out together and the man's daughter took with her a casket in which she kept her gold and a dog which she called Little Snow. These two things were all that she had inherited from her mother. When they had traveled for some time, they had to cross the sea, and the brother sat down at the helm and the mother and sisters went to the forward part of the vessel. At last they came in sight of land.

"Look at that white strand there; that is where we shall land," said the brother, pointing across the sea.

"What is my brother saying?" asked his sister.

"He says that you are to throw your casket out into the sea," answered the stepmother.

"Well, if my brother says so, I must do it," said the man's daughter and she flung her casket into the sea.

When they had sailed for some time longer, the brother once more pointed over the sea. "There you may see the palace to which we are bound," said he.

"What is my brother saying?" asked the man's daughter.

"Now he says that you are to throw your dog into the sea," answered the stepmother.

The girl wept, for Little Snow was the dearest thing she had on earth, but at last she threw him overboard.

They sailed onward a long way farther.

"There may'st thou see the king coming out to meet thee," said the brother, pointing to the seashore.

"What is my brother saying?" asked his sister again.

"Now he says that you are to make haste and throw yourself overboard," answered the stepmother.

She wept and wailed, but as her brother had said that, she thought she must do it; so she leaped into the sea.

But when they arrived at the palace, and the king beheld the ugly bride, he was quite terrified; but the wedding feast was all prepared and all the wedding guests were waiting, so ugly as she was, the king was forced to take her.

But he was very wroth and none can blame him for that; so he caused the brother to be thrown into a dungeon.

On the first Thursday after this a beautiful maiden came into the kitchen of the palace and begged the kitchen maid, who slept there, to lend her a brush. She begged very prettily and got it, and then she brushed her hair and the gold dropped from it.

A little dog was with her, and she said to it, "Go out, Little Snow, and see if it will soon be day."

This she said thrice and the third time it was near dawn. Then she was forced to depart, but as she went, she said, "I shall come twice more and then never again."

In the morning the kitchen maid related what she had seen and heard and the king said that next Thursday night he himself would watch in the kitchen and see if this were true. When it had begun to grow dark, he went out into the kitchen, but though he rubbed his eyes to keep himself awake, it was all in vain, for the bushy bride crooned and sang till his eyes were fast closed, and when the beautiful young maiden came, he was sound asleep.

This time also she borrowed a brush and brushed her hair with it and the gold dropped down as she did it; and again she sent the dog out three times, and when the day dawned, she departed, but as she was going, she said as before, "I shall come once more and then never again."

On the third Thursday night the king once more insisted on keeping watch. Then he set two men to hold him; each of them was to take an arm and shake him and jerk him by the arm whenever he seemed to be going to fall asleep; and he set two men to watch his bushy bride. But as the night wore on, the bushy bride again began to croon and to sing, so that his eyes began to close and his head to droop on one side. Then came the lovely maiden and got the brush and brushed her hair till the gold dropped from it and then she sent her Little Snow out to see if it would soon be day, and this she did three times. The third time it was just beginning to grow light and then she said, "Now I shall never come again," and then she turned to go. But the two men who were holding the king by the arms seized his hands and awakened him.

Thus the true bride was freed. She told the king all that had taken place and how her stepmother and stepsister had betrayed her. Then the brother was at once taken out of the dungeon and the stepmother and stepsister were flung into it instead.

No one can tell how delighted the king was to get rid of that hideous bushy bride and get a queen who was bright and beautiful as day itself.

And now the real wedding was held, in such a way that it was heard of all over seven kingdoms.

SNOWDROP*

ONCE upon a time, in the middle of winter when the snowflakes were falling like feathers on the earth, a queen sat at a window framed in black ebony and sewed. As she sewed and gazed out on the white landscape, she pricked her finger with the needle and three drops of blood fell on the snow outside. She thought to herself:

"Oh! what wouldn't I give to have a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as ebony!"

Not long after a little daughter was born to her, with a skin as white as snow, lips and cheeks as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony. They called her Snowdrop and not long after her birth the queen died.

After a year the king married again. His new wife was a beautiful woman, but so proud that she couldn't stand any rival to her beauty. She possessed a magic mirror, and when she used to stand before it gazing at her own reflection and asked:

"Mirror, mirror, hanging there,
Who in all the land's most fair?"

it always replied:

"You are most fair, my Lady Queen.
None fairer in the land, I ween."

* Grimm.

Then she was quite happy, for she knew the mirror always spoke the truth.

But Snowdrop was growing prettier and prettier every day, and when she was seven years old, she was as beautiful as she could be. One day when the queen asked her mirror the usual question, it replied:

"My Lady Queen, you are fair, 'tis true,
But Snowdrop is fairer far than you."

Then the queen flew into the most awful passion and turned every shade of green in her jealousy. From this hour she hated poor Snowdrop like poison. At last she could endure Snowdrop's presence no longer and, calling a huntsman to her, she said:

"Take the child out into the wood and never let me see her face again. You must kill her and bring me back her lungs and liver, that I may know she is dead."

The huntsman did as he was told and led Snowdrop out into the wood, but as he was in the act of drawing out his knife to slay her, she began to cry, and said:

"O dear huntsman, spare my life, and I will promise to fly forth into the wide wood and never to return home again."

And because she was so young and pretty, the huntsman had pity on her, and said:

"Well, run along, poor child." For he thought to himself, "The wild beasts will soon eat her up."

As he turned away, a young boar came running past, so he shot it and brought its lungs and liver home to the queen as a proof that Snowdrop was really dead.

Now when the poor child found herself alone in the big wood the very trees around her seemed to

assume strange shapes. Frightened, she began to run over the sharp stones and through the bramble bushes. The wild beasts ran past her, but they did her no harm. As evening approached, she saw a little house and stepped inside to rest. Everything was very small in the little house, but cleaner and neater than anything you can imagine. In the middle of the room there stood a table, covered with a white tablecloth and seven little plates and forks and spoons and knives and tumblers. Side by side against the wall there were seven little beds, covered with snow-white counterpanes. Snowdrop felt so hungry and so thirsty that she ate a bit of bread and a little porridge from each plate and drank a drop of wine out of each tumbler. Then feeling tired and sleepy she lay down on one of the beds, but it wasn't comfortable; then she tried all the others in turn, but one was too long and another too short and it was only when she got to the seventh that she found one to suit her exactly. So she lay down upon it, said her prayers like a good child, and fell fast asleep.

When it got quite dark, the masters of the little house returned. They were seven dwarfs who worked in the mines, right down deep in the heart of the mountain. They lighted their seven little lamps and as soon as their eyes got accustomed to the glare, they saw that someone had been in the room, for all was not in the same order as they had left it.

The first said, "Who's been sitting on my little chair?"

The second said, "Who's been eating my little loaf?"

The third said, "Who's been tasting my porridge?"

The fourth said, "Who's been eating out of my little plate?"

The fifth said, "Who's been using my little fork?"

The sixth said, "Who's been cutting with my little knife?"

The seventh said, "Who's been drinking out of my little tumbler?"

Then the first dwarf looked round and saw a little hollow in his bed, and he asked again, "Who's been lying on my bed?"

The others came running round, and cried when they saw their beds, "Somebody has lain on ours too."

But when the seventh came to his bed, he started back in amazement, for there he beheld Snowdrop fast asleep. He called the others and when they saw Snowdrop lying there, they nearly fell down with surprise.

"Goodness!" they cried, "what a beautiful child!"

And they were so enchanted by her beauty that they did not wake her, but let her sleep on in the little

bed. The seventh dwarf slept with his companions one hour in each bed and in this way he managed to pass the night.

In the morning Snowdrop awoke, but when she saw the seven little dwarfs, she felt very frightened. But they were so friendly and asked her what her name was in such a kind way, that she replied: "I am Snowdrop."

"Why did you come to our house?" continued the dwarfs.

Then she told them all that had happened. The dwarfs, when they had heard her sad story, asked her:

"Will you stay and keep house for us, cook, make the beds, do the washing, sew, and knit? If you keep everything neat and clean, you shall want for nothing."

"Yes," said Snowdrop, "I will gladly do all you ask."

And so she took up her abode with them. Every morning the dwarfs went into the mountain, to dig for gold, and in the evening, when they returned home, Snowdrop always had their supper ready for them. But during the day the girl was left quite alone, so the good dwarfs warned her, saying: "Beware of your stepmother. She will soon find out that you are here, so don't let anyone into the house."

Now the queen never dreamed but that she was once more the most beautiful woman in the

world; so stepping before her mirror one day she said:

"Mirror, mirror, hanging there,
Who in all the land's most fair?"

and the mirror replied:

"My Lady Queen, you are fair, 'tis true,
But Snowdrop is fairer far than you.
Snowdrop, who dwells with the seven little men,
Is as fair as you, as fair again."

When the queen heard these words, she was nearly struck dumb with horror, for the mirror always spoke the truth and she knew now that the huntsman must have deceived her and that Snowdrop was still alive. She pondered day and night how she might destroy her, for as long as she felt she had a rival in the land, her jealous heart left her no rest. At last she hit upon a plan. She stained her face and dressed herself up as an old peddler wife. In this guise she went over the seven hills till she came to the house of the seven dwarfs. Then she knocked at the door, calling out:

"Fine wares to sell, fine wares to sell!"

Snowdrop peeped out of the window and called out:

"Good day, mother, what have you to sell?"

"Good wares, fine wares," she answered; "laces of every kind," and she held up one made of gay-colored silk.

"Surely I can let the honest woman in," thought Snowdrop; so she unbarred the door and bought the pretty lace.

"Good gracious! child," said the old woman, "what a figure you've got. Come! I'll lace you up properly for once."

Snowdrop, suspecting no evil, stood before her and let her lace her bodice up, but the old woman laced her so quickly and so tightly that it took Snowdrop's breath away, and she fell down dead.

In the evening the seven dwarfs came home and saw their dear Snowdrop lying on the floor, as motionless as a dead person. They lifted her up tenderly and when they saw how tightly laced she was, they cut the lace in two and she began to breathe a little and gradually came back to life. When the dwarfs heard what had happened, they said:

"Depend upon it, the old peddler wife was none other than the queen. In future you must be sure to let no one in."

As soon as the wicked queen got home, she went straight to her mirror, and said:

"Mirror, mirror, hanging there,
Who in all the land's most fair?"

and the mirror answered as before:

"My Lady Queen, you are fair, 'tis true,
But Snowdrop is fairer far than you.
Snowdrop, who dwells with the seven little men,
Is as fair as you, as fair again."

When she heard this, she became as pale as death, because she saw at once that Snowdrop must be alive again.

"This time," she said to herself, "I will think of something that will make an end of her once and for all."

By witchcraft she made a poisonous comb; then she dressed herself up as another old woman. She went over the seven hills till she reached the house of the seven dwarfs and knocking at the door, she called out:

"Fine wares for sale."

Snowdrop looked out of the window and said:

"You must go away, for I may not let anyone in."

"But surely you are not forbidden to look out?" said the old woman and she held up the poisonous comb.

It pleased the girl so much that she opened the door. When they had settled their bargain, the old woman said:

"Now I'll comb your hair properly for you, for once."

Hardly had the comb touched her hair than the poison worked and she fell down unconscious.

Fortunately it was now near evening and the seven dwarfs returned home. When they saw Snowdrop lying dead on the ground, they knew that her

wicked stepmother had been at work again; so they searched till they found the poisonous comb and the moment they pulled it out of her head, Snowdrop came to herself again. Then they warned her once more to open the door to no one.

As soon as the queen got home, she went straight to her mirror, and asked:

"Mirror, mirror, hanging there,
Who in all the land's most fair?"

and it replied as before:

"My Lady Queen, you are fair, 'tis true,
But Snowdrop is fairer far than you.
Snowdrop, who dwells with the seven little men,
Is as fair as you, as fair again."

When she heard these words, she trembled with rage.

"Snowdrop shall die," she cried; "yes, though it cost me my own life."

Then she went to the little secret chamber, which no one knew of but herself, and there she made a poisonous apple. Outwardly it looked beautiful, white with red cheeks, so that everyone who saw it longed to eat it. She stained her face and dressed herself up as a peasant and so she went over the seven hills to the seven dwarfs. She knocked at the door, as usual, but Snowdrop put her head out of the window and called out:

"I may not let anyone in: the seven dwarfs have forbidden me to do so."

"Are you afraid of being poisoned?" asked the old woman. "See, I will cut this apple in half. I'll eat the white cheek and you can eat the red."

But the apple was so cunningly made that only the red cheek was poisonous. Snowdrop longed to eat the tempting fruit and when she saw the peasant woman was eating it herself, she couldn't resist the temptation any longer, and stretching out her hand, she took the poisonous half. But hardly had the first bite passed her lips than she fell down dead on the ground. Then the eyes of the cruel queen sparkled and laughing aloud, she cried:

"As white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as ebony, this time the dwarfs can't bring you back to life."

When she got home, she asked the mirror:

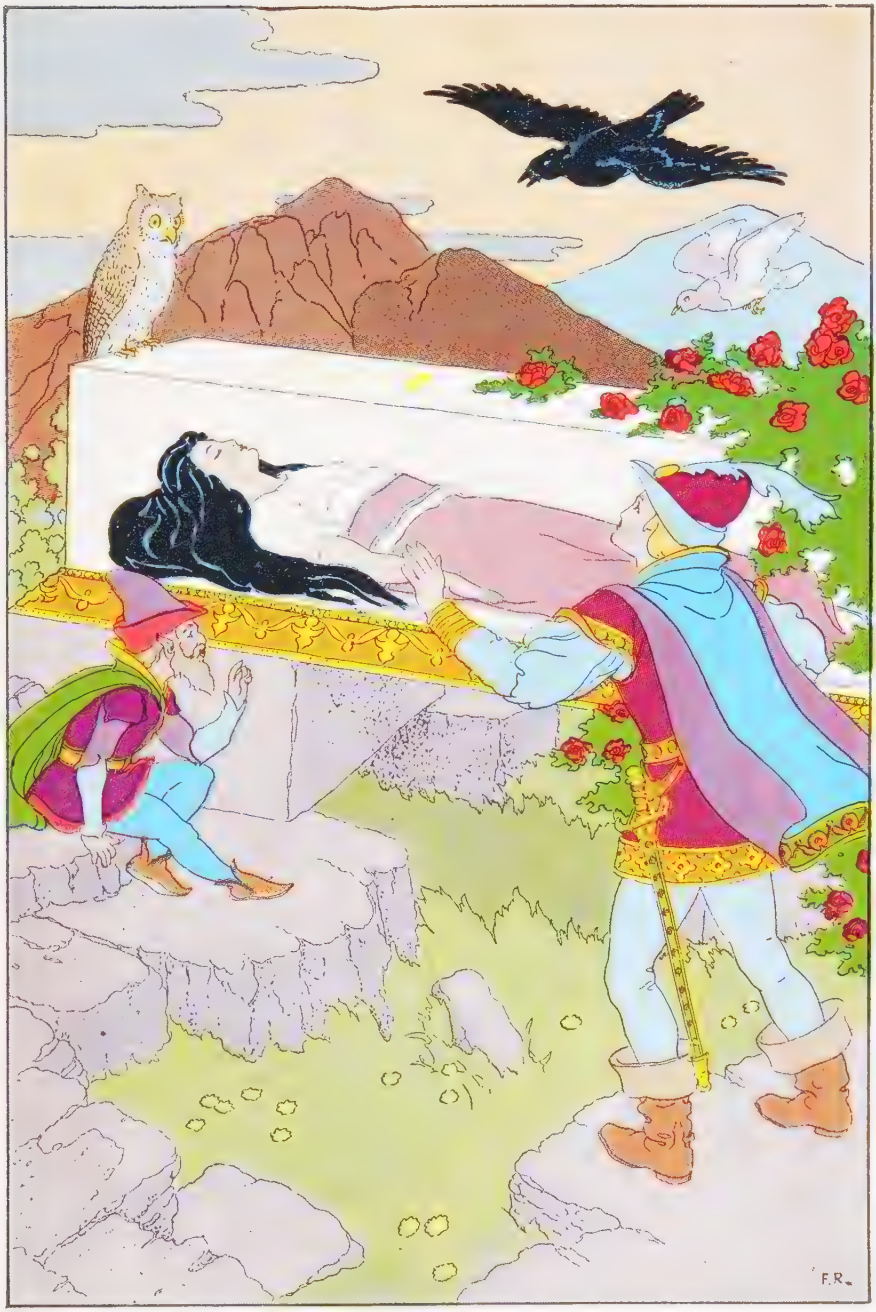
"Mirror, mirror, hanging there,
Who in all the land's most fair?"

and this time it replied:

"You are most fair, my Lady Queen,
None fairer in the land, I ween."

Then her jealous heart was at rest—at least, as much at rest as a jealous heart can ever be.

When the little dwarfs came home in the evening, they found little Snowdrop lying on the ground and



The prince saw the coffin on the hill

she neither breathed nor stirred. They lifted her up and looked around everywhere to see if they could find anything poisonous about. They unlaced her bodice, combed her hair, washed her with water and wine, but all in vain; the child was dead and remained dead. Then they placed her on a bier and all the seven dwarfs sat round it, weeping and sobbing for three whole days. At last they made up their minds to bury her, but she looked as blooming as a living being and her cheeks were still such a lovely color that they said:

"We can't hide her away in the black ground."

They had a coffin made of transparent glass, and they laid her in it and wrote on the lid in golden letters that she was a royal princess. Then they put the coffin on the top of the mountain, and one of the dwarfs always remained beside it and kept watch over it. And the very birds of the air came and bewailed Snowdrop's death, first an owl, and then a raven, and last of all a little dove.

Snowdrop lay a long time in the coffin and she always looked the same, just as if she were fast asleep and she remained as white as snow, as red as blood, and her hair as black as ebony.

Now it happened one day that a prince passed by the dwarf's house. He saw the coffin on the hill, with the beautiful Snowdrop inside it, and when he had read what was written on it in golden letters, he said to the dwarf:

"Give me the coffin. I'll give you whatever you like."

But the dwarf said, "No; we wouldn't part with it for all the gold in the world."

"Well, then," he replied, "give it to me, because I can't live without Snowdrop. I will cherish and love it as my dearest possession."

He spoke so sadly that the good dwarfs had pity on him. They gave him the coffin of the lovely Snowdrop and the prince made his servants bear it away on their shoulders.

Now it happened that as they were going down the hill they stumbled over a bush and jolted the coffin so violently that the poisonous bit of apple Snowdrop had swallowed fell out of her throat. She gradually opened her eyes, lifted up the lid of the coffin, and sat up alive and well.

"Oh! dear me, where am I?" she cried.

The prince answered joyfully, "You are with me," and he told her all that had happened, adding, "I love you better than anyone in the whole wide world. Will you come with me to my father's palace and be my wife?"

Snowdrop consented and went with him, and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp and splendor and the seven dwarfs were the most honored guests.

Now Snowdrop's wicked stepmother was one of the guests invited to attend the wedding feast. When

she had dressed herself very gorgeously for the occasion, she went to the mirror, and said:

"Mirror, mirror, hanging there
Who in all the land's most fair?"

and the mirror answered:

"My Lady Queen, you are fair, 'tis true,
But Snowdrop is fairer far than you."

When the wicked woman heard these words, she was so overcome with rage and mortification that she fell down dead before the mirror. So Snowdrop and the prince lived happily ever after.

THE GOLDEN GOOSE*

THERE was once a man who had three sons. The youngest of them was called Dullhead and was sneered and jeered at and snubbed on every possible opportunity.

One day when the eldest son was going into the forest to cut wood, his mother gave him a rich cake and a bottle of wine. When he reached the forest, he met a little old gray man who wished him "Good morning," and said, "Do give me a piece of that cake you have in your pocket, and let me have some of your wine—I am so hungry and thirsty."

But this clever son replied, "If I give you my cake and wine, I shall have none left for myself"; and he left the little man standing there and went farther into the forest. There he began to cut down a tree, but before long he made a false stroke with his ax and cut his own arm so badly that he was obliged to go home and have it bound up.

Then the second son went to the forest and his mother gave him also a good cake and a bottle of wine. He too met the little old gray man, who begged him for a morsel of cake and a draught of wine.

But the second son spoke most sensibly too, and said, "Whatever I give to you, I deprive myself of."

* Grimm.

Not long after, he cut his leg so badly with his ax that he had to be carried home.

Then Dullhead said, "Father, let me go and cut wood."

But his father answered: "Both your brothers have injured themselves. You had better let it alone."

But Dullhead begged so hard to be allowed to go that at last his father said: "Very well, then—go. Perhaps when you have hurt yourself, you may learn to know better." His mother only gave him a very plain cake made with water and baked in cinders and a bottle of sour beer.

When he got to the forest, he too met the little old gray man, who said, "Give me a piece of your cake and a draught from your bottle; I am so hungry and thirsty."

Dullhead replied: "I've only got a cinder cake and some sour beer. If you care to have that, let us sit down and eat."

They sat down and Dullhead found that his cake had turned into a fine rich one and the sour beer into excellent wine. They ate and drank and then the little man said: "Now I will bring you luck, because you have a kind heart and are willing to share what you have with others. There stands an old tree; cut it down, and among its roots you'll find something." With that he took leave.

Then Dullhead began to hew down the tree. He found among its roots a goose, whose feathers

were all of pure gold. He lifted it out and took it with him to an inn for the night.

Now the landlord of the inn had three daughters, and when they saw the goose, they were filled with curiosity and each longed to have one of its golden

feathers. The first time that Dullhead left the room the eldest caught hold of the goose by its wing. But her fingers seemed to stick fast to the goose and she could not take her hand away.

Soon after the second daughter came in and thought to pluck a golden feather for herself too;

but hardly had she touched her sister, than she stuck fast as well. When the third sister came with the same intentions, she too stuck fast. So they all three had to spend the night with the goose.

Next morning Dullhead tucked the goose under his arm and went off not troubling himself about the three girls who were hanging on to it. They just had to run after him as best they could. In the middle of a field they met a parson, who cried: "For shame, you bold girls! What do you mean by running after a young fellow through the fields like that? Do you call that proper behavior?" He caught the youngest girl by the hand to try to draw her away. But directly he touched her he hung on himself and had to run along with the rest of them.

Not long after the clerk* came that way and was much surprised to see the parson following the footsteps of three girls. "Why, where is your reverence going so fast?" cried he; "don't forget there is to be a christening today"; and he ran after him, caught him by the sleeve, and hung on to it himself. As the five of them trotted along in this fashion one after the other, two peasants were coming from their work. The parson called out and begged them to rescue him and the clerk. But they stuck on too, and so there were seven of them running after Dullhead and his goose.

* Clerk. A parish official who assists the clergyman.

After a time they all came to a town where a king reigned whose daughter was so serious and solemn that no one could ever make her laugh. The king had decreed that whoever should succeed in making her laugh should marry her. When Dullhead heard this, he marched before the princess with his goose and its followers, and as soon as she saw these seven

people running after each other, she burst out laughing and could not stop. Then Dullhead claimed her as his bride, but the king made all sorts of objections and told him he must first find a man who could drink up a whole cellarful of wine.

Dullhead thought of the little gray man, who could, he felt sure, help him; so he went off to the

forest and just where he cut down the tree, he saw a dismal-looking man sitting. Dullhead asked him what troubled him and the man answered: "I don't know how to quench my terrible thirst. Cold water doesn't suit me at all. I've emptied a whole barrel of wine, but what is one drop on a hot stone?"

"I think I can help you," said Dullhead. "Come with me and you shall drink to your heart's content." So he took him to the king's cellar. The man sat down and drank and drank till he drank up the whole contents of the cellar.

Then Dullhead asked once more for his bride. The king felt vexed that a stupid fellow called "Dullhead" should carry off his daughter; so he required Dullhead to find a man who could eat a mountain of bread. Dullhead went straight off to the forest, and there sat a woeful-looking man drawing in a strap as tight as she could round his body. Said he, "I've eaten up a whole oven full of loaves, but what's the good of that to anyone who is as hungry as I am?"

Dullhead was delighted, and said, "Get up and come with me, and you shall have plenty to eat," and he brought him to the king's court.

The king had given orders to have all the flour in his kingdom brought and a huge mountain baked of it. But the man from the wood just took up his stand before the mountain and began to eat and in one day it had all vanished.

For the third time Dullhead asked for his bride, but this time the king demanded a ship which could sail on land and water. "When you come sailing in such a ship," said he, "you shall have my daughter without further delay."

Again Dullhead started off to the forest and there he found the little old gray man, who said: "I have eaten and I have drunk for you and I will give you the ship. I have done all this because you were kind and merciful to me."

Then he gave Dullhead a ship which could sail on land or water. When the king saw it, he felt he could no longer refuse his daughter. So they celebrated the wedding; and after the king's death Dullhead succeeded to the kingdom and lived happily with his wife for many years.

THE SEVEN FOALS*

THERE was once upon a time a poor couple who lived in a wretched hut, far away in a wood. They had three sons and the youngest was called Cinderlad, for he did nothing but lie and poke about among the ashes.

One day the eldest lad set out into the world to earn his living. He walked on and on for the whole day and when night was falling, he came to a royal palace. The king was standing on the steps and asked where he was going.

"I am seeking a place, my father," said the youth.

"Wilt thou serve me and watch my seven foals?" asked the king. "If thou canst watch them for a whole day and tell me at night what they eat and drink, thou shalt have the princess and half my kingdom, but if thou canst not, I will cut three red stripes on thy back."

The youth thought that it was very easy work to watch the foals and that he could do it well enough.

Next morning, when day was beginning to dawn, the king's master of the horse let out the seven foals; and they ran away and the youth after them, over hill and dale, through woods and bogs. When the

* From J. Moe.

youth had run for a long time, he began to be tired and was heartily weary of watching. Soon he came to a cleft in a rock where an old woman was sitting spinning. When she caught sight of the youth, she cried, "Come hither, come hither, my handsome son, and let me comb your hair for you."

The lad sat down in the cleft of the rock beside the old hag and laid his head on her knees and she

combed his hair all day while he lay there and gave himself up to idleness.

When evening was drawing near, the youth wanted to go.

"I may just as well go straight home again," said he, "for it is no use to go to the king's palace."

"Wait till it is dusk," said the old hag. "The foals will pass by this place again and you can run home with them; no one will know that you have been here all day."

When they came, she gave the lad a bottle of water and a bit of moss and told him to show these to the king and say this was what his seven foals ate and drank.

"Hast thou watched faithfully and well the whole day long?" said the king, when the lad came into his presence.

"Yes, that I have!" said the youth.

"Then you are able to tell me what it is that my seven foals eat and drink," said the king.

The youth produced the bottle of water and the bit of moss which he had got from the old woman. Then the king knew how his watching had been done and fell into a rage. He ordered his people to chase the youth back to his own home; but first they were to cut three red stripes in his back.

When the youth reached home again, he declared that never again would he go out to seek a place.

Next day the second son said that he would now go out into the world to seek his fortune. When he had walked all day, he too came to the king's palace and the king took him into his service to watch his seven foals, promising him the same punishment and the same reward that he had promised his brother. The youth at once consented, for he thought he could easily watch the foals and inform the king what they ate and drank.

In the gray light of dawn the master of the horse let out the seven foals and off they went again over

hill and dale and off went the lad after them. But all went with him as it had gone with his brother. When he had run after the foals for a long, long time and was hot and tired, he passed by a cleft in the rock where an old woman was sitting spinning, and she called to him, "Come hither, come hither, my handsome son, and let me comb your hair."

The youth let the foals run where they chose, and seated himself by the side of the old hag. There he sat with his head on her lap, taking his ease the livelong day.

The foals came back in the evening and then he too got a bit of moss and a bottle of water from the old hag. But when the king asked the youth, "Canst thou tell me what my seven foals eat and drink?" and the youth showed him the bit of moss and the bottle of water, the king once more became wroth and commanded that three red stripes should be cut on the lad's back and that he should then be instantly chased back to his own home. When the youth got home again, he too said that he never would go out in search of a place again.

Next day Cinderlad wanted to set out. He had a fancy to try to watch the seven foals himself, he said.

The two others laughed at him and mocked him. "What! when all went so ill with us, do you suppose that you are going to succeed? You have never done anything else but lie and poke about among the

ashes," said they. His father and mother also begged him not to go, but all to no purpose, and Cinderlad set out on his way. When he had walked the whole day, he too came to the king's palace as darkness began to fall, found the king on the steps and told him he was in search of a place. He added that he was brother to the two who had watched the seven foals for the king and then he inquired if he might be allowed to try to watch them on the following day.

"Oh, shame on them!" said the king, for it enraged him even to think of them. "If thou art brother to those two, thou too art not good for much."

"Well, but as I have come here, you might just give me leave to make the attempt," said Cinderlad.

"Oh, very well, if thou art bound to have thy back flayed, thou may'st have thine own way," said the king.

"I would much rather have the princess," said Cinderlad.

Next morning in the gray light of dawn, the master of the horse let out the seven foals again and off they set over hill and dale, through woods and bogs and off went Cinderlad after them. When he had run thus for a long time, he too came to the cleft in the rock. There the old hag was once more sitting spinning, and she cried to Cinderlad, "Come hither, come hither, my handsome son, and let me comb your hair for you."

But Cinderlad passed by jumping and running and keeping tight hold of one of the foals' tails.

When he had got safely past, the youngest foal said, "Get on my back, for we have still a long way to go." The lad did this and they journeyed onward a long way.

"Dost thou see anything now?" said the foal.

"No," said Cinderlad.

They journeyed onward a good deal farther.

"Dost thou see anything now?" asked the foal.

"Oh, no," said the lad.

When they had gone thus for a long, long way, the foal again asked, "Dost thou see anything now?"

"Yes, now I see something that is white," said Cinderlad. "It looks like the trunk of a great thick birch tree."

"Yes, that is where we are to go in," said the foal.

When they got to the tree, the eldest foal broke open the bark on one side and then they saw a door in the trunk. Inside this there was a small room, with a small fireplace and a couple of benches, and behind the door hung a great rusty sword and a small pitcher.

"Canst thou wield that sword?" asked the foal.

Cinderlad tried, but could not do it; but after he had taken three draughts from the pitcher, he was able to wield the sword with perfect ease.

"Good," said the foal; "and now thou must take the sword away with thee, and with it shalt

thou cut off the heads of all seven of us on thy wedding day, and then we shall become princes again as we were before. For we are brothers of the king's daughter, but a mighty troll has cast a spell over us. When thou hast cut off our heads, thou must take the greatest care to lay each head at the tail of the body to which it belonged before and then the spell which the troll has cast upon us will lose its power."

Cinderlad promised to do this and then they went on.

When they had traveled a long, long way, the foal said:

"Dost thou see anything?"

"No," said Cinderlad.

They went on a great distance farther. "And now," inquired the foal, "seest thou nothing now?"

"Alas! no," said Cinderlad. "I see nothing."

So they traveled onward again, for many and many a mile, over hill and dale. "Now, then," said the foal, "dost thou not see anything now?"

"Yes," said Cinderlad; "now I see something like a bluish streak, far, far away."

"That is a river," said the foal, "and we have to cross it."

There was a long, handsome bridge over the river, and when they had got to the other side of it, they again traveled on a long, long way, and then once more the foal inquired if Cinderlad saw anything. This time he saw something that looked black far away, and was rather like a church tower.

"Yes," said the foal, "we shall go into that."

When the foals got into the churchyard, they turned into men again and looked like the sons of a king. They went into the church and received bread and wine from the priest, who was standing before the altar. Cinderlad went in too, and when they all went out again, he took with him a flask of wine and some consecrated bread. No sooner had the seven princes come out into the churchyard than they became foals again and Cinderlad got upon the back of the youngest and they returned by the way they had come.

First they went over the bridge and then past the trunk of the birch tree and then past the old

hag who sat in the cleft of the rock spinning. It was all but dark when they got back to the king.

"Hast thou watched well and faithfully the whole day?" said the king to Cinderlad.

"I have done my best," replied Cinderlad.

"Then thou canst tell me what my seven foals eat and drink?" asked the king.

Cinderlad pulled out the consecrated bread and the flask of wine and showed them to the king. "Here may you behold their meat and here their drink," said he.

"Yes, faithfully hast thou watched," said the king; "thou shalt have the princess and half the kingdom."

All was made ready for the wedding, and the king said that it was to be so stately and magnificent that everyone should hear of it and everyone inquire about it.

But when they sat down to the marriage feast, the bridegroom arose and went down to the stable, for he said that he had forgotten something which he must go and look to. When he got there, he did what the foals had bidden him and cut off the heads of all the seven. He laid each head at the tail of the foal to which it had belonged, and when that was done, all the foals became princes again. When he returned to the feast with the seven princes, the king was so joyful that he kissed Cinderlad, and his bride was still more delighted with him than she had been before.

"Half my kingdom is thine already," said the king, "and the other half shall be thine after my death, for my sons can get countries and kingdoms for themselves now that they have become princes again."

Therefore, as all may well believe, there were joy and merriment at that wedding.

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